

PHOTOPLAY

FT.

TONY
CURTIS

MARILYN IN THE HOUSE

A Wife
Wishes To Make
A Friend
Of Monroe

1955 SEXATION: SHEREE NORTH

ALSO:

MISS TAMBLYN
GREG PECK
ROCK HUDSON
JACK LEMMON

20¢

MRS. C. SLOBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS
P 858-7113 RM M

YOUR SKIN WILL LOVE

Camay's Caressing Care!



"There's nothing like it," says Mrs. Charles J. Gossner, a radiant Camay Bride. "Cold cream Camay is the perfect beauty soap as far as I'm concerned. It's so mild and gentle on my skin. And so delightfully fragrant!"

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

Let it help you to a softer, fresher, more radiant complexion!

It's a great day for your beauty when you discover the Caressing Care of cold cream Camay with its exclusive fragrance, luxurious lather, and skin-pampering mildness. It's no wonder gentle Camay is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let its tender touch caress *your* skin to new loveliness, too. Change to regular care . . . use Camay alone. You'll be delighted with the way your skin will become softer . . . smoother. And remember, you get the added luxury of fine cold cream in Camay at no extra cost. For your beauty *and* your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!



THE SOAP

OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



THIS SPACE RESERVED for a tooth that must last for 63 years

Protect your child's teeth with the tooth paste that destroys decay bacteria best*

When that new tooth and its mates arrive, they face a lifetime of dangers.

And here's a shocker: the average child loses one or more of his *second* teeth while still in his teens.

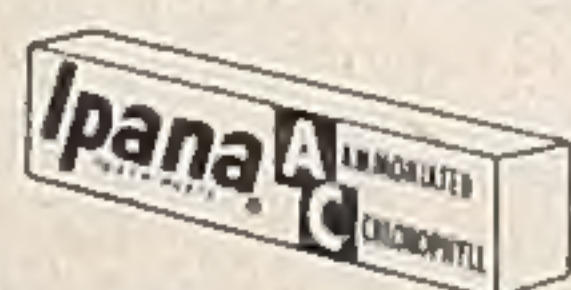
*Fortunately, new Ipana with WD-9 is made especially to help you keep your children's teeth sound and healthy. It destroys tooth-decay bacteria better than any other leading tooth paste... *including fluoride tooth paste.*

Teeth get remarkable protection with new Ipana because of decay-fighting

WD-9. In Ipana's special formula, it works even in spaces too tiny for the tooth brush to reach.

Why not start today to help keep your family's teeth sound and healthy—with the dentifrice that destroys decay bacteria better than any other leading tooth paste? New-formula Ipana with WD-9.

P. S. Because regular brushing is best, you'll be glad Ipana now has a fresh, new, minty flavor that coaxes kids and grown-ups to brush.



Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destructor WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate)



PRODUCTS OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New-Formula IPANA® with WD-9
*destroys decay bacteria better
than any other leading tooth paste*

Gloriously Fragrant

ALL DAY... ALL OVER

Wonderful
DEAR-KISS
TALCUM

It gives your skin
a thrilling satin
softness... an alluring
feminine fragrance.
This finest of imported
tales soothes, cools
and perfumes every
inch of you! Absorbs
perspiration — helps
prevent chafing...
keeps you delightful
to be near!



29¢, 43¢, 59¢ (plus tax)

Dreams come true...

when you wear BLUE WALTZ.
This intoxicating perfume is
not for the timid.
Try it — when you're
ready for love!



BLUE WALTZ
PERFUME

25¢
PLUS TAX

Your OCTOBER issue
will be on sale at your newsstand—
SEPTEMBER 6

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER 1955

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Cover: Color Portrait of Tony Curtis by Ornitz. Tony stars next in U-I's "The Rawhide Years" and UA's "Trapeze." Archery equipment from Sunland Sports Lodge. Other color picture credits on page 94

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Member of True Story Women's Group

When Great
Talents
Get
Together.....

**"IT'S
ALWAYS
FAIR
WEATHER"**



Gigantic, Gorgeous
Musical Sunburst in
CINEMASCOPE
and in **COLOR!**

FROM M-G-M

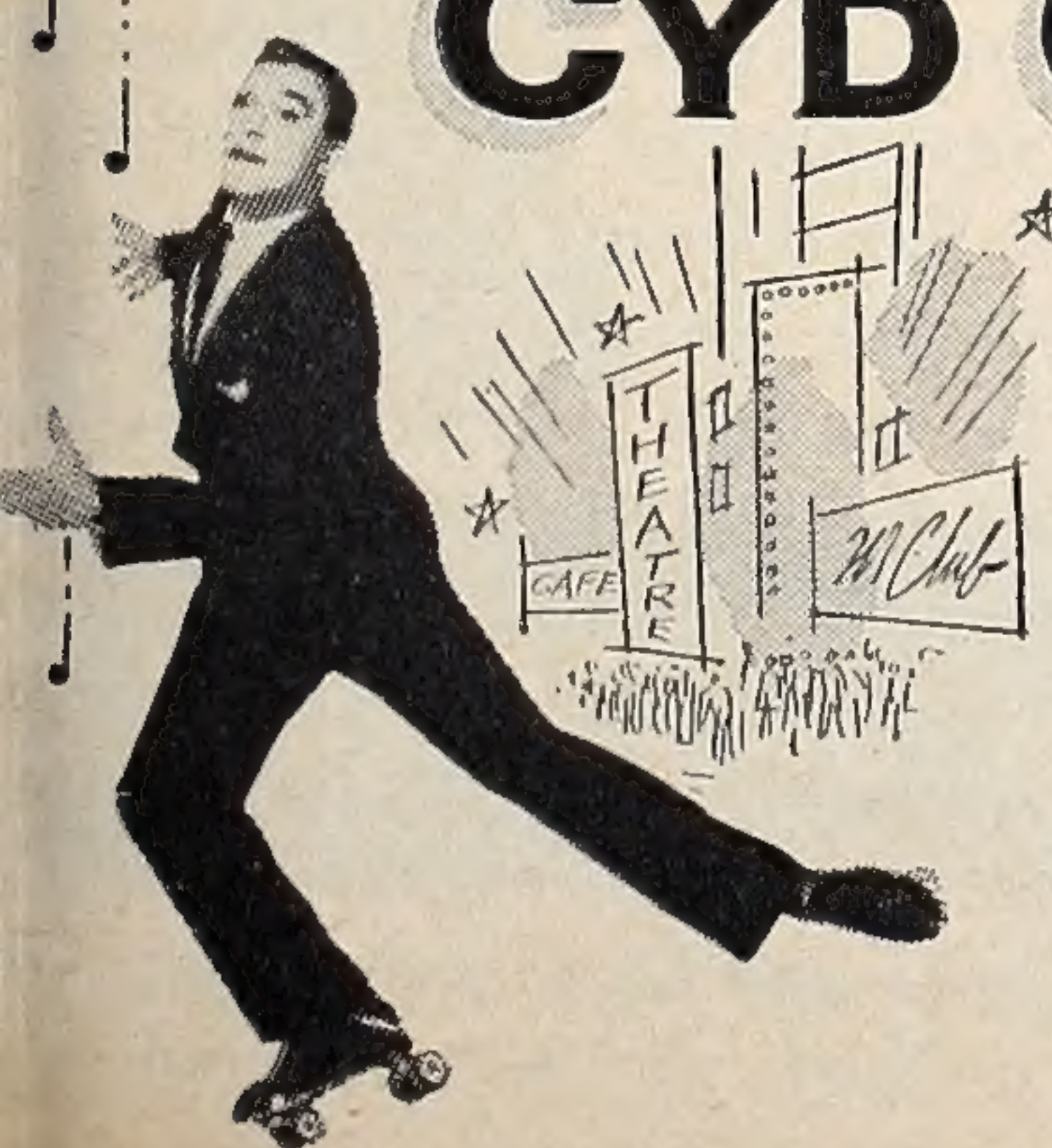
STARRING

GENE KELLY • DAN DAILEY

CYD CHARISSE • DOLORES GRAY

MICHAEL KIDD

Story and Screen Play by **BETTY COMDEN** and **ADOLPH GREEN**
Music by **ANDRÉ PREVIN** • Lyrics by **BETTY COMDEN** and **ADOLPH GREEN**
Photographed in **EASTMAN COLOR** • Directed by **GENE KELLY** and **STANLEY DONEN**
Produced by **ARTHUR FREED** • An M-G-M Picture



What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's **MISSING- MISSING- MISSING** in every other leading toothpaste?

**It's GARDOL—
To Give Up To
7 Times Longer
Protection Against
Tooth Decay...
With Just One Brushing!**



Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, forming acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting decay 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!



*THE LEADING TOOTHPASTES
ACCOUNT FOR OVER
70% OF ALL TOOTHPASTES
SOLD TODAY!

**No other leading toothpaste
can give the 12-hour protection
against decay you get with
Colgate's with Gardol**

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH
While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH**



It's not the jewels, but Ray Anthony that put the spark in Mamie's eyes

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

ABOUT RHONDA FLEMING's frank and open admission that she's a lot more interested in Dr. Lew Morrill now that they're apart than she ever was when they were sharing the same roof—his roof, that is, that cozy made-over Hawaiian shack in Bel-Air. What the whisperers noted particularly was that Rhonda began dating the doctor, on her initiative, just about the minute their property settlement was reported ready for signing. It's all in the best Hollywood tradition.

About the firm decision of Maureen O'Hara to lower the boom on her ex, Will Price, who alienated a lot of folks, including some of his own pals, by filing those charges attempting to link Maureen with the fabulously wealthy Mexican politico, Ricky Parra. And how Hollywood has rallied practically unanimously behind Maureen since it's only the local insiders who know the real story of her wedded years with Price and her losing struggle to save their marriage for the sake of little Bronwyn, their daughter, now eleven. Now Maureen's Irish is up this time—but really!

About the chilling of romance between Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino, which also surprised nobody since Dick's first allegiance is always to mom and pop and they wouldn't hear to his marrying outside his church. . . . About the imminent conclusion of Debbie Reynolds' stellar role in "The Tender Trap" for Metro and the possibility of

marriage, at long last, for her and Eddie Fisher, something that too many people have tried to sell short. . . . The waxing of the Natalie Wood-Ben Cooper attachment; she'll be 18 soon. . . . About John van Druten's clever "knapping" of James Dean from Hollywood to star in John's new play "Dancing in the Checkered Shade," Broadway this season by holding out the alluring prospect of James' name in "legit" lights as well as film theater marquees at the same time.

About the fascinating possibility that sexy Remy Harrison may find himself in the town he loves to hate—Hollywood—that is—before the snow flies in dear Lunnon. And it all hinges on the rival on our shores of Kay Kendall, the British actress who's said to be the reason why Lilli Palmer called it a day with Rex.

About the seemingly serious valediction of Oleg Cassini is consoling himself with the new Hollywood lovely Dana Wynter following the fizzling of his romance with Grace Kelly. . . . The apparent rapt devotion of Ray Anthony and Mamie Van Doren, who have eyes and ears for no one but each other. . . . And the no less persistent devotion of Gregory Peck and Veronique Passani. . . . About Virginia and Jack Palance whose marital spats seem to have faded out completely with the impending rival of the baby, expected on Christmas Day—and if that happens, the name it Noel, no matter which sex

HIS BIG NEW ROLE!

JACK WEBB AS PETE KELLY

He's a jazz-man of
the wide-open 20's
caught in the gun-roar
of its blazing .38's!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

PETE KELLY'S BLUES

WRITTEN BY
RICHARD L. BREEN

STARRING

JANET LEIGH
EDMOND O'BRIEN
PEGGY LEE

YOU'LL HEAR THE NEW HIT
'PETE KELLY'S BLUES' -- AND
THE GREAT JAZZ-TUNES
OF THE TIMES!



ALSO STARRING

ANDY DEVINE LEE MARVIN ELLA FITZGERALD ★ CINEMASCOPE

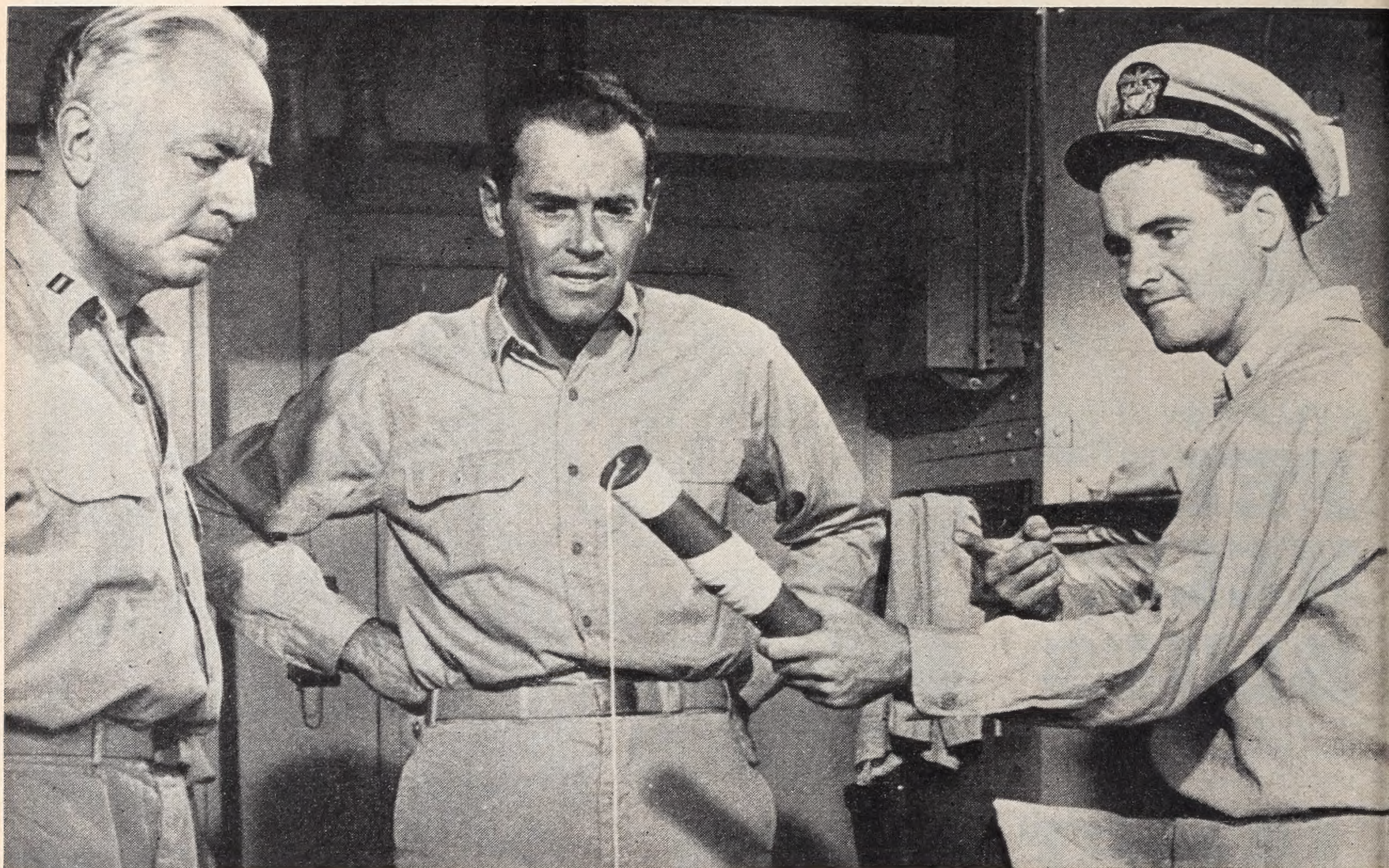
WARNERCOLOR
STEREOPHONIC SOUND

A MARK VII LTD. PRODUCTION DIRECTED BY JACK WEBB PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR



LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves



Ship's doctor Powell and first officer Fonda see some promise in Lemmon's latest device for badgering the despised captain

The Scarlet Coat

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Surprisingly neglected by Hollywood, the American Revolution here provides rich dramatic material for an unusually sound historical picture. The story is told from the viewpoint of a fictitious character, an American spy portrayed competently by Cornel Wilde. But the key role goes to Michael Wilding, as the gallant Major André, British officer in contact with Benedict Arnold (Robert Douglas). A suave dandy, yet a dedicated soldier, Michael believes that Cornel has actually come over to the British side, welcomes him as a friend. George Sanders has some neatly sardonic lines as a Tory who stubbornly suspects the "turncoat" American. Anne Francis is an offbeat heroine, frankly an opportunist. The story's true locale, New York state, provides beautiful backgrounds.

FAMILY

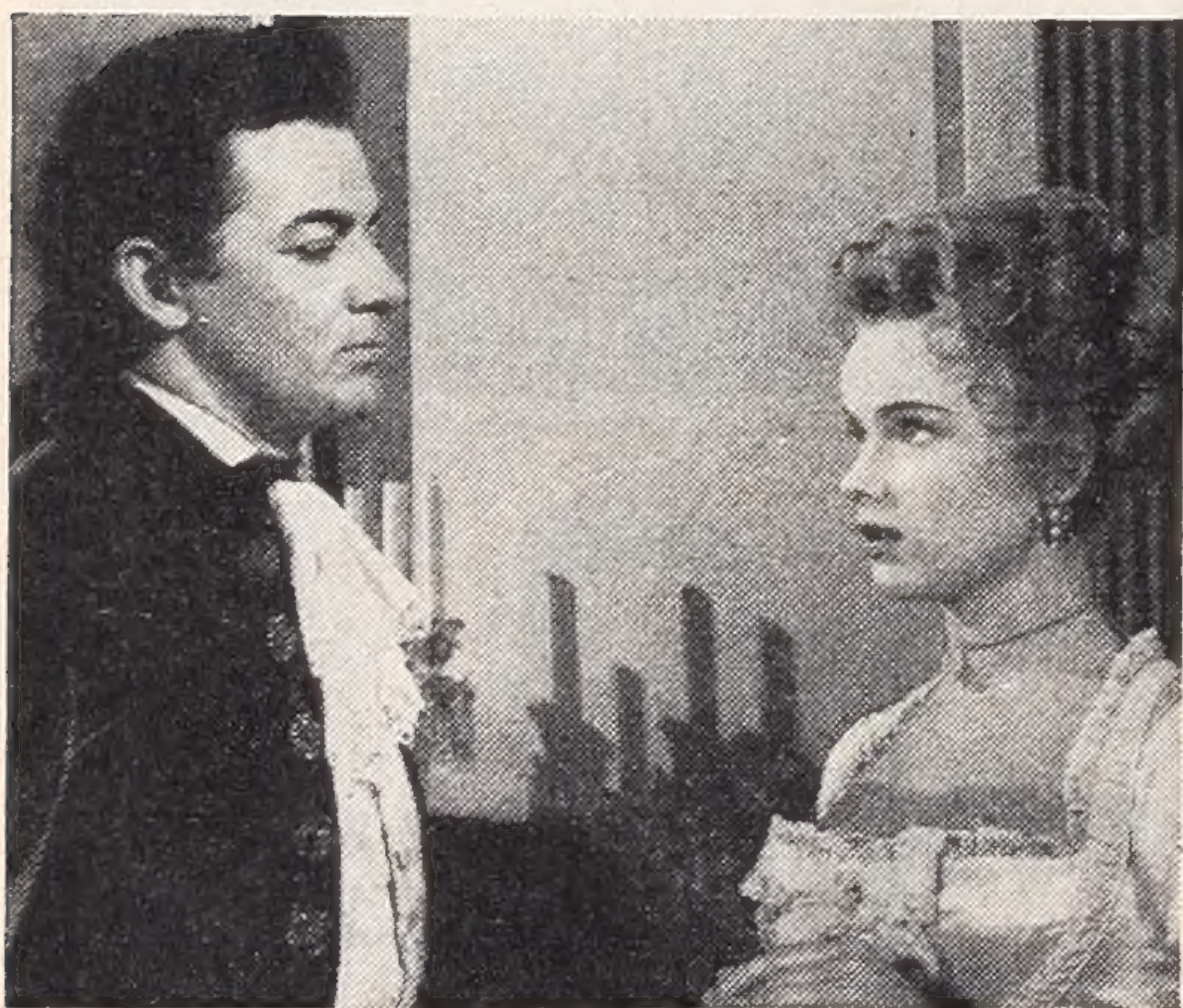
Mister Roberts

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Manned by such sterling actors as Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon and William Powell, the *U.S.S. Reckless* sails again. The robust, rollicking movie version of the hit novel and play puts the accent more on laughs than on poignancy, but the leading characters all come across as solidly real people. A first officer of the Navy cargo ship, Fonda credibly wins the sailors' devotion. In the wartime Pacific but far from battle, the face two enemies: boredom and the captain. Cagney makes this petty dictator ludicrous yet often pathetic figure. With fine abandon, Lemmon swings into the role of lazy ensign to give the film its most hilarious moments—and he's just as effective in a dramatic sequence. Thanks to shipboard locationing, the atmosphere's authentically salty.

FAMILY

Continue



Though Anne has a British lover, she favors the colonists, Cornel decides



Soft, and natural right from the start . . . that's the "Belinda" hairstyle after a Bobbi. A Bobbi is so easy to give, no help is needed.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this "Beau's Ideal" hairdo.



Bobbi's specialty is young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Cover Girl" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay in all kinds of weather.



Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Sugarplum" hairstyle. No regular nightly settings are needed.

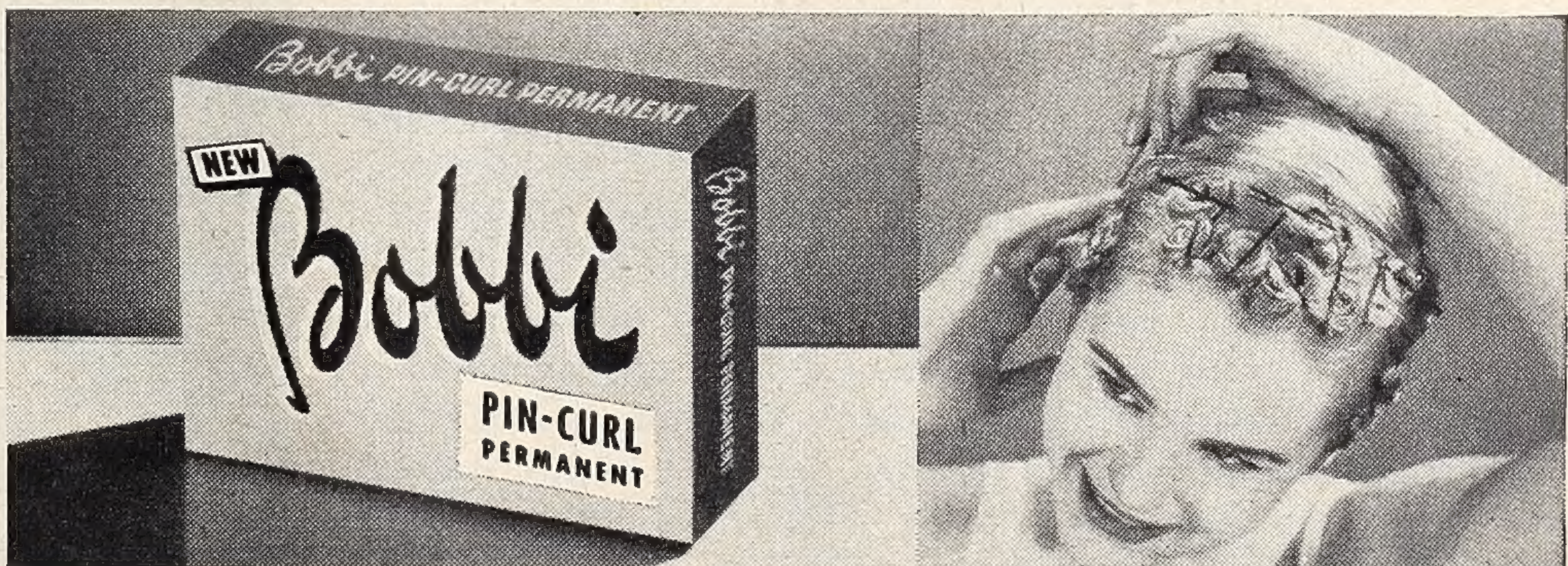
Softly feminine hairstyles like these always begin with a Bobbi

the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

Never tight, never fussy—that's the beautiful thing about a Bobbi, the easy, pin-curl permanent that's specially designed to give softly feminine curls. From the very first day your Bobbi will have the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves last week after week and they are *exactly* where you want them.

Now, Bobbi is easier, faster than ever. Pin-curl your hair, apply Special Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion *just once*. Rinse with water 15 minutes later. Let dry, brush out. Right away you'll have soft, natural flattering curls. Make your next permanent a Bobbi.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet. Easy-to-follow setting instructions for new softly feminine hairstyles. Hints! Tips! Send your name, address with 10¢ in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special Bobbi pins. \$1.50 plus tax.

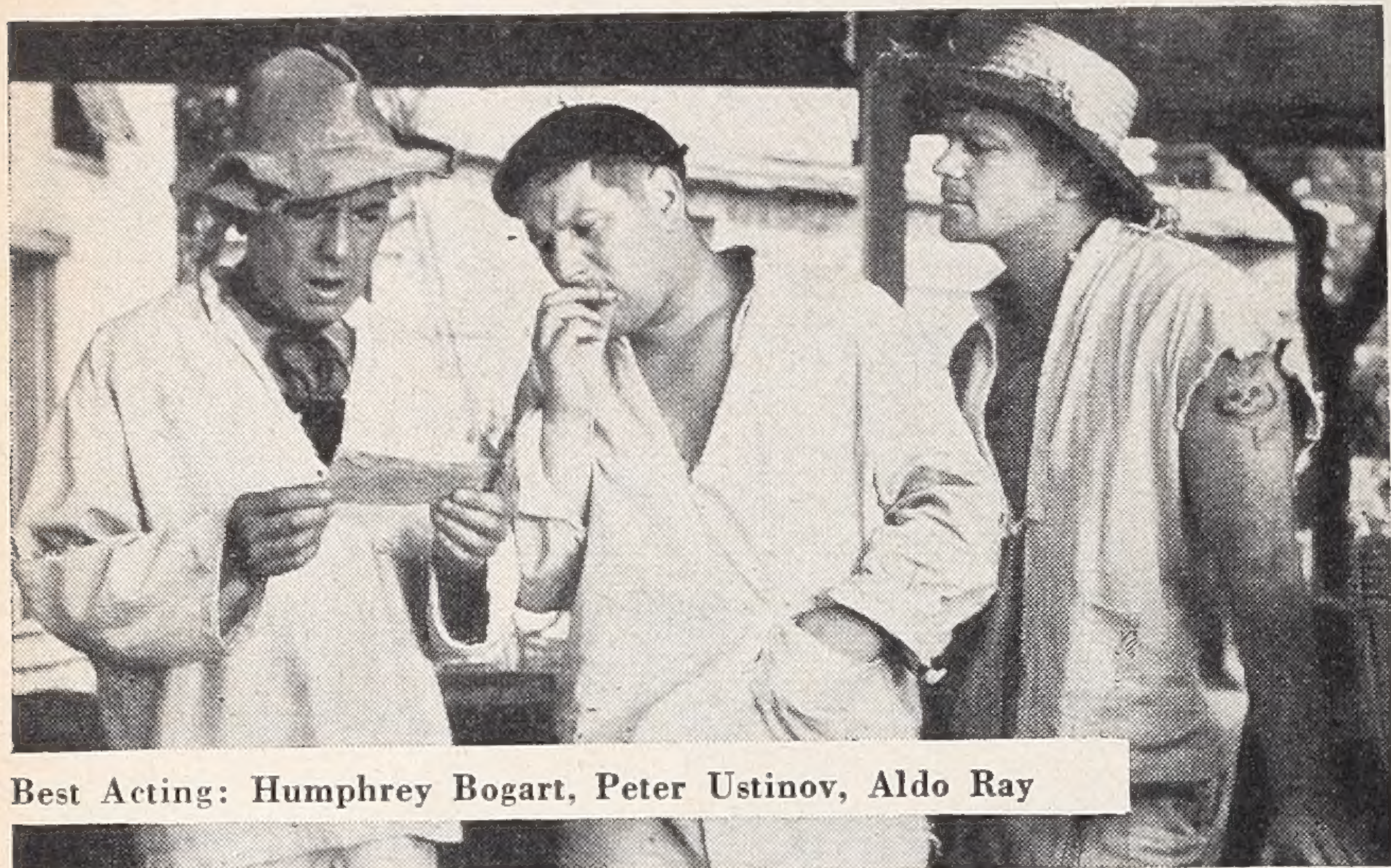
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES *continued*

✓✓✓✓ Excellent

✓✓✓ Very Good

✓✓ Good

✓ Fair



Best Acting: Humphrey Bogart, Peter Ustinov, Aldo Ray

An interesting letter sets Bogey, Peter and Aldo to scheming

The Shrike

U-I

✓✓✓ A sombre drama gives Jose Ferrer a strongly emotional role; June Allyson, a startling assignment. As a talented stage director down on his luck, Jose tries suicide and lands in a New York psycho ward. Though he and June are separated, she rushes to his side—an unwelcome visitor. Flashbacks relate the story of their marriage, as Jose tells it to his doctor (Kendall Clark). A frustrated actress, June took a devouring, destructive interest in Jose's work, subtly undermined his confidence (it must have been wobbly in the first place—a point slighted in the script). Harried into leaving her, Jose found more sympathy in the company of a young actress (Joy Page). June's perfect-wife manner is, strangely enough, right for the portrayal of a woman who honestly sees herself as a devoted partner. ADULT



In love with Bill, Jennifer asked for her relatives' approval

One Desire

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ In a forthright old-fashioned "woman's picture," Anne Baxter has a chance for some lively emoting, while Rock Hudson, as a mere male, is mostly just decorative. Both have been working in a gambling house in Oklahoma, early in this century. With Rock's little brother (Barry Curtis), they move to a Colorado town, where they hope to lead more respectable lives. Anne becomes a loving foster mother to the boy and to Natalie Wood, a pretty hoyden orphaned in a mining accident. Rock starts a promising career in a bank, but remains marriage-shy, until the bank president's ruthless daughter (Julie Adams) gets her hooks into him. To ruin her rival, Julie digs up Anne's gaudy past, and this development results in one climax, then another, loaded with drama. ADULT

Continued on page 14

We're No Angels

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Throughout this sly, satirical charmer of a movie, the teamwork of the unangelic trio is a delight to watch. As leader of their getaway from the prison on Devil's Island, Bogart quietly plays straight man. Peter Ustinov, impish and wistful as an expert safe-cracker and lock-picker, though he's been doing time for murder, shows the most versatility in his clowning. Also a cheerful convict, Aldo Ray is lovable as the shy, girl-crazy third member of the trio. Intending to loot Leo G. Carroll's shop in French Guiana (of 1900), the three figure they'll first straighten out business problems faced by Leo and wife Joan Bennett and romantic woes plaguing daughter Gloria Talbott (a piquant newcomer). Their methods are outrageous, rousing one chuckle after another. FAMILY



Happy as newlyweds, June and Jose later have serious trouble

Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Simple love stories are pretty rare on today's screen, so this gentle film has a certain appeal. The romance of William Holden and Jennifer Jones is set against the brilliantly varied scenes of Hong Kong (where the picture was shot). A fine physician, Jennifer brings to her profession and her personal life the heritages of two civilizations; she is a Eurasian, half Chinese, half European. She and Holden, an American newspaperman, fall in love at first meeting; but a happy conclusion to their affair is blocked by the fact that his estranged wife is unwilling to release him. Playing a character that isn't clearly defined, Holden still gives an earnest performance. Supporting players, including Torin Thatcher, Isobel Elsom and Jorja Curtright, have little to do, though they're all skilled performers. ADULT



Rock finds that Anne has taken to domesticity in a big way



Think of the softest... Now, a new gentleness . . . undreamed-of comfort . . . the luxury of
a fabric covering that's soft as a whisper. Today, more than ever, it's

Modess . . . *because*



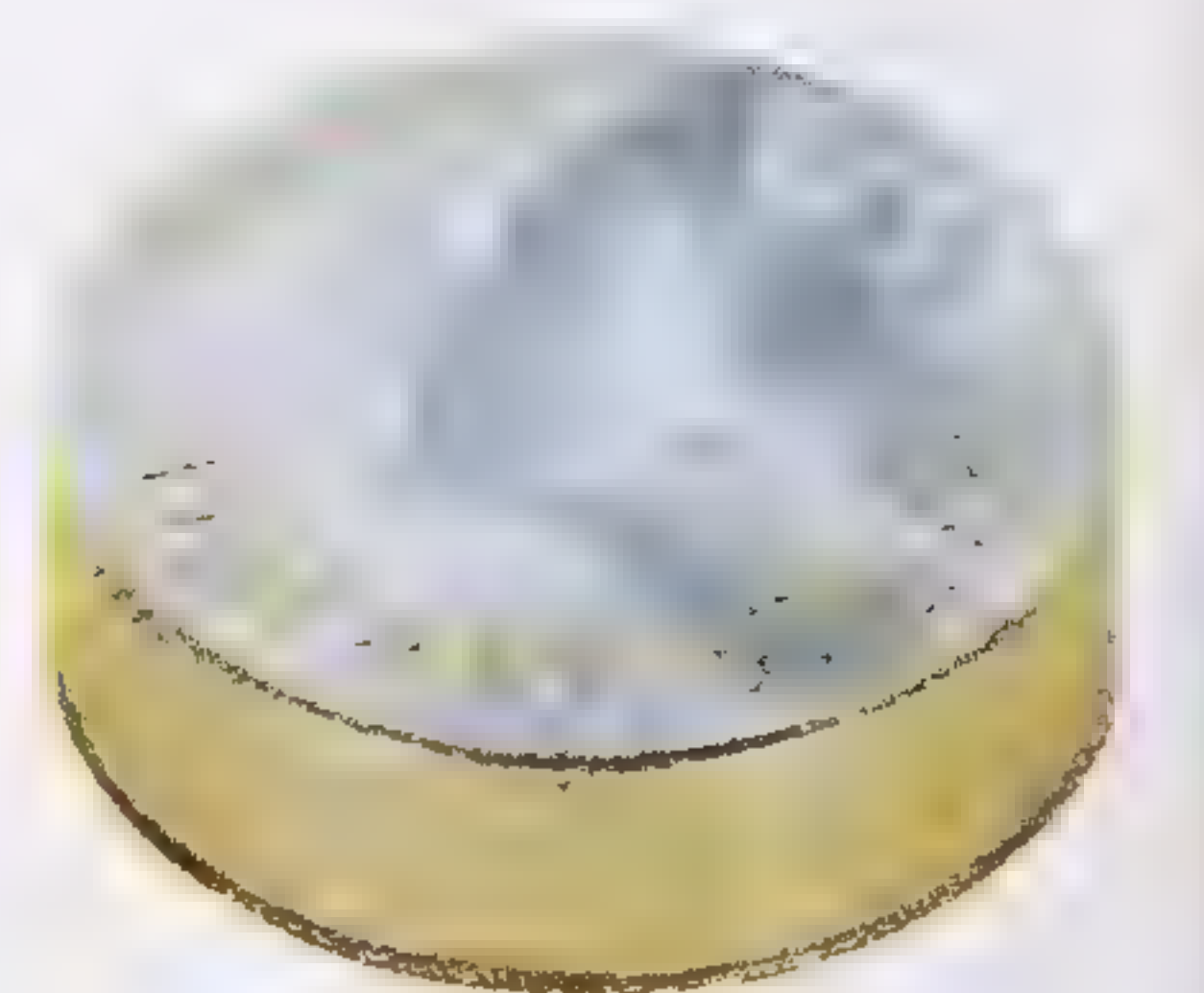
When you've just
got to be beautiful
in nothing flat...

Woodbury

Dream Stuff

...sheer, clinging foundation-and-powder in compact form

Modern busy women who must look lovely in nothing flat will find Dream Stuff is the *fastest* beauty-maker that ever was. In a second your skin looks as delicately fresh as if you'd just had a pick-up facial! Prove it — right now. Slide the puff from nose to cheek bone. It leaves a clear path of beauty! That's Dream Stuff's velvety consistency. Five new shades to choose from. In the ivory-and-gold mirrored compact, \$1.00.



When you have time for a session at the dressing table:

(Also in the blue-and-gold box, 49¢)



Woodbury Face Powder,
airy, clinging, fragrant. In
8 skin tones. \$1 size, special 59¢.
Also 30¢ and 15¢.



Woodbury Make-up Glow,
a liquid that smooths your skin
while it makes you pretty.
5 perfect shades, 59¢.



Woodbury Cream Make-up
spreads on like silk, and gives
your skin a serene look.
In 5 delicate shades, 43¢.

All prices plus tax.

LAUGHING STOCK

A foursome of Texans were ready to tee off at a Hollywood golf course. One oil man asked what the stakes would be. Replied another casually:

"Oh, our usual bet in Dallas—an acre a hole."

Conversation in a Beverly Hills jewelry store:

"Three hundred and fifty dollars for a opaz ring? Who ever would wear one that size anyway?"

"It isn't a ring. It's for the top of the gearshift handle on a Jaguar."

Casting-office intelligence on a movie all sheet:

"Two loafers. Should not look like bums. Just loafers."

Humphrey Bogart said it about his lack of fan mail:

"There are two groups of women who love me—those under ten who can't write and those over fifty who are too tired to write."

It's Jean Carroll's story about a Las Vegas doll showing off her huge diamond ring and bragging: "What would you do if you had a ring like that?"

Replied Jean: "I'd hock it and get a manicure."

Betty Kean flips it in a satire on "Draget":

"My name is Saturday—I overslept."

A Hollywood tourist did a double-take when writer Martin Ragaway and his wife, Dojie, waited for a traffic light:

"Look," said the tourist to a friend, "There's June Allyson."

As Martin and Dojie drove off, he beamed:

"Wasn't that nice. They thought I was Dick Powell."

Dorothy Shay said it: "A bachelor is a professional escape artist."

George Gobel's deadpan suggestion to a photographer posing him for a magazine portrait in color: "I'll change color a little if you want me to."

Overheard: "She's direct from Paris—a parasite." . . . "I've got you all figured out, Sam. All I am to you is someone to marry." . . . "They were married and lived happily—even after." . . . "Every time I meet a girl either she's married or I am."

"I once had a nurse who was so con- cerned," says Groucho Marx, "that when she took my pulse she subtracted 10 points from my personality."

Jean Hagen after dancing the mambo with Jimmy Durante:

"Jimmy's mambo is unique. It's the only one where the man leads with his nose."

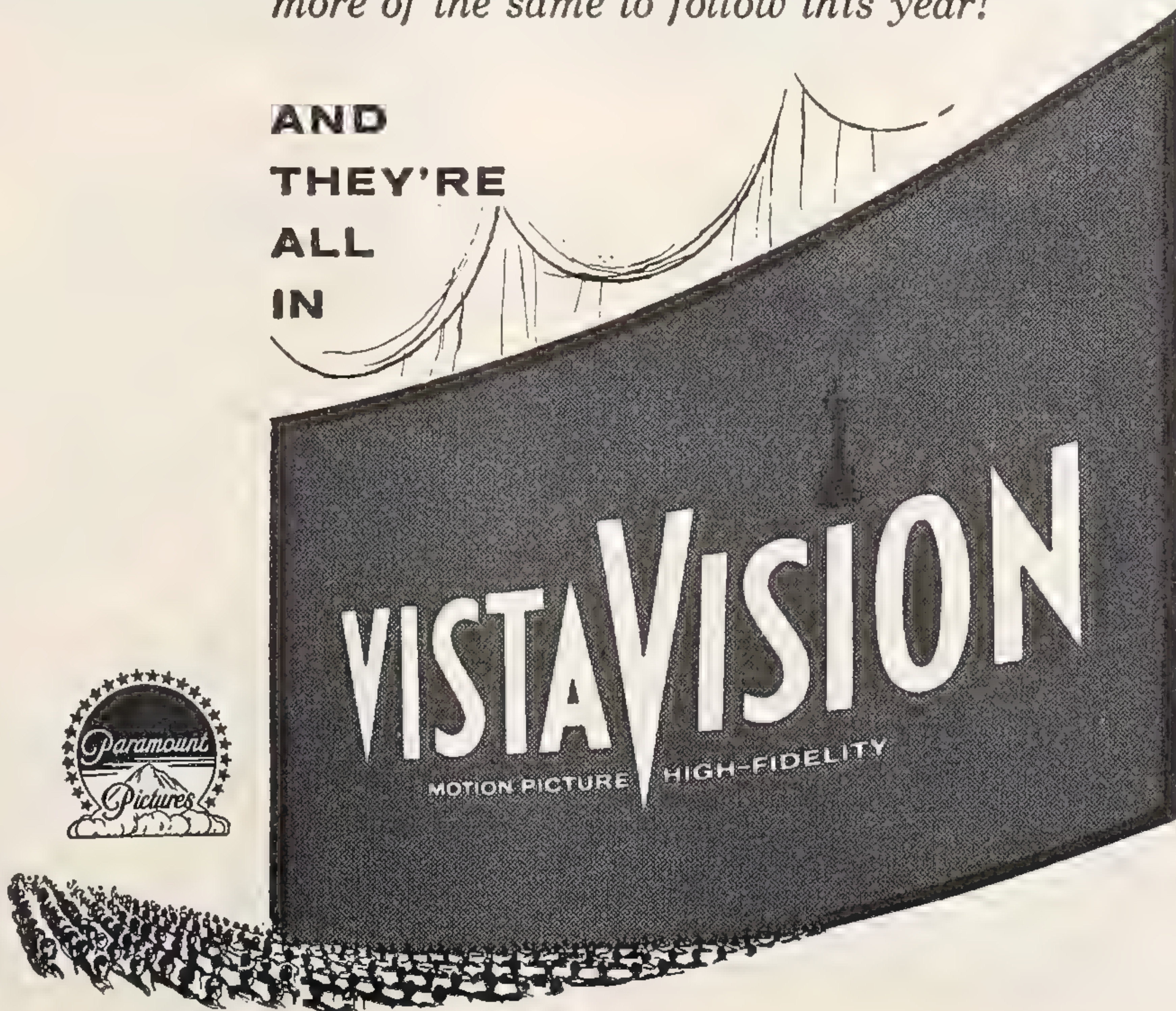
A MESSAGE TO MOVIE-GOERS ... OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE ...

1955 will be remembered as one of the great movie years!

There's never been such film fame—so much and so wonderful—in such a short space of time. As the year began your heart went all out for "The Country Girl" and sung the praises of "White Christmas." Then you cheered the roaring emotions and reeling thrills of "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" followed by the earth-and-high-heaven saga of our "Strategic Air Command" and the joyful jubilation of "The Seven Little Foys."

Yet the year is far from over—and the best is yet to come. Thanks to Paramount between now and Christmas you'll enjoy one long holiday of entertainment. Turn the page and see the treats in store for you right now. With more of the same to follow this year!

AND
THEY'RE
ALL
IN



*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.

*It's Dean and Jerry hiding from a mad
killer in — of all places — a girls' school.*

DEAN
MARTIN JERRY
LEWIS

IN
**YOU'RE
NEVER TOO
YOUNG**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**



Co-starring
**DIANA
LYNN**



and
**NINA
FOCH**

with
RAYMOND BURR

Produced by Paul Jones Directed by Norman Taurog Screenplay by Sidney Sheldon
Suggested by a Play by Edward Childs Carpenter from a Story by Fannie Kilbourne
Songs — Music by Arthur Schwartz • Lyrics by Sammy Cahn • A Paramount Release

FREDERICK BRISSON

Presents

THE GIRL RUSH

Starring

ROSALIND RUSSELL • FERNANDO LAMAS

Also starring

Eddie Albert • Gloria De Haven

with

MARION LORNE • JAMES GLEASON

(Courtesy of MR. PEEPERS TV CO.)

Produced by Frederick Brisson • Robert Pirosh • Robert Pirosh & Jerome Davis

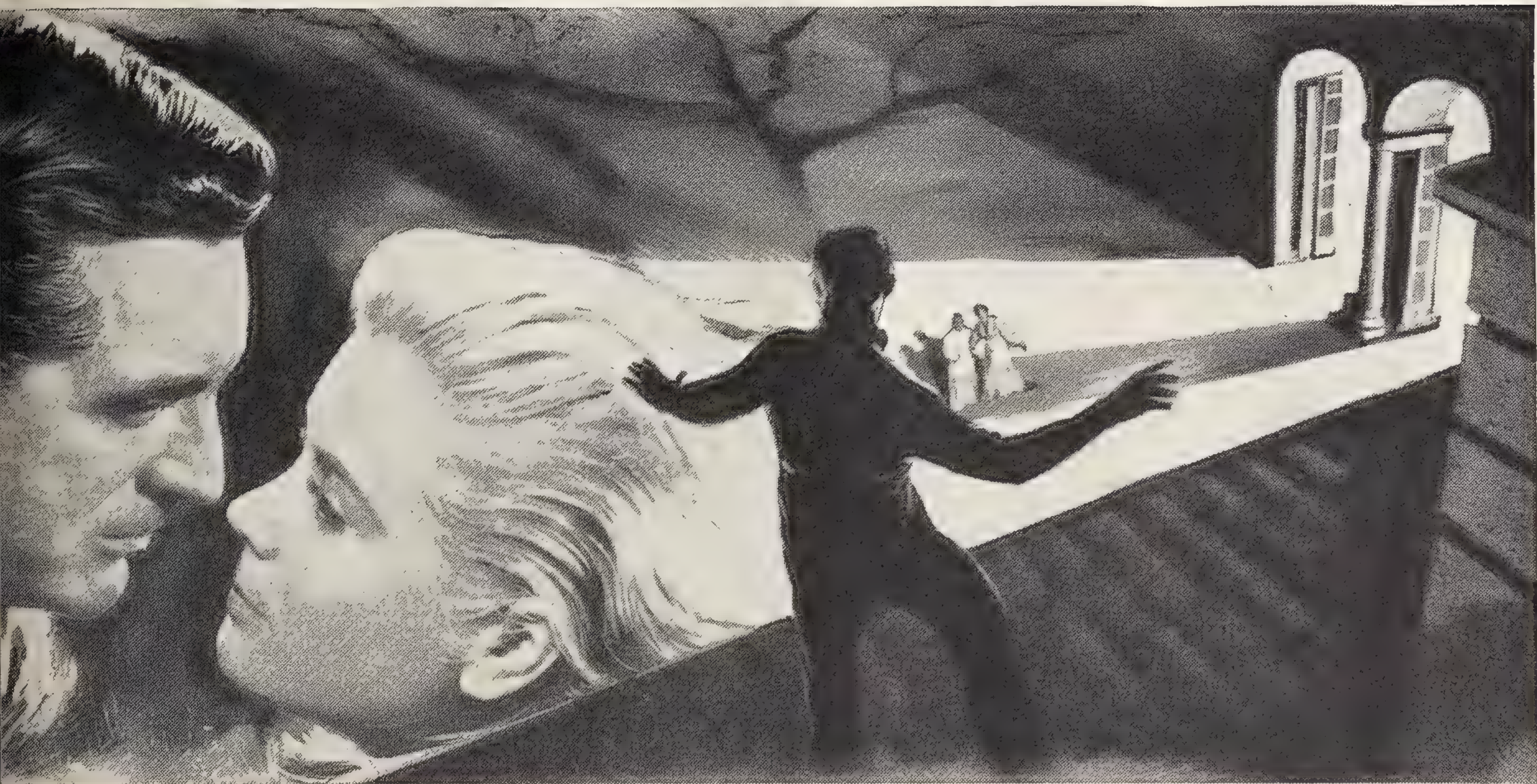
Based on a Story by Phoebe and Henry Ephron • Songs by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane

Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by Robert Alton • A Paramount Picture

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**



Perfect in their parts! The screen's top two personalities clash and romance in a story of intrigue and intense suspense... filmed on the beautiful French Riviera.



CARY GRANT • GRACE KELLY

in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
TO CATCH A THIEF

with JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS • JOHN WILLIAMS • Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Screenplay by JOHN MICHAEL HAYES • Based on the novel by David Dodge • A Paramount Picture

Color by TECHNICOLOR

"HILLBILLY HEART"
"OUT OF DOORS"
"TAKE A CHANCE"
"IM VIEW OF THE WEST"
"WE'RE ALONE"
"OCCASIONAL MAN"
"CHAMPAGNE"
"BIRMINGHAM"
"SO RIGHT FOR ME"

*It's lush, lavish, lusty, lyrical...
A wonderful musical story about that wonder
town — Las Vegas in wide-open Nevada.*





coolest thing you can wear

There isn't any other kind of sanitary protection that's *nearly* as cool as Tampax*. In fact, millions of women first adopted Tampax in the Summertime—when they simply couldn't stand hot, uncomfortable external pads a *minute* longer!

Why put up with chafing... irritation... odor problems and disposal problems... when Tampax is as handy as your nearest drug or notion counter? It gives the wearer such a remarkable sense of freedom that many users say they almost forget it's "time-of-the-month" for them. Certainly, you feel much more poised, much more relaxed, with protection that's both invisible and unfelt when in place. You can be your dainty, fastidious self *at all times!*

It goes without saying that you can swim while wearing Tampax, that you don't need to remove it while taking your shower or tub. This doctor-invented product *must* be the *nicest* way of handling the trying days of the month—so many women say so! Buy Tampax now in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Nothing like being neighborly, Tom Ewell thinks—when your neighbor is Marilyn

The Seven Year Itch

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Tom Ewell repeats his stage role of summer bachelor, Marilyn Monroe steps in as the girl upstairs—and the Broadway success bounces onto the screen with a full quota of laughs. The story is slender, but Tom's adept comedy performance and Marilyn's wide-eyed allure keep the picture sparkling. When wife Evelyn Keyes goes to the country, Tom is tempted to translate his daydreams into reality. Actually a mild, conservative type, he's given to picturing himself as a great lover. Though Marilyn's a very friendly neighbor, he's hilariously timid.

ADULT

Maddalena

I.F.E., TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The theme of this Italian film seems shocking, but it is handled with taste and reverence. Villager Charles Vanel, jealous of the influence wielded by the priest (Gino Cervi), plans a scandal to discredit Cervi. The priest seeks a girl to play the Madonna in the annual procession. From a city nearby, Vanel brings a candidate, Marta Toren, whose beauty and apparent spirituality win the priest's approval. Vanel hides an ugly secret: Marta is a prostitute. She has accepted the sacrilegious mission in a vengeful mood.

ADULT

Land of the Pharaohs

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Scenes of unparalleled vastness make this epic of ancient Egypt exciting to the eye. The incredible task of building the Great Pyramid is performed again; with Jack Hawkins cutting an imposing figure as the Pharaoh who demands this crushing tribute from his subjects. As slaves who take a leading part in the construction, Dewey Martin and James Rob-

ertson Justice are among the few sympathetic characters. The story centers on palace intrigue; Joan Collins, Pharaoh's second wife, is power-hungry.

FAMILY

The Dam Busters

WARNERS

✓✓✓ With an able British cast headed by Richard Todd and Michael Redgrave, England recalls a true, stirring incident of World War II. To hamper Nazi production, the RAF must smash their dams, too big to be damaged by the ordinary bombs of that day. Redgrave, a brilliant inventor, overcomes opposition to get his weird solution accepted—a "bouncing bomb," that must be delivered by planes flying dangerously low. Todd commands the specially trained flyers.

FAMILY

Wichita

A.A.; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ In a brisk, entertaining Western, Joel McCrea plays the famous Wyatt Earp, hired as marshal to keep the law in the new Kansas town. He does too good a job, firmly rounding up drunken cowhands who run amuck. Such strictness, the town's leading citizens fear, will prevent Wichita from becoming a cattle-country metropolis. So Joel has two fights on his hands, and the discord hampers his romance with Vera Miles.

FAMILY

House of Bamboo

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ Against the fascinating locales of Tokyo, filmed on the spot, a crime thriller goes its familiar way, as characters bash each other around monotonously. Robert Ryan leads a gang of ex-GI's, all dishonorably discharged. He plots robberies like military campaigns—until Bob Stack, an Army agent, joins the gang. Lovely Shirley Yamaguchi helps Stack.

ADULT

Now...no more nightly pin-ups!

**in 5 extra seconds set pin-curls
that last twice as long!**



Just pin and spray for curls that stay! No dabbing, no spilly chemicals, no lacquer!

Who wants to pin up curls every night? Not you! But you *do* want soft, cared-for curls —all the time! And now you can have them *without* nightly pin-ups, *without* fuss or muss . . . thanks to new Revlon 'Satin-Set'! It takes just *five extra seconds* . . . gives

you soft, shining pin-curls that last for days!

New 'Satin-Set' keeps hair in place, too, *without lacquer* . . . lets you renew waves with a damp comb! It's *good* to hair (even little girls' curls) because it contains Lano-lite! Do buy 'Satin-Set' today!

NEW

Revlon 'SATIN-SET'

IT'S THE ONE AND ONLY PIN-CURL SPRAY-SET!



Generous Size **135*** Economy Size **200***
*plus tax

© 1955 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.



Now! a deodorant that ends acid-damage to skin and clothes

as it stops odor...keeps you moisture-free longer!

The remarkable Tussy Deodorant protects delicate underarms and dainty fabrics from the kind of acid-damage caused by some deodorants! No more worry about sore underarms, ruined dresses! Now, you're safe from damaging deodorant acids with Tussy's exclusive "acid control" formula!

It stops odor, instantly . . . no waiting to dry! Stops moisture, longer . . . yet won't irritate normal skin! Keeps delicate fabrics, dainty cottons, linens, even nylon, safe from deodorant acids . . . even under intense ironing heat!

Remember—Tussy Deodorant in its vanishing cream base does more than stop odor, keep you moisture-free longer! It ends acid-damage to skin and clothes! 50¢ and \$1 plus tax

TUSSY

cream deodorant



CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

DAM BUSTERS, THE—Warners. Directed by Michael Anderson: *Wing Comdr. Guy Gibson*, Richard Todd; *Doctor B. N. Wallis*, Michael Redgrave; *M. Wallis*, Ursula Jeans; *Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris*, Basil Sydney; *Capt. Jos. (Mutt) Summers*, Patrick Barr.

HOUSE OF BAMBOO—20th. Directed by Sam Fuller: *Sandy Dawson*, Robert Ryan; *Eddie Spamer*, Robert Stack; *Mariko*, Shirley Yamaguchi; *General Cameron Mitchell*, Captain Hanson, Brad Dexter; *Inspector Kita*, Sessue Hayakawa; *Webber*, Peter Elliot; *Ceram*, Sandro Giglio; *Japanese Screamer*, Elko Hanabusa; *John*, Harry Carey; *Wife*, Peter Gray; *Phil*, Robert Quarry; *Charlie*, DeForest Kelley.

LAND OF THE PHAROHS—Warners. Directed by Howard Hawks: *Pharaoh*, Jack Hawkins; *Princess Nellifer*, Joan Collins; *Senta*, Dewey Martin; *Harem*, Alexis Minotis; *Vashtar*, James R. Justice; *Ky*, Luisa Boni; *Trench*, Sydney Chaplin; *Vashtar's* *Servant*, James Hayter; *Queen Nailla*, Kerin O'Connell; *Pharaoh's Son*, Piero Giagnoni.

LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING—20th. Directed by Henry King: *Mark Elliott*, William Holden; *Han Suyin*, Jennifer Jones; *Palmer-Jones*, Torin Thatcher; *Adeline Palmer-Jones*, Isobel Elsom; *Dr. Tam*, Murray Matheson; *Ann Richards*, Virginia Gregg; *Robert Hunter*, Richard Loo; *Nora Hung*, Soo Yong; *Third Uncle*, Philip Ahn; *Suzanne*, Jorja Curtright.

MADDALENA—I. F. E. Directed by Augusto Genina: *Maddalena*, Marta Toren; *Don Vincenzo*, Gino Cervi; *Giovanni Lamberti*, Charles Vanel; *Carlo*, Giovanni Belloni; *Soulful*, Jacques Sernas; *Farm*, Folco Lulli; *Farmer's daughter*, Angiola Faranda.

MISTER ROBERTS—Warners. Directed by John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy: *Lt. (J.G.) Roberts*, Henry Fonda; *The Captain*, James Cagney; *Doc*, William Powell; *Ensign Pulver*, Jack Lemmon; *Lt. Ann*, Betsy Palmer; *C.P.O. Dowdy*, Ward Bond; *Mannion*, Phil Carey; *Reber*, Nick Adams; *Don*, Ken Curtis; *Stefanowski*, Harry Carey, Jr.; *Ch*, Frank Aletter; *Lidstrom*, Fritz Ford; *Mas*, Buck Kartalian; *Lt. Billings*, William Henry; *Ol*, William Hudson; *Schlemmer*, Stubby Kruger; *Co*, Harry Tenbrook; *Rodrigues*, Perry Lopez; *Insig*, Robert Roark; *Bookser*, Pat Wayne; *Wiley*, Tim Andrews; *Kennedy*, Jim Moloney; *Gilbert*, Der Niles; *Cochran*, Francis Connor; *Johnson*, St Fisher; *Jonesy*, Danny Borzage; *Taylor*, Jim Murphy; *Nurses*, Kathleen O'Malley, Maura Murphy; *Mimi Doyle*, Jeanne Murray, Lonnie Pierce.

ONE DESIRE—U-I. Directed by Jerry Hopper: *Tacey Cromwell*, Anne Baxter; *Clint Saunders*, Robert Hudson; *Judith Watrous*, Julie Adams; *Sena*, Watrous, Carl Benton Reid; *Seely*, Natalie Wood; *Mac Bain*, William Hopper; *Mrs. O'Dell*, Barbara Garde; *Nugget Saunders*, Barry Curtis.

PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON, THE—U-I. Directed by Jerry Hopper: *Major Bernard (Barney) Benson*, Charlton Heston; *Dr. Kay L*, bert, Julie Adams; *John*, William Demarest; *Co*, Sergeant Hibler, Tim Considine; *Cadet Colonel*, vester Dusik, Sal Mineo; *Mother Redempta*, N Bryant; *General Ramsey*, Milburn Stone; *Sis*, Mary Theresa, Mary Field; *Cadet Thomas*, Tig Flaherty, Tim Hovey; *Cadet Corporal Scawal*, Donald Keeler; *Mr. Hibler*, Don Haggerty; *M*, Hibler, Yvonne Peattie; *Sister Mary Thomas*, Mary Alan Hokanson; *Monseigneur Collins*, Edw C. Platt; *Mrs. Flaherty*, Kay Stewart.

SCARLET COAT, THE—M-G-M. Directed by John Sturges: *Maj. John Bolton*, Cornel Wilde; *A*, John Andre, Michael Wilding; *Dr. Jonathan O*, George Sanders; *Sally Cameron*, Anne Francis; *Benedict Arnold*, Robert Douglas; *General Rob*, Howe, John McIntire; *Peter*, Rhys Williams; *thanael Green*, John Dehner; *Col. Jameson*, Jan Westerfield; *Mr. Brown*, Ashley Cowan; *Sir He*, Clinton, Paul Cavanagh; *Mr. Durkin*, John Alders; *Col. Winfield*, John O'Malley; *Ben Potter*, Bo Driscoll.

SEVEN YEAR ITCH, THE—20th. Directed by Billy Wilder: *The Girl*, Marilyn Monroe; *Rich*, Sherman, Tom Ewell; *Helen Sherman*, Evelyn Key Tom McKenzie, Sonny Tufts; *Kruhulik*, Rob Strauss; *Dr. Brubaker*, Oscar Homolka; *Miss A*, ris, Marguerite Chapman; *Elaine*, Roxanne; *Brady*, Donald MacBride; *Miss Finch*, Carolyn Jo Ricky, Butch Bernard; *Girl*, Dorothy Ford.

SHRIKE, THE—U-I. Directed by Jose Ferrer: *Downs*, Jose Ferrer; *Ann Downs*, June Allyson; *Bellman*, Kendall Clark; *Dr. Barrow*, Isabel Bonn Charlotte Moore, Joy Page; *Dr. Kramer*, Jay Bar

WE'RE NO ANGELS—Paramount. Directed by Michael Curtiz: *Joseph*, Humphrey Bogart; *Alb*, Aldo Ray; *Jules*, Peter Ustinov; *Amelie Duc*, Joan Bennett; *Andre Trochard*, Basil Rathbe Felix Ducotel, Leo G. Carroll; *Paul Trochard*, J Baer; *Isabelle Ducotel*, Gloria Talbott; *Mad*, Parole, Lea Penman; *Arnaud*, John Smith.

WICHITA—A.A. Directed by Jacques Tourneur: *Wyatt Earp*, Joel McCrea; *Laurie*, Vera Miles; *C*, Lloyd Bridges; *Whiteside*, Wallace Ford; *Doc Bl*, Edgar Buchanan; *Morgan Earp*, Peter Graves; *Masterson*, Keith Larsen; *Mayor*, Carl Benton R Jim Earp, John Smith; *McCoy*, Walter Coy; *W'all*, Walter Sande; *Ben Thompson*, Robert Wilke; *Jack Elam*, Mrs. McCoy, Mae Clarke.

You can lose him quick when your

Charm

starts slipping



TAKE MARY ANN'S CASE . . . the very first day she arrived at the attractive little seaside hotel the best-looking man in the place latched on to her. And, before she knew it, she was in the middle of a gay whirl. They went everywhere together . . . to the beaches and to the nicest clubs.

Then, all of a sudden, his interest turned to indifference. She simply couldn't account for it. What she didn't realize was that her charm had started slipping. It could happen to any girl . . . it could happen to you . . . when she lets halitosis (unpleasant breath) get the upper hand.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what

no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs
Like This . . . Instantly**

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you



the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

**Listerine Clinically Proved
Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

SURVEY SHOWS ANSWERS FROM

9
out of
10



NURSES suggest DOUCHING with ZONITE for feminine hygiene

Brides-to-Be and Married Women
Should Know These Intimate Facts

Every well-informed woman who values her health, physical charm and married happiness, knows how necessary a cleansing, deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods. Douching has become such an essential practice in the modern way of life, another survey showed that of the married women asked—83.3% douche after monthly periods and 86.5% at other times.

It's a great assurance for women to know that ZONITE is so highly thought of among these nurses. Scientific tests PROVED no other type liquid anti-septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet SO SAFE to body tissues.

ZONITE's Many Advantages

ZONITE is a powerful antiseptic-germicide yet is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It *effectively* deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty. Inexpensive—ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.



A sexy pixie, says Sid about cute Shirley MacLaine



For role in "Blood Alley," lovely Anita Ekberg loses her glam

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'M SO WEARY of hearing that Martin and Lewis are splitting and that Reynolds and Fisher are splitting that I'd be satisfied if they all compromised and Jerry went with Debbie . . . Show me a sexier looking pixie than Shirley MacLaine and I don't even want to look! . . . James Cagney did the gimp in "Love Me or Leave Me" by having a lift built inside of one shoe. Thus Cagney was able to do the gimp with the good shoe without the lift . . . If I had anything to do with a Mamie Van Doren movie, I'd let Mamie put her dialogue in her own words . . . Wonder what some of the former movie idols think of some of the movie stars of today? Mary Pickford and Clara Bow, Francis X. Bushman and Richard Barthelmess might really giggle over Dana Wynter and Carol Ohmart and Robert Francis, most of whom have been given star rating and treatment before the public ever saw them in a

movie . . . Whenever I see Hildgarde Neff, I think she's playing spy in a movie . . . In "Picnic," Ki Novak has red hair so she'll see less like Marilyn Monroe . . . Can you name me five blonds who haven't blushed with love? . . .

Anita (Bulging Blouse) Ekberg, beautiful and shapely, makes her movie debut in "Blood Alley," disguised as a Chinese mother. Ekberg should win the Special Effects Oscar, and the producers of the movie should be summoned before some committee . . . What's with Gloria Grahame? She appears to be playing her roles with her upper lip novocained . . . I shy away from movie heroines who call me (a name), honey . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, imported the morsel of wisdom to a group: "It takes a certain amount of optimism even to become a pessimist."

I wish TV's "What's My Line?" would stop using movie celebrities in town to plug a picture as "the mystery guest." If they don't, they're going to lose my business (commercials, please pay attention) . . . If you ever listened to Frank Sinatra's national album of torch songs night after night, you understand Sinatra, no matter what he says or does . . . I wonder if any of the Rhythm and Blues addicts appreciate a Larry Hart lyric? Too bad for them, isn't it? . . . Buddy Rogers told me here's how he'd pick a newcomer to be a star. "A star must be the kind of a person you'd want to spend an evening with, a person you could play bridge with and regard as a friend." . . . The only person I haven't heard tell a Davy Crockett gag, is Fess Parker . . . Despite his great success in the movies with "Marty," Paddy Chayefsky told me in a letter: "I'll write television no matter what else. Television is the marvelous medium of the ordinary. You can get in very deep with a very small moment." . . . I'm pleased that Judy Holliday is returning to town because she works in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." In fact, I can hardly wait. . . . Hollywood Legend: Grace Kelly can play any role and if for any reason she can't, the movie should be discarded . . . After the running of a movie at Jerry Wald's house, Clifford Odets asked Oscar Levant if he were happy. "Happiness," said Oscar, "isn't something you experience. It's just something you remember."

Liberace smiles almost continuously. I wonder just how much mirth is connected with it . . . I'm looking forward to reading John O'Hara's scenario about DeSylva, Brown and Henderson ("The Best Things in Life Are Free"). I'm anxious to read now how the roaring Twenties and the trembling Thirties looked to John . . . Hollywood Legend: Humphrey Bogart would let Lauren Bacall steal a scene from him.

I'd like to see Marlon Brando and Clark Gable in the same room. What fun watching the so-called celebrities playing to both. I'd be as busy as at a tennis match. Busier! . . . I agree with Jack Webb, who wants someone else to play Sgt. Friday and says the formula should be changed. Smart chaps all the Webbs, from Clifford to Jack . . . There's nothing as amusing as the movie stars doing their own marketing in the Beverly Hills markets . . . Hollywood Legend: When Alfred Hitchcock goes to see his own movie, he is often baffled by it . . . At a recent party, Zsa Zsa Gabor was holding court and saying such delightful things as: "Two can live as cheap as one, but it costs them twice as much." That's Hollywood for you.



HALO LEAVES HAIR CLEANER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER

—than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo



**Halo—unlike most shampoos—
contains no greasy oils or soap to dull
your hair with dirt-catching film!**

- ★ Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather, instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff.
- ★ No special after-rinse needed. Halo glorifies your hair—*naturally*. Brings back *all* its clean bright beauty with each shampoo. Your hair is left cleaner, softer, brighter. Pleasantly fragrant, too.
- ★ Halo—so safe, so gentle—is ideal for children as well. Get Halo at your dealer's today. Make Halo your *family* shampoo!

Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!

Anne's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues".

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
A 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-95, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper.)

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



READERS INC...



SOAP BOX:

Just a few lines to keep you up to date on this club as a result of the story you used in the June issue of your magazine.

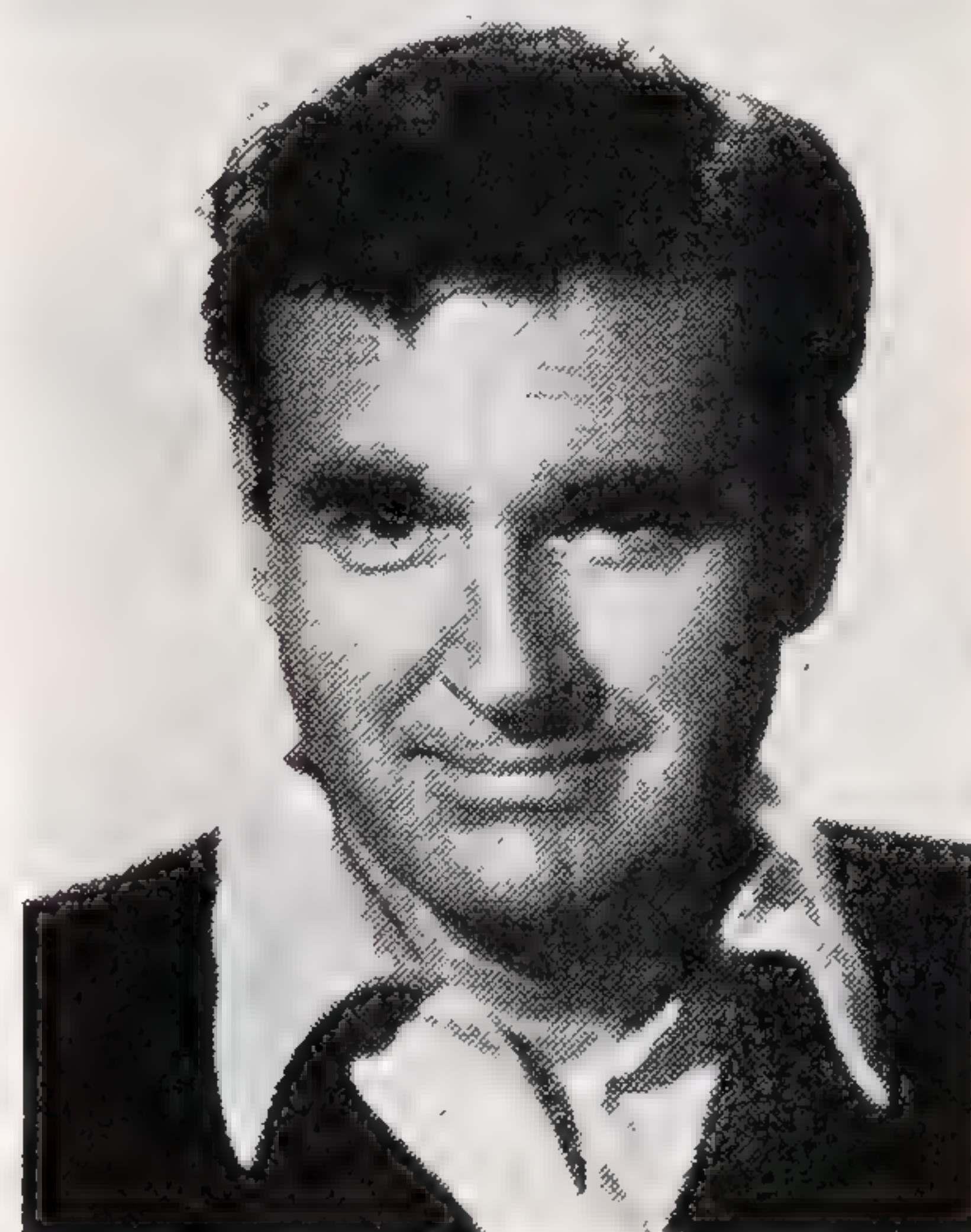
It has been over six weeks now since that issue was released. I have been receiving about seventy-five letters a day, mostly as a result of this article. My mail during the past week has gotten back to normal after the big rush and, since this has been my first opportunity to write you, I am happy to report that things have gone fine. I expected to hear from the teenage fans who want to join a fan club for Marlon, but what I didn't expect were the many wonderful letters from social workers, nurses, *et cetera*, who are interested in the club. I am most grateful that Mr. Jacobi has shown my club in the light it was intended. As a result, we have grown to a near 450 members and made many new friends.

Again I wish to thank you and Mr. Jacobi most sincerely, for the kindness you have shown Marlon Brando through this article. I know he appreciates it very much. We hope always to be a credit to him.

PHILOMENA IGNEZI, President
Marlon Brando Charity Fan Club
149-14 45 Avenue
Flushing 55, New York

Justice demands that I remonstrate the regrettable lack of publicity given a newcomer to Hollywood named Jeff Morrow. I ask you what sort of pictures would have resulted had Mr. Morrow not turned in such excellent performances as "second lead" in such films as "Tanganyika," "Flight to Tangier" and "Captain Lightfoot"? His bit role in "The Robe" was quite as well done as that of Dean Jagger.

I'm thinking of "writing my Congress-



Justice is demanded for Jeff Morrow

man" about this—but perhaps a written protestation to an executive at U-I might be more apropos.

ELIZABETH OLDHAM
Dallas, Texas

On reading your March issue, I see you have stated on page 25 that Cyd Charisse

does her own singing in the movies she plays in. You better make a correction, as Carol Richards sang for her in "Brigadoon" and also in "Deep in my Heart." Miss Richards, who sings on the Bob Crosby show, stated this fact herself over the air.

MRS. LAWRENCE JOHNSON
Kane, Pennsylvania

Quite right. M-G-M says that Carol Richards does do all of Cyd Charisse's movie singing.—ED.

CASTING:

Why not make a new movie of "Ramona," having lovely Donna Reed as *Ramona*; Jack Palance as *Alessandro*?

Also the wonderful story "The Rosary" hasn't been made lately, and would be a



A change of pace for Jack Palance

wonderful film with Tony Curtis as the blind artist.

MRS. M. SCHUPBACK
Kiowa, Kansas

I have just finished reading "The Day New York Was Invaded." It is a story about a princess of an imaginary kingdom who wanted to make war on the U.S. because the California wine growers are taking away her country's one and only business—that of winemaking.

It would be a funny movie with the following cast: Kim Novak as *Princess Gloriana XII*; Bob Taylor or Guy Madison as *Tully Bascomb*; Dean Jagger as *Count of Mountjoy*; John Hamilton as *Mr. Beriter*; Gale Stratton Jr. as *Dr. Kokhintz*; Gale Gordon as *General Snippit* and Lee Patrick as *Eliza Steiner*, the landlady.

These are major parts. This rollicking adventure would look good in color, and only CinemaScope would be big enough to hold it all.

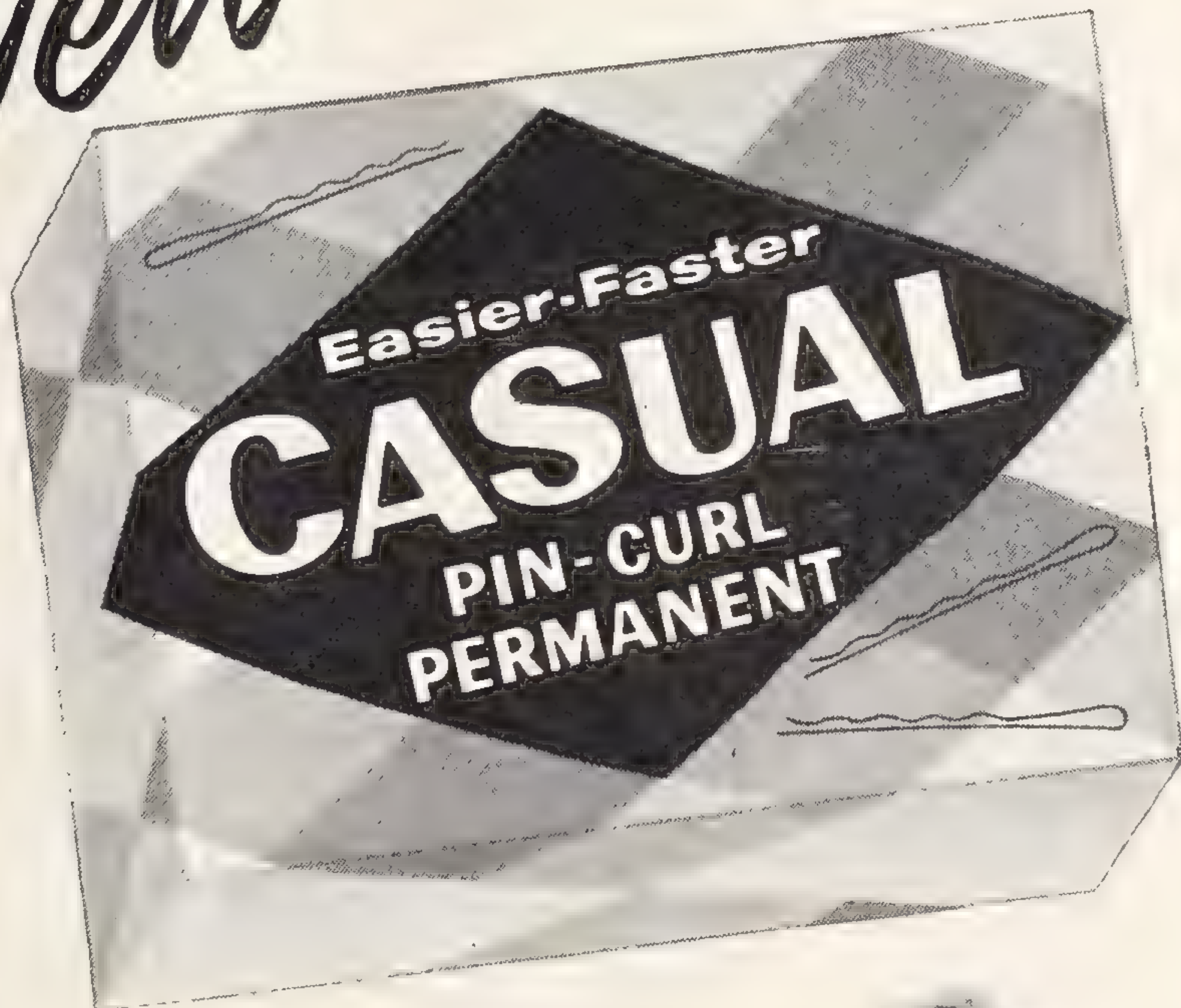
LEE PERKINS
Barre, Massachusetts

"The Day New York Was Invaded," by Leonard Wibberley, appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Later, it was published in book form by Little, under the title "The Mouse that Roared."—ED.

Continued

For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life . . .

New



SET IT!



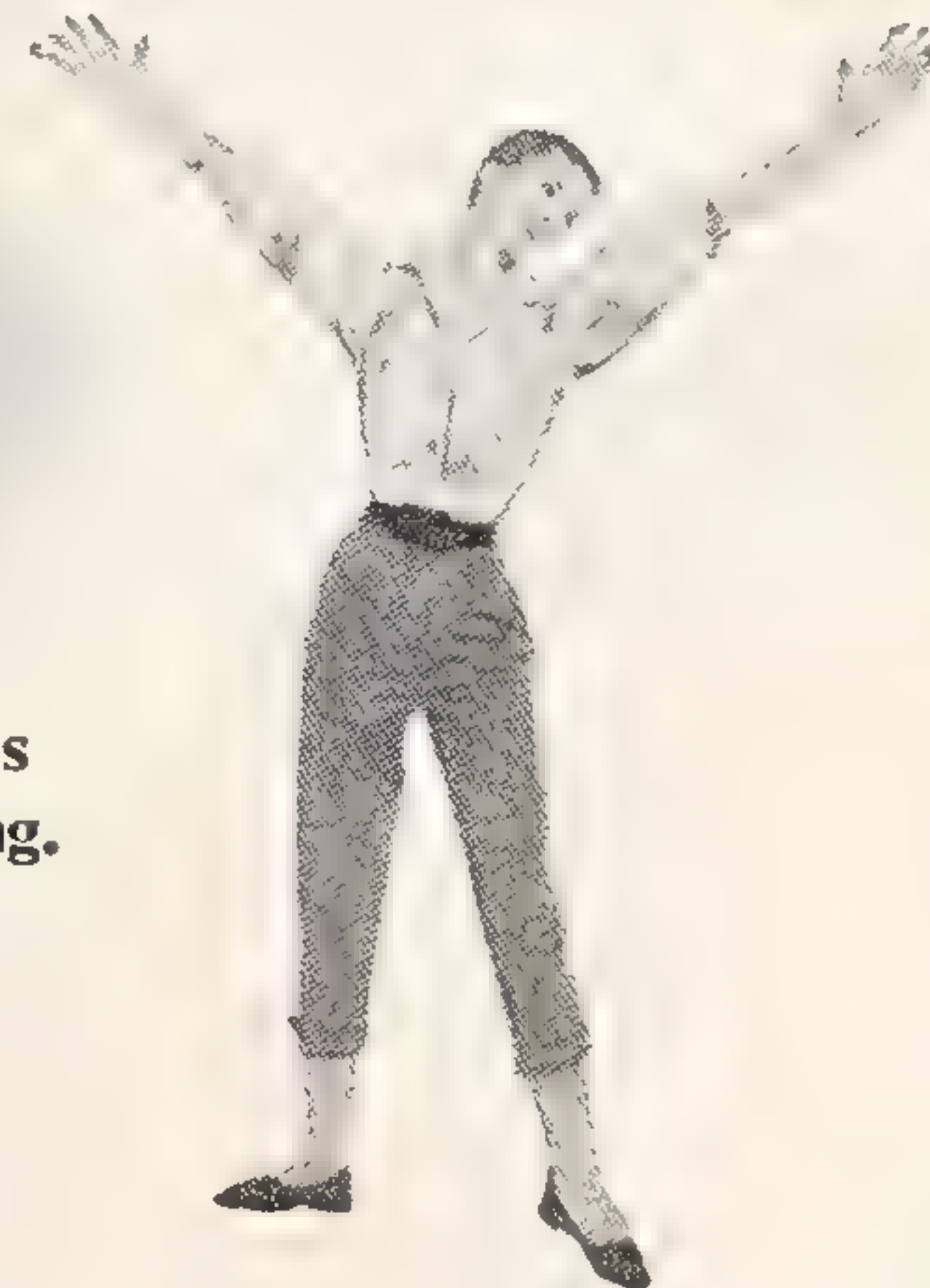
Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!



Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!



That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!

**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!
\$1.50 PLUS TAX

*She was Han Suyin, the fascinating Eurasian...
He was Mark Elliot, the American correspondent...*

*A love
that defied
5000 years
of tradition!*



The price they pay when they come out of their secret garden and face the world in modern-day Hong Kong—makes this one of the screen's unforgettable experiences.

20th Century-Fox captures all the beauty and rapture of Han Suyin's true best-seller.

William Holden • Jennifer Jones
Love is a Many-Splendored Thing

with TORIN
THATCHER

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DE LUXE

PRODUCED BY DIRECTED BY SCREEN PLAY BY
BUDDY ADLER • HENRY KING • JOHN PATRICK

Continued

QUESTION BOX:

Can you please tell me who is in the cast of "Guys and Dolls" along with Marlon Brando?

JOSEPHINE TROIANO
Stratford, Conn.

Frank Sinatra is Nathan Detroit; Jean Simmons, Sarah Brown; Vivian Blaine, Adelaide.—ED.

I have just seen "Young at Heart," with Doris Day and Frank Sinatra. It was wonderful.

However, my sister and I have an argument. I say Frank Sinatra was really playing the piano, but she says it was someone else. Whoever it was certainly deserves the credit. Could you please straighten us out?

JANICE ADAMS
Waterloo, Iowa

Both Frank and Gig Young deserve credit for their piano-playing in this picture.—ED.

I have a special request. Would you please print a picture of Leo Genn in your column? Or could your magazine run a picture story on him? That man is superb—head and shoulders above any of the



Leo Genn—a fan has a special request

new highly-publicized stars. In "Snake Pit," he was wonderful. In "Quo Vadis," he was purely out of this world. I think he was sadly miscast in "Plymouth Adventure." I just couldn't see him as a dull Puritan husband. He would have been far more believable as the Captain. However, it was nice to see him for a while, in spite of the incompatible role.

MRS. CHRIS WILCOX
Jackson, Michigan

I have just seen "This Is My Love." Who is the handsome man who played Glenn? My girl friends and I are very curious. Please write a little information about him.

SHIRLEY KRUSE
Cleveland, Ohio

Glenn was played by Rick Jason, born Richard Jason on May 21, 1922, in New York City. Rick is 6' 4" tall, has green eyes, black hair, is single. His latest is "This Island Earth," for U-I.—ED.

Are Ann Francis and Bob Francis related?

DONNA CARTNAL
Hanover, Ohio

Nope.—ED.

If you want to start a fan club or write to your favorite stars, address them in care of their studios (see page 110 for a list of studio addresses).—ED.

a world of ENTERTAINMENT!



GARBO to MONROE

BING to GARY CROSBY

BENNY to GOBEL

TUCKER to CLOONEY

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Turning out to give Noel Coward a spirited Hollywood welcome were the Hestons, the Van Heflins



Noel gets big hug from old friend, Jean



Having fun on a night out—the Gordon MacRaes

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN

SAM GOLDWIN gave a party when "Guys and Dolls" wound up—and it was a dilly. Dave Chasen furnished the fancy buffet; two bands furnished dance music and much much later, Marlon Brando jived it up on his bongo drums until the wee hours! Vivian Blaine, Stubby Kaye and B. S. Pully and Jean Simmons put on a show. Among the dropper-inners, Gary Cooper had the most fun watching Jean Simmons and Yul Brynner, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, director Joe Manckiewicz and others "letting their hair down." Marlon dated his secretary Cecile Meredith for the bash. Both had a good time.

Before Gordon Scott took off for the four months he'll spend in Africa making "Tarzan and the Lost Safari," Vera Miles (who'll miss him the most) gave a going-away party for him at her house. "Tarz," as Gordon's pals call him, was deluged with the darndest gifts! Like bottles of quinine, strings of beads "for trading with the natives." Among the farewellers were Rory and Lita Calhoun; Dennis Hopper

and Natalie Wood; the Guy Madisons; Richard Egan and Pat Hardy; the Jim Davises; Jimmy Dean; Marisa Pavan and Arthur Loew, Jr.

It looked like Hollywood transplanted the weekend The Dunes opened at Las Vegas. Photogs had some eye-popping chores, snapping Rita Moreno; Mamie Van Doren; Marla English; Lori Nelson; Gail Robbins; Jayne Mansfield flipping around the hotel's pool. Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman (Jean got gasps in a Balmain gown which she brought back from Europe. It was of pale blue, figure-hugging silk with a small train and a *very low* slit bodice). Ann Robinson; Merle Oberon; "Crazy Legs" Hirsch; the Don Defores; the Jeff Chandlers; Ray Anthony; the Spike Joneses made the trek from Hollywood, too. To say nothing of Tab Hunter; Jeff Hunter; Hugh O'Brian; Cesar Romero (his first trip!) and other lads. Jane Powell came over from the Desert Inn where she was warbling; Rosie Clooney came over from The Sands where she was ditto, and Marilyn Maxwell

breezed over from The Royal Nevada.

A glamour crowd from Hollywood that included Judy Garland; David Niven; Joan Fontaine; the H. Bogarts; Ann Miller; Zsa Zsa Gabor; the Van Heflins dashed to the Desert spa to catch Noel Coward's bow-in at The Desert Inn coupla weeks later. But before the Britisher opened, Frank Sennes (who owns the Moulin Rouge in Hollywood) tossed a colossal party for Noel at his Beverly Hills home. Two hundred guests swarmed his lawns, sipping and supping, and Filmville's "English colony," including Greer Garson; the David Nivens; Angela Lansbury; Jean Simmons were out in force. Also around the swimming pool, in which floated thousands of flowers, were the Aldo Rays; the Heflins; the Hestons; Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow; Miriam Hopkins; the Jack Bennys; Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas; Monty Woolley, who pretended he didn't like being lensed by the bulb-boys; the Jack Lemmons; the Ronald Reagans, the Gordon MacRaes and scads more.

**Talk
about
lather!**



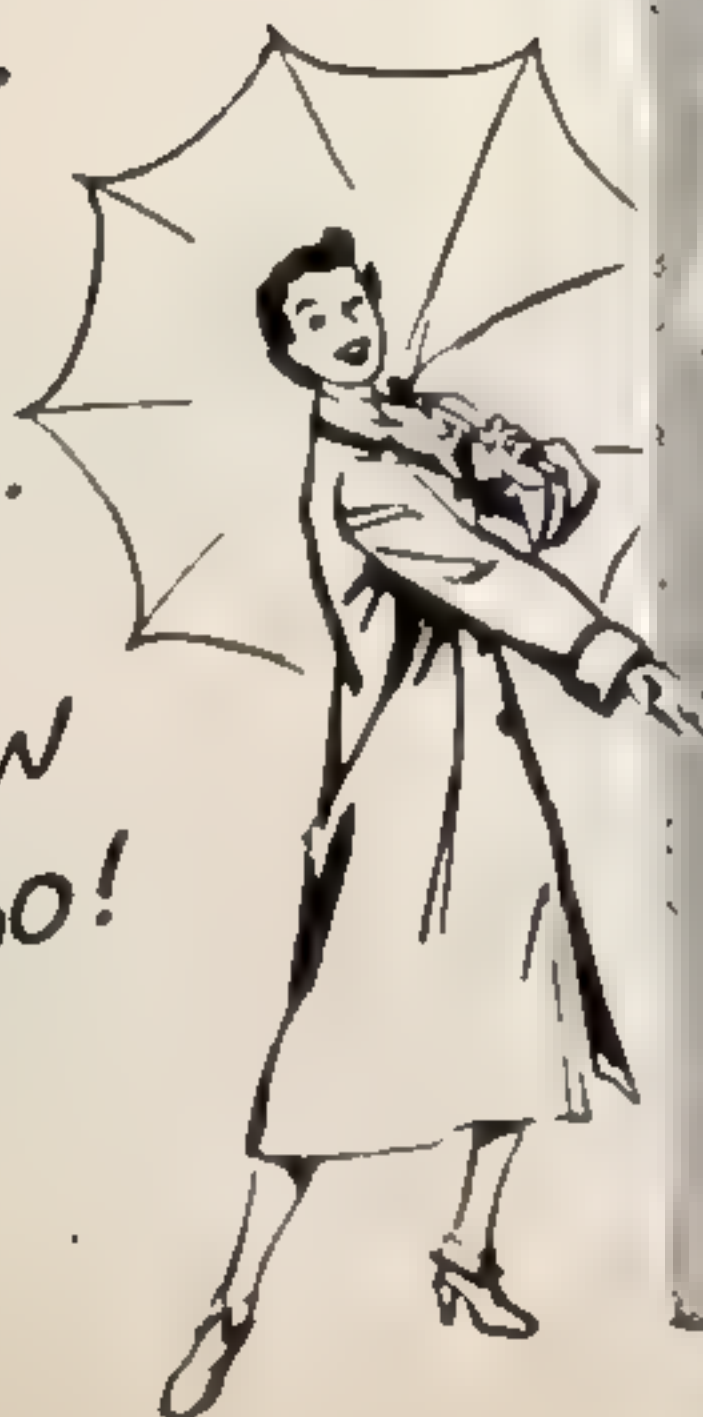
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You'll be talking about lather for days after your first shampoo with new White Rain. Because it really does pile up astonishingly . . . gives you gobs more rich, gentle suds, soft as rain water. You can *feel* your hair become silken under your finger-tips

. . . Yet see what happens when you comb it out. The curl just naturally springs back. New White Rain leaves your hair in better condition, sprinkled with sunshine, fresh as a breeze, and *manageable*. New White Rain was made especially for *you* . . .

BY *Toni*

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**MEN GAVE HER EVERYTHING
... BUT A GOOD NAME!**

That woman
Tacey and
Clint the
gambling man
...he was her
only weakness
...she was
his greatest
strength!



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**ANNE BAXTER
ROCK HUDSON
JULIE ADAMS**

**One
Desire**
PRINT BY
TECHNICOLOR

with **CARL BENTON REID • NATALIE WOOD • WILLIAM HOPPER**

Directed by **JERRY HOPPER** • Screenplay by **LAWRENCE ROMAN** and **ROBERT BLEES** • Produced by **ROSS HUNTER**

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

BRIEF

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓✓✓ **AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**—U-I, Technicolor: In a frivolous musical farce, Piper Laurie's a peppy chorine who tries to go ladylike as wife of wealthy Rory Calhoun. (F) August

✓✓✓ **CELL 2455, DEATH ROW**—Columbia: Coolly detached, fact-based story of a youthful criminal. William Campbell's fine as the delinquent who becomes an incorrigible. (A) June

✓✓ **CHICAGO SYNDICATE**—Columbia: That crime network (headed this time by Paul Stewart) gets smashed again, thanks to risky undercover work by Dennis O'Keefe. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ **COBWEB, THE**—M.G.M.; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: A brilliant cast including Richard Widmark, Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall gives urgency to a complex drama about intrigue on the staff of a mental hospital. (A) August

✓✓✓ **DADDY LONG LEGS**—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Magical musical romance. Millionaire Fred Astaire's the unknown benefactor who puts French orphan Leslie Caron through college in the U. S. (F) July

✓✓✓ **DAVY CROCKETT**—Disney, Technicolor: On the larger screen, the hit tv serial starring Fess Parker and Buddy Ebsen shows up as an engaging record of frontier exploits. (F) August

✓✓✓ **END OF THE AFFAIR, THE**—Columbia: Thoughtful movie set in wartime London. Deborah Kerr's illicit, unhappy romance with Van Johnson leads her to examine her beliefs. (A) June

✓✓✓ **ETERNAL SEA, THE**—Republic: Simply told saga of real-life heroism. Admiral Sterling Hayden, crippled in World War II, demands active duty. Alexis Smith is his wife. (F) July

✓✓✓ **FAR HORIZONS, THE**—Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Fred MacMurray, Charlton Heston, Donna Reed retrace the epic Lewis and Clark expedition. Weakly written but actionful and scenically impressive. (F) August

✓✓ **5 AGAINST THE HOUSE**—Columbia: In a tense but implausible story, three college students plot a gambling-house holdup, drawing Guy Madison, Kim Novak into the scheme. (F) July

✓✓ **FOXFIRE**—U-I, Technicolor: Highly colored romance in a modern mining town teams Jeff Chandler, as a half-Apache engineer, with Jane Russell, as his neglected wife. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ **LADY AND THE TRAMP**—Disney; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Beguiling cartoon feature, with songs, relates the love story of a gentle lady spaniel and a debonair mutt. (F) August

✓✓✓ **LIFE IN THE BALANCE, A**—20th: Distinctive suspense movie, filmed in Mexico. Ricardo Montalban, unemployed musician, fights a murder charge, romances Anne Bancroft. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ **LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME**—M.G.M.; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Unusual music drama casts Doris Day as Ruth Etting, singer of the Twenties. James Cagney's first-rate as a racketeer who backs her, wants her love. Cameron Mitchell also loves her. (A) July

✓✓ **MAGNIFICENT MATADOR, THE**—20th; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Arresting Mexican locales highlight the story of bullfighter Anthony

For fuller reviews, see **PHOTOPLAY** for the months

REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS
F—FAMILY

Quinn, accused of cowardice but loved by American heiress Maureen O'Hara. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ MOONFLEET—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Richly colorful adventure yarn of 18th century England. Little Jon Whiteley adopts gentleman smuggler Stewart Granger as a guardian. With Viveca Lindfors. (F) July

✓✓✓ NOT AS A STRANGER—U.A.: Moments of emotional power and strong detail distinguish this account of a doctor's career. Fanatically devoted to medicine, Robert Mitchum slights wife Olivia de Havilland, friend Sinatra. (A) August

✓✓ PRIZE OF GOLD, A—Columbia, Technicolor: Vague suspense film, shot in Germany. GI Richard Widmark, for Mai Zetterling's sake, tries to steal a shipment of gold bullion. (F) July

✓✓✓ PRODIGAL, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Spectacular melodrama of ancient times. As the Prodigal Son, Edmund Purdom forsakes sweetheart Audrey Dalton, is led to ruin by pagan priestess Lana Turner. (A) June

✓✓✓ PURPLE MASK, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: In a pleasant swashbuckler, Tony Curtis saves French nobility (Colleen Miller and others) from the guillotine. (F) August

✓✓✓ SEA CHASE, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Wartime adventure. German sea captain John Wayne, with Lana Turner as passenger, eludes the British Navy. (F) August

✓✓ SEVEN ANGRY MEN—A.A.: Powerful idea, unimaginatively presented. Raymond Massey plays John Brown, trying to end slavery by force, with the aid of son Jeffrey Hunter. (F) June

✓✓✓ SEVEN LITTLE FOYS, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Refreshing real-life saga of show business. Bob Hope's a foot-loose vaudevillian trying to raise seven children. (F) August

✓✓✓ SOLDIER OF FORTUNE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Conventional but exciting tale of Hong Kong plots. Clark Gable looks for Susan Hayward's missing husband. (F) August

✓✓✓ STRANGE LADY IN TOWN—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Nice offbeat Western. Rival doctors Greer Garson and Dana Andrews compete vigorously in a frontier town, at the finish face danger together. (F) July

✓✓✓ STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Imposing picture of our air defenses, with Jimmy Stewart as a pilot, June Allyson as the waiting wife. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ SUMMERTIME—U.A., Technicolor: Wistful, humorous romance. As an American spinster vacationing in Venice (where the film was made), Katharine Hepburn learns a new outlook from an urbane Italian shopkeeper (Rossano Brazzi). (A) August

✓✓✓ THIS ISLAND EARTH—U-I, Technicolor: Visually exciting science-fiction. Jeff Morrow leads lofty-browed aliens who draft Earth scientists in interplanetary war. (F) July

✓✓✓ TIGHT SPOT—Columbia: Neat, bright crime film. Attorney Edward G. Robinson, detective Brian Keith try to persuade Ginger Rogers to testify against a vengeful gang boss. (F) June

"What I did
may shock
you...but
a woman has
the right to
use every
female weapon
to hold the man
she loves"



Universal-International presents

JOSÉ FERRER | **JUNE ALLYSON**

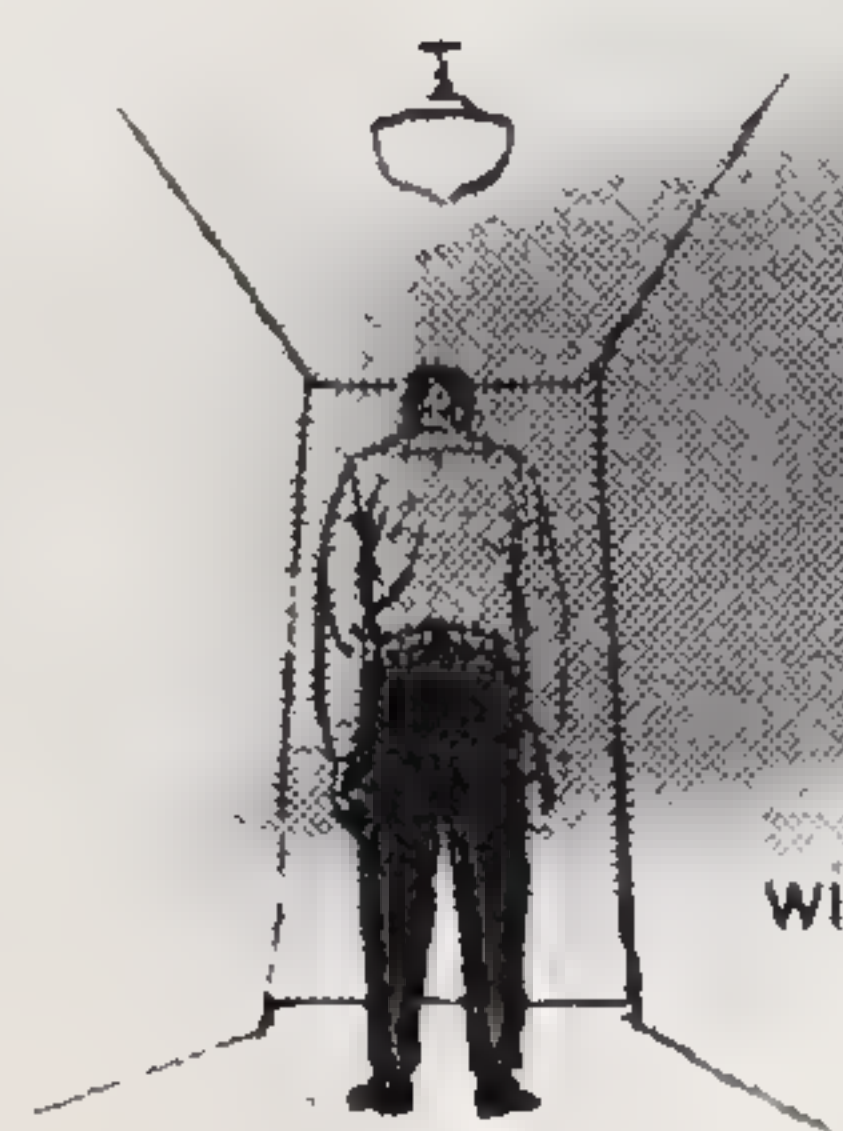
The Shrike

EVERY SHOCKING EMOTION OF
THE GREAT PULITZER PRIZE PLAY!

with JOY PAGE • KENDALL CLARK • ISABEL BONNER

Directed by JOSÉ FERRER • Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS

Based on the play by JOSEPH KRAMM • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG



COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 6

NAME THIS MOVIE AND WIN A PRIZE!



A



B



C

Contest! Contest!

For several years, Columbia Pictures has had in preparation the great story of Joseph, from the time he was sold into bondage in Egypt until he became its Governor under the Pharaoh. Joseph was sold by his jealous brothers to Potiphar, one of the Egyptian potentates of the second century before Christ. The plot of the movie concerns Joseph's attempts to rise from slavery, to educate himself and become a leader of the people. In his successful rise, the aging Potiphar and his young and faithless wife Zuleika, have a prominent part. Columbia Pictures would like to have you choose for this movie a title which you feel will best describe it to the public. What title would you like to see on your local theatre marquee?

TO ENTER THE CONTEST

● On this page are three scene stills from the movie. Each bears an identifying letter. For these pictures we print below a group of six captions. Three are true captions for the photographs, three are false. Indicate on the entry blank below the correct captions for each of the pictures—by writing in the key letter of the picture and the number of the correct caption for it.

1. *Moses leading the Exodus from Egypt into the Promised Land*
2. *Potiphar's caravan taking Joseph into Egypt*
3. *The Fall of the Walls of Jericho*
4. *The Storming of Joseph's granaries*
5. *The building of the Pyramids*
6. *The building of Pharaoh's palace*

● Vote for your favorite title from the three printed below or add your own title if you prefer. The titles suggested by Columbia Pictures are:

Joseph and His Brethren

Potiphar's Wife

Joseph and the Wife of Potiphar

PRIZES

First Prize—\$500 denomination Series E U.S. Savings Bond

Consolation Prizes: For each of twenty-five runners-up, \$25 denomination Series E U.S. Savings bonds

CONTEST RULES

1 Fill in contest blank at right, paste it on reverse of a postcard and mail your entry to Columbia Title Contest, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Box No. 1666, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. Each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Judges of the contest will be Harry Cohn, President, Jerry Wald, Executive Producer, and William Dieterle, Director, of Columbia Pictures together with the Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

2 All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 15, 1955.

3 Anyone living in the continental United States and Canada may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications and their advertising agencies and employees

of Columbia Pictures and their advertising agencies.

4 Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Please be sure to give complete name and address on entry blank. Joint entries will not be accepted.

5 All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

6 The winners will be announced in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY. The winners will be advised by wire not later than September 30, 1955. This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.

CORRECT CAPTIONS FOR PICTURE A: _____
Enter By Number

PICTURE B: _____

PICTURE C: _____

MY VOTE FOR TITLE IS: _____

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

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100% NON-ALKALINE!
Will not dry or devitalize hair!

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Healthy, Natural,
Non-Alkaline Condition
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*Lets Hair Behave
and Hold a Wave!*



*As Gentle and Mild
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*Leaves More Luster!
More Natural Color!*



*Over Twice as much
for your money as other
Leading Shampoos!*



*Curls are Softer!
Easier to Set!
Stay Set Longer!*



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ARE THEY HEADING FOR

THE BIG

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are in "You're Never Too Young"



SPLIT-UP ?

*The future of Martin and Lewis is at stake.
Can the faith and small prayers of their millions
of fans heal the breach between them?*

● As this is written, the marriage of two of the greatest talents in show business is at stake. The headlines say theirs is now a marriage in name only—and in money only.

True, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are now being held together by five million dollars and five years of contracts. Both Dean and Jerry have said they'll fulfill all commitments and this is going to occupy them for quite some time. They may have a trial separation, but there could be no divorce. As one friend puts it, "It's just mathematically impossible."

A few months ago, they signed a contract with Paramount, which says they must make six pictures in the next five years for them and three pictures in the next three years for Hal Wallis, who releases pictures through Paramount. At the end of this time, each will receive \$2,500,000 clear. They have a three-year contract with NBC, and they've signed for one year with Colgate, for whom their company, York Productions, is to produce thirty-nine "Sunday Hour" television shows beginning in September. And Dean and Jerry must star in five of them.

But they're held together, too, by many more millions of fans. All ages. All nationalities. All religions. By many, many people who'd never heard of a place called Brown's in the Catskill Mountains and to whom television ratings and contracts and the like couldn't mean less. They just know that years ago they took to heart an hilarious clown with a cracked voice and a chrysanthemum haircut and a handsome Italian singer who browbeat

him with affectionate despair. Together, Martin and Lewis make happy music and the public loves them that way.

And there's also the matter of another "contract" between a Jewish boy from the borscht circuit, Joseph Levitch, and an Italian barber's son, Dino Crocetti, who married their two unlikely talents ten years ago for richer or poorer and for better or for worse.

It's sadly ironic now that they've never been richer and their relationship has never been for worse. It's ironic that a long dispute over where the premiere of a picture would be held could be the crowning thing.

Those closest to Jerry and Dean waited out the final hours, watched an emotionally distraught Jerry board the train taking him East, and a calmer, but deeply hurt, Dean take to wings, putting a further 2500 miles of water between them. Until that last hour, it hadn't seemed possible that one of them wouldn't give. Once, this couldn't have happened with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Once, they wouldn't have allowed the Catskill Mountains or anything else to come between them—whatever the circumstances or whoever the outside influences. That they finally did is a sobering thought to those who care for them.

A sad-voiced Dean, packing to leave that evening, put his thought into words when he told us, "If Jerry thought as much of me as he's always said he does, he wouldn't have done this."

And in the dramatic setting of Brown's Hotel in the Catskills, where he had bellhopped ten years before, a tearful Jerry indicated he felt Dean had really

let him down. To a hushed audience, containing the nation's press who'd made the junket for the premiere of "You're Never Too Young," Jerry signed off emotionally, thanking them and speaking haltingly of his "problem" and his "heavy heart" and "cross to bear." It was sad and poignant watching half of the most famous team in show business carrying the show alone.

Those close to them are heavyhearted today. There were far more serious overtones involved here than a disagreement about where to hold their movie premiere. This was straining a sensitive situation, widening a wound already almost beyond repair.

It's no secret that Dean Martin has long believed, and with reason, that some shortsighted people have belittled his talent and his importance in the team. Today, Dean feels that Jerry, too, considers his a secondary role.

Although it never reached print, where they would premiere their picture had been under dispute for months prior to departure time. From the time, in fact, when Jerry's old bosses at Brown's Hotel offered to pick up the tab for the whole press junket if "You're Never Too Young" could be premiered there. To the studio, this sounded not only like a fine publicity gimmick; it would save money, too. With his loyalty to those who've helped him in the past, Jerry Lewis fell in love with the idea. Under a mistaken impression that Dean had agreed to the arrangement, Jerry threw his whole heart into going back where he began. Plans began to shake, rattle and roll before those concerned realized how

Continued

P

← When Jerry became ill, a worried Dean stood by—carried on Mocambo act alone



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good for
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See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky... so manageable! Conditions any hair. That's the magic touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! Try it! 29¢, 59¢, \$1.



Jerry took along Patti, Ronnie, Gary to Catskills preem, refused to believe till last minute that Dean wouldn't go!

THE BIG SPLIT-UP ?

Continued



Doing act alone, Jerry begged Patti to help him with song—then broke down and we

strongly Dean opposed premiering the picture there.

"I never did say I would go to Brown's," a serious-voiced Dean says now. "If I had, I'd have been there. For four months I'd been saying I wouldn't go."

Since this was their own York Production and Dean was a full partner, he felt he had a full vote about where their picture would be premiered. The fact that this would be a free ride shouldn't, he felt, be an influencing factor. "When our company spends two million six hundred thousand dollars on a picture—which I think is too much—you don't have to pinch for a premiere.

"I told them from the beginning I didn't want to have the premiere there. Jerry was a little upset. 'Let's take it to Steubenville, Ohio, then, your home town,' he said. I told him I didn't want to take it to Steubenville, my home town. 'Let's take it to a nice neutral place—like we did last year. There are many neutral places to go.'

"We've always made our plans to-

gether. We've always talked it over and agreed to go here or there. This is the first time in nine years I've ever really asked Jerry to do one thing. I said, 'Let's not go to Brown's'—and he turned me down. All I can say is he must have had some real obligation somewhere. He must have had his own reasons to do this—reasons he didn't tell me."

Jerry, on the other hand, could understand why Dean wouldn't go along with him on this. At one time they decided to call off the premiere. Then Jerry was hurt.

To those who've stressed the fact that money will hold them together no matter what, an unhappy Jerry said, "This matter goes beyond money. As far as I'm concerned, it's a matter of the heart. No amount of money can make up for a feeling of the heart. With Dean, the matter went beyond money, too. It's a matter of heart with him, too—and of his own self-respect. He knew the criticism he was inviting by not going. He knew what eventually happened would happen. That

would be the heavy in the eyes of the press assembled there. If Dean Martin hadn't been so emotionally involved himself, obviously he would have gone. The smartest thing to do was to reverse his decision and appear.

"But I said something and I meant it. It's our picture and I was wrong in not helping publicize it," said Dean slowly. "But I said too many times I wouldn't go. I had to take a stand and I took it. And I can't lie to myself. My word to myself—that's important, too."

He dismisses any allegations of jealousy with, "Jealous of Jerr? If I were jealous of Jerry, we wouldn't have been together more than two years," he says in reference to the lines, the footage, the publicity *et al.* that overshadowed his own.

"We mended last year's rift when Jerry and I sat down and figured things out," Dean said. That argument began with Dean's role—or no role—in "Three Ring Circus," but it mushroomed into many other things. "There was no sense in me being in that picture at all," Dean said. "The picture was on thirty-five minutes before I sang one song. Then it was an old one, 'It's a Big, Wide, Wonderful World,' and I sang it to animals." Sad irony that the death of Patti Lewis' mother, at the height of the discord, helped in pulling them closer together then. Dean and Jeanne stood by through a difficult time, and when they got out on the road tour, away from various disturbing elements, Dean and Jerry locked themselves in a room and thrashed it out. Three hours later, they emerged a team. And Jerry felt so strongly about it that he banned forever a magazine which had blamed Dean.

It would be a major operation—separating them. They're big business today. The biggest. And for harmony's sake, there are too many interested parties involved. Too many professional in-laws. So many, that when there's a meeting of the clan for a conference, they don't know whether to hold it at Music Corporation of America's gigantic suite or the UN.

That their show has gone on in spite of all the in-laws and outside influences is tribute to both of them. But two such opposites—the handsome pipe-puffing, casual Dean and the heart-tugging, emotional Jerry—can provide strain. Dean isn't geared to match moods and emotions with Jerry. There's the fact, too, that Jerry is nine years younger and an eager beaver consumed with show business, while Dean wants to slow down and live a little along the way—enjoy his new home in Beverly Hills and his family. Dean's all for getting the job done, but less feverishly. He's been wanting to cut down on personal appearances and night-club

Continued



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Older than Jerry, Dean wants to slow down, be home more with Jeanne, his kids



For nine years they've made happy music, won Photoplay Award as top team in '53



Rift began with Dean's role in "Three Ring Circus" (with Elsa Lanchester)

dates and commitments for some time.

But the heart of today's difficulty is Dean's sincere belief that Jerry's "generalizing" the team. He acknowledges that in the beginning he was helpful in bringing this about by leaving many of the decisions up to Jerry. But today, in his opinion, the situation's gotten well out of hand.

"I know this is partly my fault. I let Jerry take over these things, but I let him do this, too, because he's happier when he does. He's made that way," Dean says quietly, in much the tone of the big brother Jerry used to claim him for.

"Jerry's a great talent, but he wants to direct and produce and write. He worries about the whole show. About blacking out the shots, the costumes, the scripts, the directions—everything. I don't think this is necessary. If he'd just let producers produce and directors direct and writers write, he wouldn't have to do all these things and he could just concentrate on being one hundred per cent funny, which is a tough enough job."

Those closest to Jerry say he's worried a great deal, too, about making sure Dean's part is right in the show. That he's fought for Dean more times than Dean can know. A television associate recalls the countless times Jerry's sent back TV scripts saying, "Not enough for Dean." There are so many wonderful pantomime things Jerry could do, but he can't do them working as a team. And he won't do them because there's not enough in them for Dean.

Jerry would be very happy if Dean would take a more active part in the show, it has been said. If he would come to their meetings, instead of spending so much time on the golf greens.

"I only play golf when I can," Dean says now. "When there's work to do, I'll do it. When there's a TV rehearsal and we can get down to the business of rehearsing—I'll do that."

During a rehearsal for their last television show, Dean made his entrance on-stage on cue and couldn't find his partner anywhere. "I asked where he was—and Jerry answered me, 'I'm up here, Dean—lining up the shot,' he said. 'You do the walk-ins and ad lib and we'll do the dialog later.' What's with this? Me do the walk-ins and we'll rehearse later. I'll rehearse when we're ready to rehearse the way it should be done," he says, of a number of quips in gossip columns saying he ducked rehearsals on their TV show.

According to one member of the cast, something similar occurred when Dean showed up for the first day's rehearsal right on schedule. At eleven

o'clock Jerry still was nowhere around.

"Where's Jerry?" he asked.

"Oh, Jerry had things to do," one of the production staff said. Adding, "Come back around three."

"Come back around three? See you tomorrow," Dean said, script under his arm and walking away.

"Hey, wait, you can't do that."

"You let me worry about that," said Dean.

To Dean Martin it seemed that Jerry Lewis is too busy being producer, director and writer to have time to be a team.

To the surprise of a good many people, the television show went on, although the tension was so thick off-cameras it seemed bound to show on the TV screens. Tension had been building all week between the two and reached fortissimo around curtain time. "We just can't work this way. We can't do it unless we love each other," Jerry said. "Yes, we can. We got a job to do," said Dean.

In living rooms across the land, those laughing at the hilarious take-off of Edward R. Murrow's "Person to Person" and the rest of the show couldn't know the drama of the moment—couldn't know that this show might well be deciding the future of Martin and Lewis as a team. Could they make the same happy music together—if the heart should wear thin? It was with mixed emotions those close to them conceded—along with the smash reviews—that this was the season's best show. They could do it the hard way if need be.

Certainly during the past year the show's gone on for them more than their public can know. And when the chips are down—their loyalty shows. The show has gone on under every conceivable situation. Drama, illness, tragedy and discord. They've weathered them all.

When Jerry became ill a few hours before they were to open at the Mocambo, Dean carried the show alone. "I was scared stiff, but Jerry had one hundred four degree fever. I had to go on." Dean had rushed out to Jerry's home as soon as he heard the news. Dean took one look at Jerry and said, "You stay right there. It will be all right—I hope."

That evening Dean looked around him at the star-studded, jammed night club and said, "I wouldn't give this spot to the cleaners." But he was a smash, and some of the greatest names in show business helped pitch in. Jerry sent him a wire. "Do you know how great we were last night? We were wonderful. Thank you. Your partner." Jerry, it developed, had jaundice. During the long weeks (Continued on page 97)

WOMEN!

IF YOU NEED MONEY



Rhinestone
studded,
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white.

"Rib-Weave"
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neckline.



Wrinkle-
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Something wonderful has happened—it's fabulous new Liquid Prell! The only shampoo in the world with this exciting, extra-rich formula! It bursts instantly into luxurious lather... rinses like lightning... is so mild you could shampoo every day. And, oh, the look and feel of your hair after just one shampoo! So satin-y soft, so shiny bright, so obedient—why, it falls into place with just a flick of your comb! Shouldn't your hair have that 'Radiantly Alive' look? Try Liquid Prell this very night!



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Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery... some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that leaves a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and never leaves a dulling film.

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The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for children and the whole family... won't spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated—ounce for ounce it goes further!



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photoplay
recommends

The Private War of MAJOR BENSON

● Take a military school for kids who are in danger of losing their R.O.T.C. rating and a martinet major with a reputation for being rough on rookies, and you have the makings of one of the most rib-tickling ingratiating films to come out of Hollywood lately. Previewed to a "cold" audience in a New York theatre, it quickly zoomed them to appreciative chuckles and uninhibited applause. As the tough soldier of the old school, *Major "Martinet" Benson*, Charlton Heston is thoroughly human, thoroughly believable—and thoroughly confused. The introduction of a pretty doctor in the shape of Julie Adams doesn't help the situation any—as the major discovers when his heart begins to interfere with his sense of duty.

The fine cast includes Nana Brant, as the Mother Superior, and a wonderful bunch of kids, including Sal Mineo, a young TV actor, and a deceptively baby-faced bundle of dynamite appropriately nicknamed *Tiger* (Tim Hovey). It would be too bad to reveal how the kids—and love—reform "holy terror" *Benson*. 'Nuf said to say, if you miss "The Private War of Major Benson," you've lost a big evening in your life!





Shirley will be seen in "The Trouble with Harry"

Malibu beach has charms for Shirley MacLaine and husband Steve Parker. So have matching swim sets. Shirley, Broadway actress, makes movie debut soon

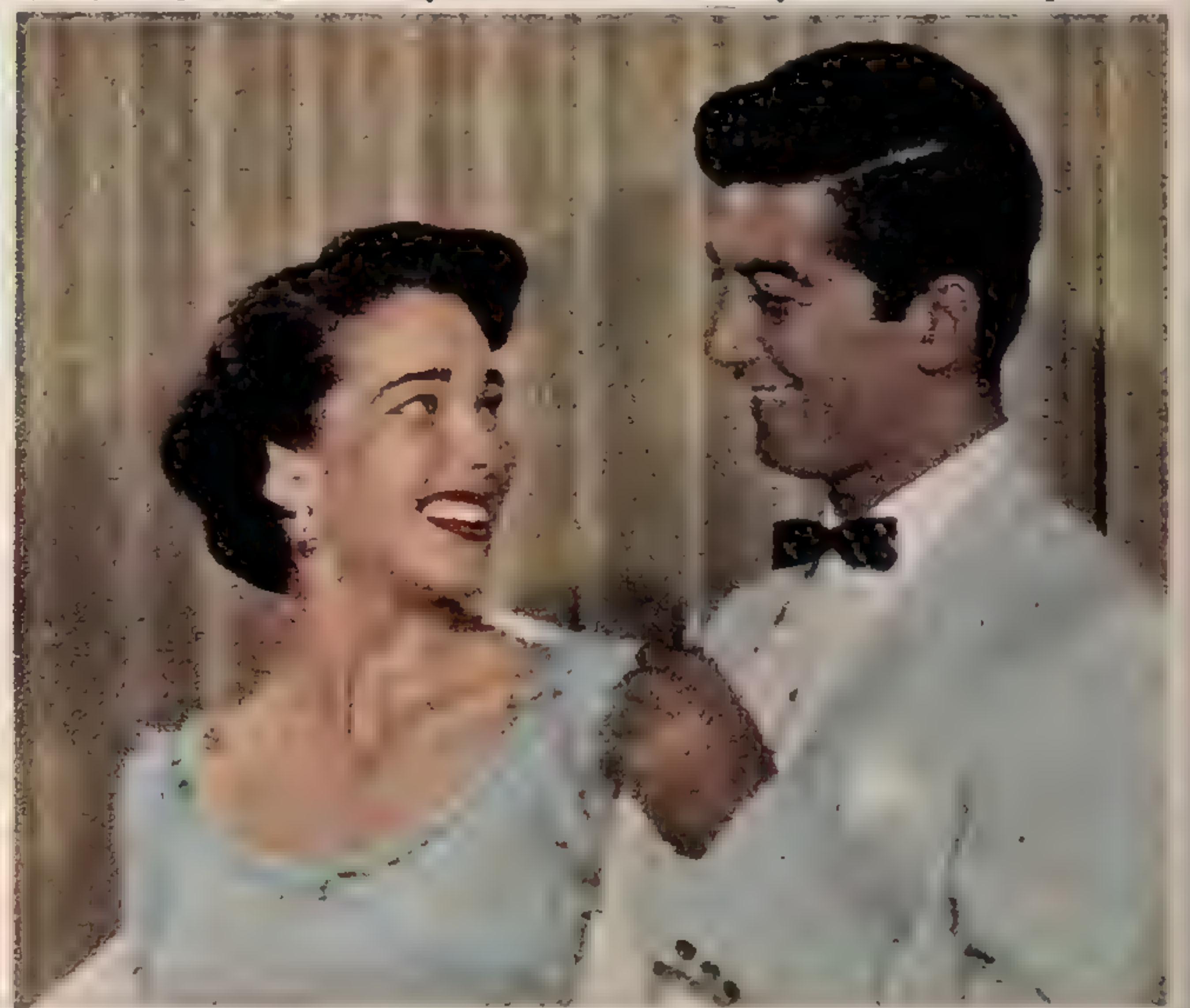
John's next in "The Ten Commandments" • Dan appears in "The Virgin Queen" • Julie is in "The Private War of Major Benson" • Ray's in "The Spoilers"



John and Pati Derek love horses, ranching—and same shirts. Now Pati doesn't have to borrow John's!



Dan O'Herlihy won't lose his shirt, either! This Irish couple love Hollywood films—and fashion fads



Colors to match for evening! But what would Ray Danton do if wife Julie Adams stepped out in print!

CAL YORK'S INSIDE STUFF

● "I hope I never have to ride a horse in a picture," bemoaned Marla English to John Derek in the Paramount commissary. The following Sunday both Marla and boy friend, Bud Pennell, were invited to the Derek's ranch in Northridge. "Now you're going to get your first riding lesson," announced John, who takes to horses like fish to water. Marla's had a riding lesson every Sunday since and hopes she and Bud can make a Western movie together . . . Those new Motoralls Robert Francis wears to the studio made such a hit with May Wynn, she bought a pair, too. "Now all I need is a car to go with 'em!" explains the gal who's got her eye on a fire-engine red Thunderbird. . . . Every month since their wedding, Julie Adams and Ray Danton have exchanged anniversary presents. And every month each has given the other—"something in pink marble and wrought iron. Things that later can be moved out of our living room onto a patio."

"Our mountain top home is perfect—for eagles," muse Dan and Elsie O'Herlihy. The whole truth is, with three children, the handsome Irish couple have (Continued on page 92)

Matching "Sudan Border" swim sets on Shirley MacLaine and husband by Catalina; John and Pati Derek's matching shirts by Damon; the Dan O'Herlihy's matching shirts by Adrian from the London Shop; Julie Adams' dress by Amelia Gray, Ray's Parfait dinner jacket by After-Six; car shown with Bob Francis and May Wynn is Ford Thunderbird; matching jeans and shirts worn by Marla English and her date are Rick Byron Originals

Bob is in "The Long Gray Line," "Tribute to a Bad Man" • May is in "Violent Men"



His and Hers



Marla appears next in "Desert Sands"

Marla English doesn't mind if Bud Pennell wears outfit just like hers—after all, he's the boy friend!

May Wynn liked Bob Francis' "Motoralls" so much she bought some like them—now all she needs is the car!

Russ Tamblyn is next
in "The Last Hunt"



For Russ, as a kid, the direct route to any place was via treetops, across roofs!



He rejects formal fodder—likes crazy, mixed-up dishes!

When Russ rests, he's "recharging the battery!" But he never stays put for long



BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

● Russ Tamblyn never traveled a conventional path, and Hollywood's finding out that he doesn't intend to.

At twelve, Russ was always the first in the family to offer to whisk down to the drugstore for Mom. It afforded adventure and challenge. Putting on his old reliable tennis shoes, he'd take off by way of the back door, leap to the window framing and haul himself upward to the roof. Then, vaulting to the next-door neighbor's roof in the manner of a high-wire artist, he'd position himself in a particular spot and make a flying leap to the drugstore building top. Lowering his frame by way of the drain pipe, he'd enter the store in record speed with the satisfaction that comes only from a rousing adventure. Navigating by conventional means would have taken forty seconds; by rooftops, the time was doubled. But to Russ, it offered dazzling experiences and fantastic opportunities—to (Continued on page 94)

ROCK 'N' ROLL KID

*When Russ Tamblyn goes into his act
it's TNT—talented, nonstop and terrific!*





*At six, she bearded a lion in
a motorcycle. At twenty-one,
Terry's father*



says life was nev



By LAMAR WALLACE KOFORD

● It was close to midnight when I watched the giant TWA Constellation take off from Los Angeles' International Airport, bound for New York, with two of the people closest to me on board: my wife, Louella, and my daughter, Helen, better known to her fans as Terry Moore.

My eyes followed the plane as it climbed several hundred feet, going into a gradual half-turn over the ocean, then swinging eastward, heading into the darkness. After it had disappeared, I slowly walked over to the parking lot and climbed into my car.

The drive back to Westwood gave me ample time to think about a question I'd been asked the day before. A neighbor wanted to know how I felt about my daughter's career. He'd heard we had sold our house because Terry decided to move to New York more or less permanently to study (*Continued on page 106*)

Terry Moore is in "Daddy Long Legs" • next in "Portrait of Alison"



"The price of prominence has its drawbacks. Only her mother and I know how she really felt about the Korean bathing suit publicity. She was ready to ditch her career"

is den. At nine, she was doing seventy on
he was piloting her own plane. No wonder
oring with **MY DARLING,**

DARING

DAUGHTER





NEVER A DULL MOMENT!

A chance twist of the dial and Rock Hudson was tuned in to something that changed the whole course of his life

BY HELEN LIMKE

● Frankly, Rock Hudson was bored. Or rather, Roy Fitzgerald was. It was August of 1946, and Roy had spent the greater part of his time since May sitting on the beach in Winnetka, Illinois. When he received his discharge from the Navy after the war, the general consensus seemed to be that he deserved a well-earned rest. "Don't jump into something right away. Take time off. Have some fun," well-meaning friends and relatives suggested.

Well, Roy was taking time off. And he was waiting for something interesting to happen. Somehow, everything had changed. "What's become of that old gang of mine?" could have been his theme song. While he'd been in the service, a lot of his friends had moved away; others had married. While they were still his friends, things weren't the same. You couldn't call up a married buddy at midnight and say, "How about shooting the breeze and listening to some new records I bought today?" The little woman might take a dim view of such shenanigans. And besides, most of his pals had to go to work early in the morning.

So June slipped into July, and July into August and Roy was still sitting alone on the beach and growing more bored every day. You might even say that Roy was beginning to be unhappy. Unhappiness was a state so foreign to his usual happy-go-lucky nature that it was a while before Roy fully realized how heavy was the gloom that had descended on him. It was a chance twist of the radio dial one sultry August morning (Continued on page 103)

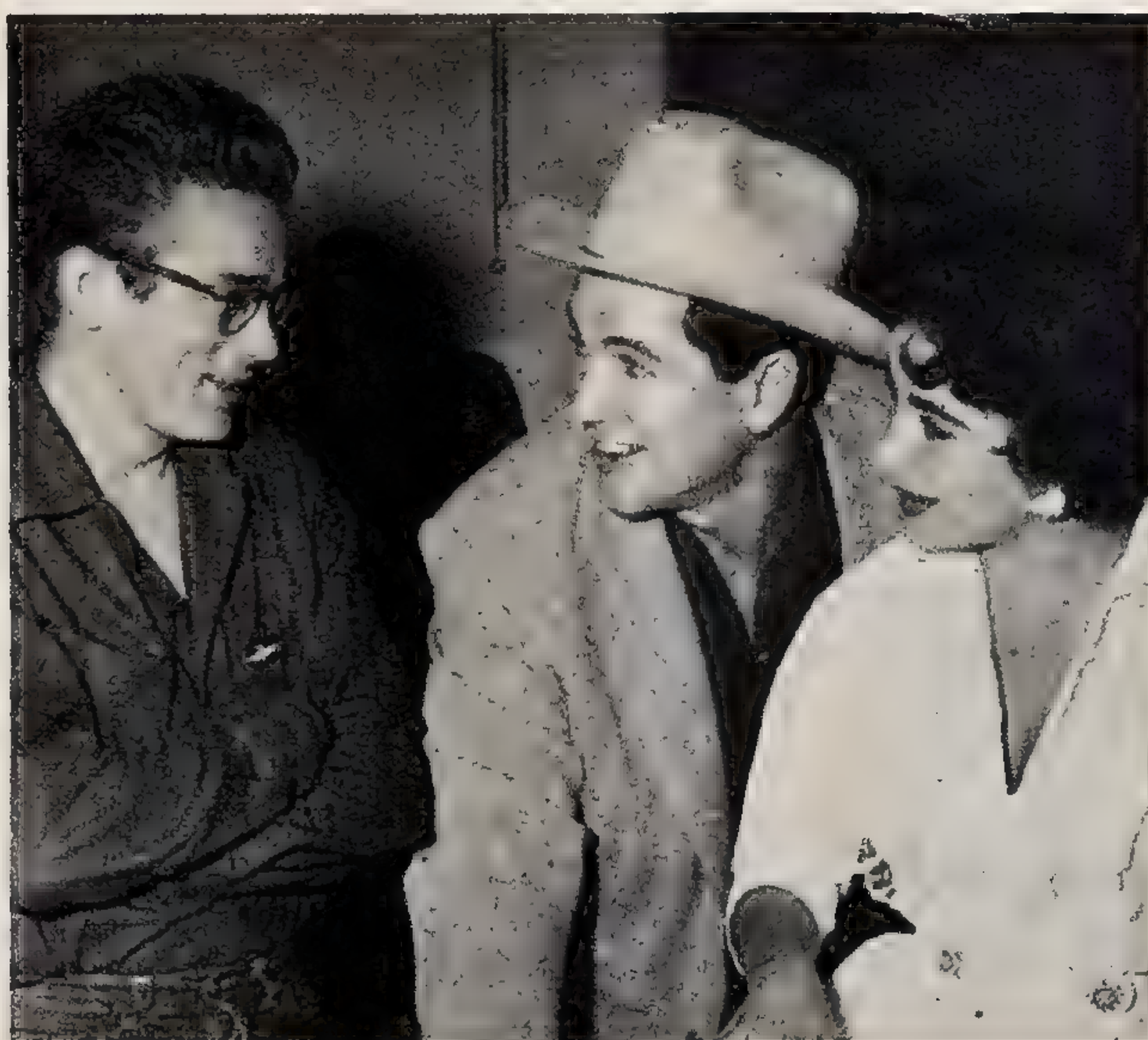


Photography is part of the "secret" in Rock's changed life!



"Boredom begins when you feel nothing interesting can happen"

Rock is also in "One Desire" and "Only Yesterday"



No boredom on the "Giant" set! Rock, Jimmy Dean, Liz Taylor



"The simplest things you do can become fascinating," insists Rock

Marilyn in the house

BY HELEN BOLSTAD



Amy Greene, the wife

*a wife dares to make
a friend of Monroe . . .*

● If, some cold and snowy winter night, your husband called you from Hollywood to say, "I'm bringing Marilyn Monroe home with me. She's going to stay a while," what would you do?

By now, nearly everyone knows what Amy Greene, wife of the gifted magazine photographer Milton Greene, did. In the chill of the 5:00 A.M. December darkness, she wheeled out the family station wagon, drove fifty miles over roads which wind in sharp curves around forested, rocky bluffs, met the two at La Guardia airport and secretly whisked them home. Welcomed to the security of the Greenes' place deep in the Connecticut hills, Marilyn was safe—hidden away from people who demanded to know each heart-wrenching detail of her breakup with Joe DiMaggio.

For the first time in a turbulent life, which has held both unusual hardship and outstanding success, Marilyn Monroe, in the undemanding privacy of a happy home, was able to enjoy the luxury of taking time out for her own relaxation.

(Continued on page 111)

"Milton photographed Marilyn just before our wedding, phoned, 'We got along fine!'"

Joe DiMaggio escorted Marilyn to preview. "Fans said they looked like lovebirds!"



"When people see her in 'Seven Year Itch' with Tom Ewell, they will see she's a good comedienne"







Jack Lemmon is also in "My Sister Eileen"

As a child, his gift for mimicry kept parents trembling between laughter and fear

● Jack Lemmon says, "I'm the luckiest guy in the world! I started out in Hollywood with six top parts in a row, top scripts, top co-stars and top producers and directors. I fell in love with a wonderful girl, Cynthia Stone. She fell in love with me. There was no problem. We were married. When we came to Hollywood, we immediately found the right home, our furniture from New York fitted into it perfectly. We wanted a baby. We got the most wonderful baby in the world, Chris-

topher, an alert and handsome child.

"Not that I've had an enchanted life complete with halo," Jack explained. "I've worked hard at my profession. It took a lot of courting before Cyn said 'yes' and she had a pretty rough time when Chris was born. But no matter how much ability, how much desire to do everything well, it always takes that extra quality—the right time at the right place and the right breaks. In other words, Lady Luck. As long as she's in my corner, I've got sense

enough to be plenty grateful for that."

What Jack says is true. Luck can make or break a man, but it would be unfair to consider his personality, determination and charm. All of which have a lot to do with his happy life. Another lady, Mildred Lemmon, was in Hollywood, too. Jack's mother surely would be the one to tell just how lucky Lemmon was.

"Lucky?" echoed Jack's vivacious mother one day in her borrowed Westwood apartment. A temporarily transplanted B

*It was inevitable that
Jack Lemmon would be a comedian. His
parents are funny that way, too!*

BY PHILIP DEANE

HE INHERITED THE MIRTH



Chris, like his dad, is a busy boy, has inherited his father's insatiable curiosity

Now Chris is here, Jack's looking forward to working with his actress wife again

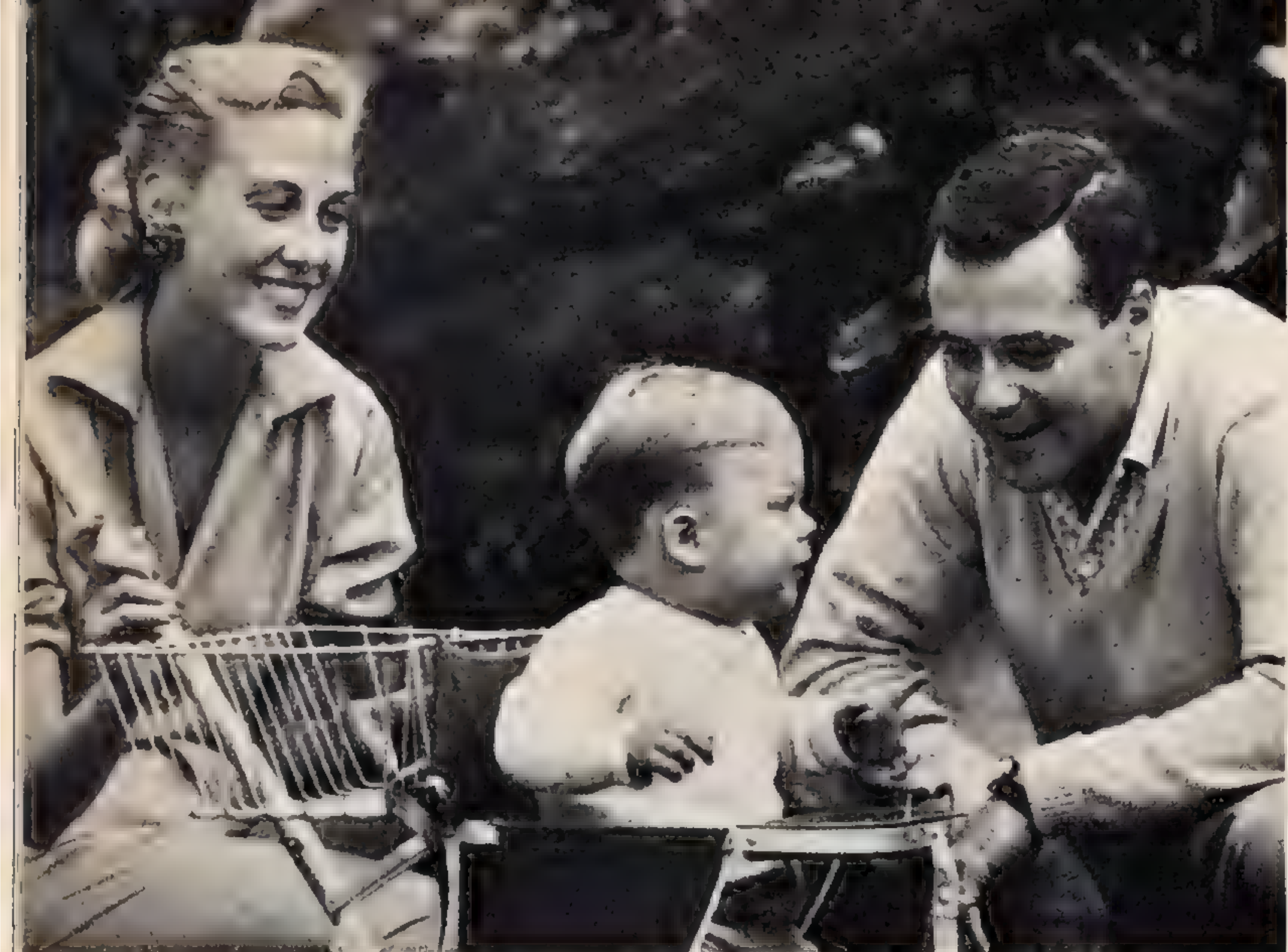
"I'm lucky, I haven't goofed yet." Jack on "Mister Roberts" set with Cynthia

tonian, she was enjoying to the hilt the pleasure of her son's success, renewing her friendship with Cynthia and getting acquainted with her one and only grandson, Chris. "Jack's always looked for good points in people. Maybe that's why he says he's lucky. Since he was a baby, he's

Continued

He calls his vivacious mother "Min," after Andy Gump's wife in the comics!





With Cynthia and Chris. "I couldn't have it any better on the home front," says Jack



Graduated from Harvard, Jack took \$25.00 a week show job. "I got the ideal breaks—a chance to be lousy!"



Few people outside of his family know that Jack's a talented musician and composer

"It took a lot of courting before Cyn said yes!" They were a team on radio-TV

expected the very best of people and places and it's helped him to receive the best," she explained. His optimistic outlook on life has carried him over the rough spots, while his sensitivity toward others and curiosity didn't leave much time for him to nurse his own introspective wounds. She stopped and smiled suddenly. "I sound prejudiced, don't I? And I am—a little. For besides being Jack's mother, I feel I am also his good friend. Our friendship is what makes this stage of our lives so much fuller than the usual mother-son relationship. Jack charmed me out of a swat to his impudent seat when he was two years old and his grin hasn't changed in effect a bit. He's still just as interesting."

Mildred Lemmon's blue eyes slowly left the present and started reflecting on the past, back to before the beginning. It all started in a Boston hospital elevator. Mildred Lemmon stood patiently next to her big handsome husband, John Uhler Lemmon II, while repairmen frantically tried dislodging their stuck elevator. It had stopped on its way to the delivery room. In an attempt to keep his wife calm, John Lemmon made near-hysterical jokes and told shaggy-dog stories for nearly an hour. The elevator was repaired just in time for Mildred to deliver her son, John Uhler Lemmon III, in the proper room. Perhaps the elevator was an omen. From that moment on, life for young Jack was a series of ups and downs.

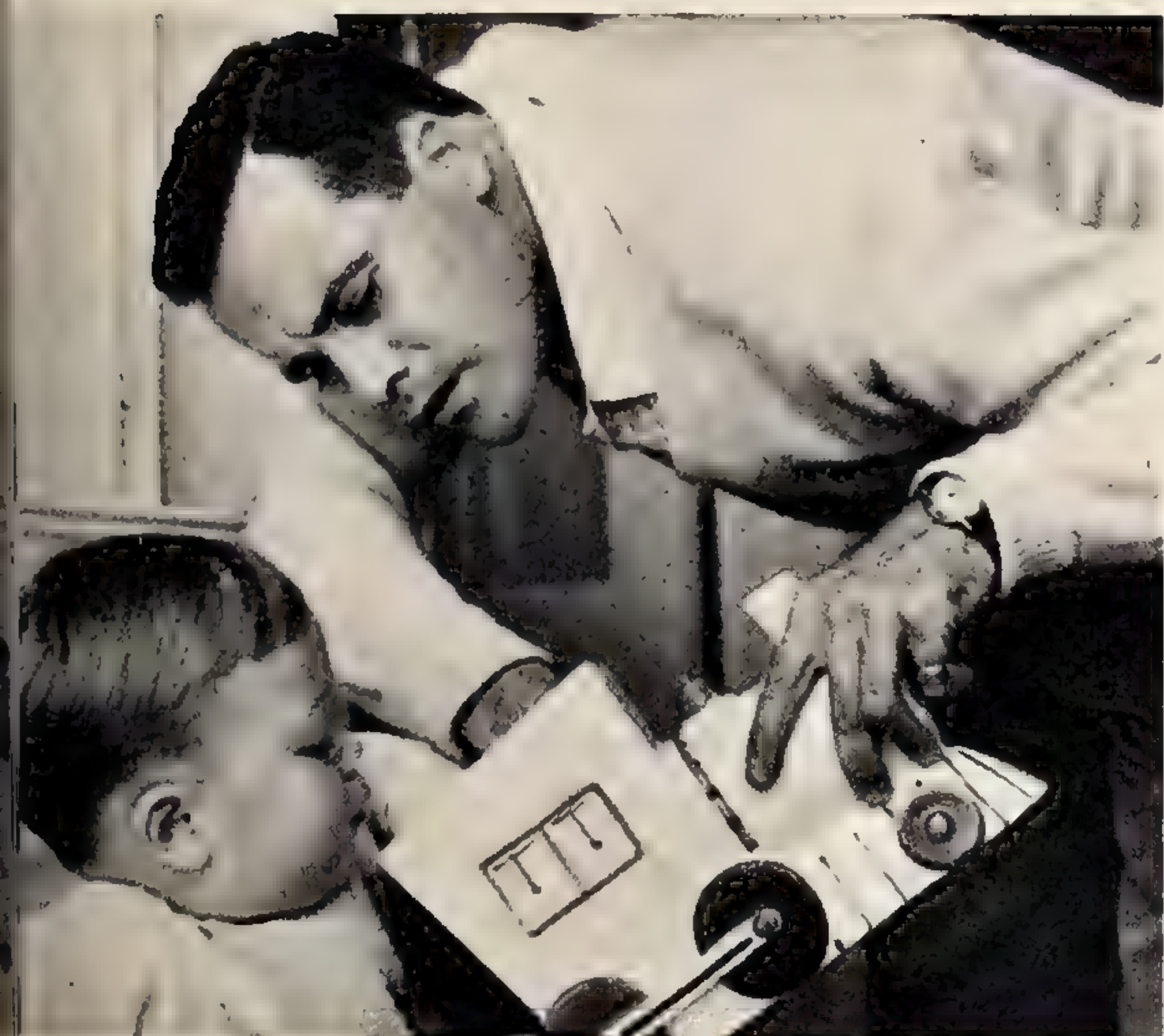
"I guess Jack was lucky," Mildred Lemmon mused again. "It all depends upon how you look at it, I suppose. If you call it lucky that he wasn't dead before he was seven. That he didn't have his foot cut off or wasn't drowned in mud when he was five, or break his neck when he was four—all natural outgrowths of childhood curiosity—then yes, you could call him lucky!"

HE INHERITED THE MIRTH

Big Jack and Mildred found their little bundle of charm had the sensitive fingers of a safe cracker when he was ten months old. Later, they would be glad, for those fingers led to high accomplishment on the piano and a talent for composing. But that night they were only amazed at his dexterity. They took him along to spend the evening with another young married couple. Fortunately, their host had a crib—a white iron, old-fashioned one with heavy duty bars to keep Jack safe from harm. After appropriate admiring chucks under the chin, the two couples retired to the living room for the evening. Twenty minutes later a crashing cacophony of clashing iron, followed by a highly indignant howl, sent them racing to the bedroom. The bed had collapsed and in the center sat the roaring Jackie waving his fists in the air. He was holding tight to the nuts and bolts he so diligently had found and unscrewed!

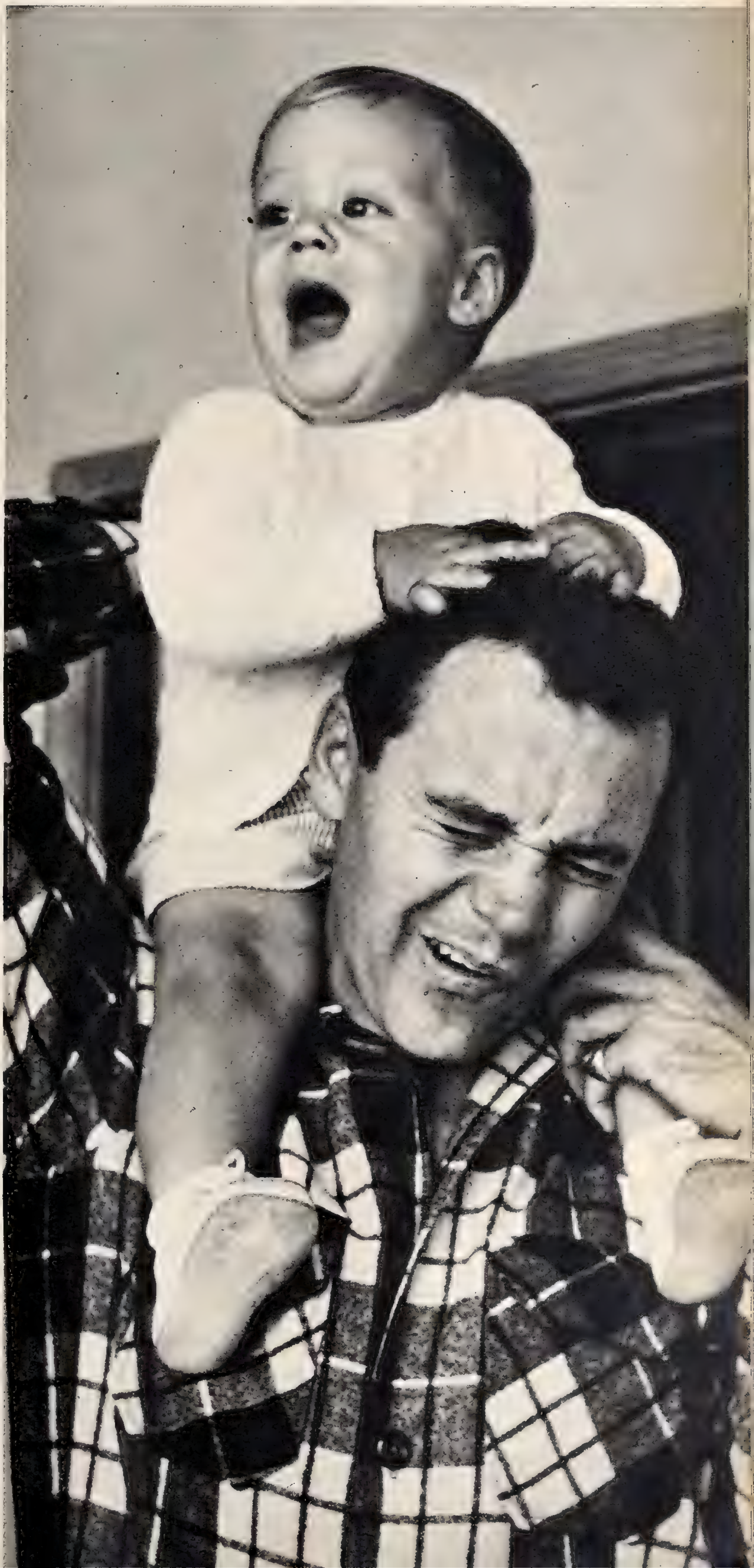
"He was a little young to be taught the laws of gravity," Mildred recalled, "so we made a mental note to watch his pioneering instinct more closely. But he was quick, thorough and quick. When he was a year and a half, we took him out to the rock garden to take his picture. He was very sweet about it and let us take some adorable pictures. Then we turned our backs. Fifteen minutes later we found him. Crawling through the shrubs to the driveway, he had discovered the tires on his uncle's car—also the valve that let the air out. He managed to have all four tires completely flat before we caught him.

"Remember when 'Chloe' was *the* song? Big Jack and I had the record and we sang it a lot. Little Jack was two then. One day he was out playing. It got cold. He pounded on the door. No one heard him, so he (Continued on page 108)



Chris has inherited nimble fingers of dad, who at ten months, took crib apart!

He won't make his mother's mistake—recalling childhood pranks Chris can copy!



1955

SEXATION:



SHEREE NORTH



On-screen, a sexy, sultry siren, but at home, a demure gal who attends PTA meetings, likes to wear Scotch tweeds

*She's the wildest, the coolest,
the craziest yet, this
cotton-topped gal who is
bop-talking her way into
a spot that's "real jazz!"*

BY DON ALLEN

● There are two Sheree Norths. Two, we said. Count them. One is a sultry, sexy, whipped-cream blond, with an opulently curved figure and spectacular legs, whose uninhibited style of dancing in the picture "How to Be Very, Very Popular," co-starring Betty Grable, has the Hollywood movie censors mumbling in their beards.

The other is a demure, quiet-eyed woman who attends PTA meetings, goes to church on Sundays and recently rented a house in a secluded canyon some distance from the bustle of Hollywood because it is near a school and playground and is in a good neighborhood "to bring up my six-year-old daughter, Dawn.

"I know what it's like to be poor and live on the wrong side of town," says she. "And now that I'm getting some breaks, I want to give Dawn all the things I didn't have when I was her age."

One Sheree talks bop. This reflects her (Continued on page 98)



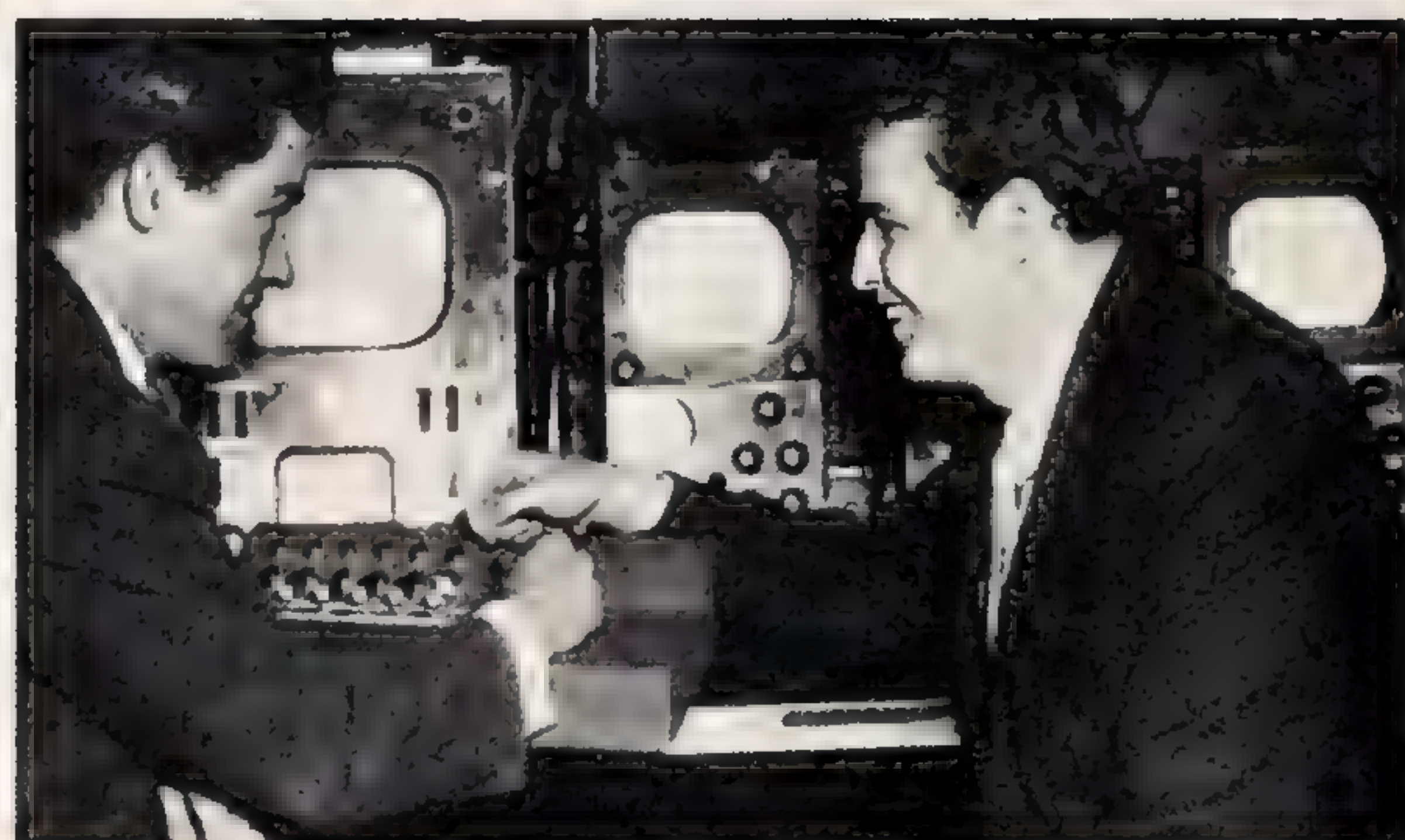
Sheree North
is in
"How to Be Very, Very Popular"



the visible invisible

Marlon's banning all stories and pictures in fan magazines.

But will you, his fans, let him get away with it?



In 1950, Marlon accepted fan magazine honors; in 1955, he restricts cooperation to TV shows, movie directors. Top right, with dad on Murrow show

Write Brando your Sentiments

Dear Marlon:

On the screen you're a great actor and we love you. We like reading about you, too. We like seeing your pictures in our favorite fan magazines.

signed _____

● Marlon Brando reminds us of the young boy, age two, who stands in front of you with his hands over his face and you're supposed to say, "Where is little Marlon?" He replies by taking his hands away from his face, thus believing that he reveals himself to you—when you knew he was standing there all the time.

As you all know, Marlon has a ban on what he terms "fan magazine" stories and pictures and he has issued an order to the Samuel Goldwyn studios and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that he will pose for pictures only under the stipulation that they cannot be used for fan magazines except in connection with his role in "Guys and Dolls."

You ask him for his autograph. Sure, he'll give it to you. You ask him if you can form a fan club on his behalf with charitable objectives. Sure, he'll let you. He'll even condescend to let fan magazines, abhorrent to him as they are, publish his picture—if it advertises his latest film, "Guys and Dolls." Sure he will—after all, he's no fool. He knows that you are the people who pay for tickets at the motion-picture theatres and he cannot afford to have his fans insulted. But, he'll quickly add, he hates fan-magazine editors. Marlon hated them ever since he decided he didn't like the role he created under the expert guidance of a top-notch publicity man who taught him how to make colorful copy at a time when he needed all the stories and pictures he could get in any magazine.

In those days, too, he was not at all averse to accepting the honors bestowed upon him by fans—he was one of the players you chose in the "Choose Your Star" poll of newcomers as the actor who would become one of the great stars of the year 1951. And now he is too great to believe in the magazines through which you honor him.

We think it's about time that you, the fans, knew this about Brando and that you did something about it.

After all, Marlon's too big to be invisible—and too big a star to be ignored.

So if you don't like his new role of invisible man, either, send in the attached coupon to PHOTOPLAY, Post Office Box No. 25486, West Los Angeles 25, Calif.



brando...

...



"GENTLEMEN MARRY



● How do you like your heroines? Blond? Brunette? Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain give you a dazzling choice in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." They play a dark-haired sister act — but in a flashback to the gay Twenties both go platinum-topped, Jane as her own mother, Jeanne as the girls' aunt. Filmed for U.A. release by Russ-Field (the producing venture Jane shares with husband Bob Waterfield), the movie sets its rollicking comedy in real European locales.



BRUNETTES"



It's Scott Brady who lures Jane Russell to Paris, offering to get her into the Folies Bergère. As a theatrical agent, he's a flop. But as a heart interest, he's a rousing success with the impressionable Jane—till a mysterious rival parts them

No male who was dead-broke, however dashing, would have fascinated Jane's clever mother (also played by La Russell). In the Paris of 1926, that vivacious flapper was besieged by rich admirers from all Europe—and points east



In present-day Paris, Jeanne Crain finds a beau, as sister Jane did. Alan Young's a gentle, stage-struck fellow, who conceals the fact that he's a multimillionaire. When he starts sending the two girls anonymous, lavish presents, trouble flares up

Jeanne's aunt (Jeanne again) was the other darling of the French capital back in the Jazz Age. With hilariously authentic costumes and hot rhythm, the sequence brings that era back to life. The modern story, too, is spiced with song

*When he roars, she's meek, when he barks,
she acts bitten. They're the maddest mister
and missus in town. And you'll
wish you could be that crazy—in love*



Stewart Granger is in "Bhowani Junction"

*Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger
in living room. "Jimmy's" the
decorator—"He's better at it"*

*Jean knows she's cared for,
thought about. Any woman blos-
soms with that kind of treatment*



Jean Simmons is next in "Guys and Dolls"

*Different, but their personalities
blend. Both have a sense of humor,
give to each other just what they need*

*Hollywood's just learning what Jean
always knew—that Jimmy's a softie,
with a bark that's worse than his bite*

A DOLL'S





LIFE WITH A GUY

BY DEE PHILLIPS

● High on a Hollywood hill in a rambling brick and glass house are two oil portraits. They hang side by side and are of the same person—and yet they are of two people. One is a mature, sophisticated actress and the other is a tousle-haired leprechaun, leaping wholeheartedly into all of life. Both portraits are of Jean Simmons and both are true.

About ten years ago Vivienne Walker, one of England's most in-demand hairdressers, was working furiously at 6 A.M. getting her stars ready for production call. A knock at the door sent her scurrying impatiently to answer. Opening the door, she received a huge

snowball smack in the face with the compliments of sixteen-year-old Jean Simmons.

"That brat had been following me around for two years," Vivienne recalled fondly. "All day I bided my time. It was Jean's first day on the set in a grown-up part. She was wearing an evening gown, was given a chair with her name on it and played the whole day with complete dignity. That night as the cast passed by saying, 'Good night, Miss Simmons,' she turned her innocent eyes on me and said brightly, 'You ready to go now?'"

"Yes!" answered Miss Walker grimly. She quietly

Continued

A DOLL'S LIFE WITH A GUY

Continued

and efficiently tripped the sedate Miss Simmons, grabbed her legs and hauled her backside flat down the long corridor, down the outside stairs and rubbed her face in the snow. Between giggles and snow, Jean mouthed, "Stop it. You're hurting my dignity!"

About nine years later, Jean snubbed out her cigarette resolutely. "Don't let me have another," she admonished Vivienne. "I've got to stop smoking." Thirty minutes later on the set of "Désirée," Jean commanded, "Vivienne, give me a cigarette."

"You can't have one."

"I can, too." Jean reached over, snagging a cigarette from Jo Parra, her stand-in. She got it as far as her mouth. Miss Walker promptly yanked it away and stepped on it. "We agreed a half-hour ago you were not going to smoke!"

Horried observers pulled poor little Jeanie behind the flaps and, commiserating about "that awful woman," proffered cigarettes. With a gamin grin, Jean protested, "But I don't really want a cigarette." She and Vivienne sat on the set, laughing helplessly while the bewildered sympathizers smoked uneasily.

Same set; same cast. Jean and Vivienne played a beautiful mock scene of "this is the end—never darken my door again."

"I've had about enough of you!" from the lovely lips of Simmons.

"I've had enough of you!" from the unsung actress, Vivienne.

"Go!"

"Gladly!"

A startled visitor raced for the nearest phone to relay same to his favorite

columnist. He had his finger on the dial, when he stopped stunned. Both girls were howling with delight.

On a hot, dusty location with Bob Mitchum, Jean watched with envy while the crew shot off water pistols at each other. The minute the director yelled "cut" and they were through for the day, Bob and Jean were in the middle of the aquafied gun-slinging. Bob found a hose and turned it on Jean. She grabbed the hose, whirled around and accidentally turned it full on the producer of the picture. She suddenly looked like a ten-year-old caught with her hand in the family till. She practically curtsied as she mumbled, "Sorry, sir," and fled, drenched, as if expecting to be chased and spanked.

Jean's madcap sense of humor has changed only from the boisterousness



Toy soldiers of various Scottish regiments with which Jimmy served include famed Black Watch regiment. Also figure of the Stewart clan

Two loves has Jean. Jimmy and acting. In "Footsteps in the Fog," the Grangers co-star. Both would like to do more pictures together



of early youth to a sometimes subtler approach to finding fun in living. To Jean, each day, indeed each hour of the day, is jam packed with the possibilities for being happy. She is starry-eyed about living and it gives her the effervescent look of a pixie getting ready to happen.

Leprechauns, however, have many more qualities than humor. Considered "the good little people," Jean answers that description, too, in loyalty, sensitivity to others, a childlike ability to love completely and a deeply ingrained shyness.

In the loyalty department, you will notice that she adored Vivienne Walker years ago in England—and that Vivienne is still with her. When Jean came to the States, she persuaded Vivienne and her hus- (Continued on page 87)



When Jimmy is away, secretary Vivienne Walker (with camera), stand-in Jo Parra, take turns going up the hill to "protect" friend Jean

A love of art is another bond between Jimmy and Jean. Besides African art, Jimmy also collects paintings, drawings of his wife



Jimmy plans the meals, manages the house completely. Both like it that way. "I sign checks when Jimmy's away," boasts Jean!





BOY

DID

I GOOF!

Tony is also in "The Purple Mask" • Janet's in "Pete Kelly's Blues" and "My Sister Eileen"

*"I was a real retarded kid,"
says Tony Curtis.*

*"with some real crazy ideas."
But this kid got wise*

BY RUTH WATERBURY



● "Last June third, I was thirty years old—and I never dreamed I should live that long," said Tony Curtis. "The next day was my fourth wedding anniversary. A crazy guy like me, married four terrific years! Later that same week I signed to make a picture in Paris with Burt Lancaster and Gina Lollobrigida because, as my agent said, 'The chemistry is right.'"

"Chemistry! What was with chemistry and a kid who used to be called Bernie Schwartz? What was with that crazy *ganef* who in school in New York's slums refused to learn because he wanted to be 'free'? How could such a

week come to a wild Hungarian who practically didn't speak a word of English until he got beaten into it?

"When I saw those representatives of a billion-dollar agency walk into my dressing room and tell me that the plans for my studio, U-I, had been juggled around and the Lancaster schedule had been juggled around, just to fit my time, I flipped. I was not thinking first of the wonderful time (Continued on page 84)

Tony hopes some of the culture will rub off on him while he's in Paris for a movie. Janet plans to join him there



Get these Men!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Martha's in "Francis in the Navy"; "Kiss of Fire" • George's in "Lady Godiva"

George Nader, with Martha Hyer, admits he likes girls—but he has his reasons for putting off that marriage question



Rock's in "Giants"; "One Desire"; "All that Heaven Allow"

Phyllis Gates is so much like the girl Rock Hudson's been waiting for, people are saying maybe he's met his match!

*Give a man enough rope
and you'll land him.
And it looks as if some of
these Hollywood beaux
are nearing the end
of their bachelor line*

• Sometimes I think Hollywood's most eligible bachelors would prefer crawling on their hands and knees over broken glass to keep their freedom rather than walk well-shod down a plushly carpeted aisle to the dulcet strains of the wedding march.

But, by their own admission, they each have an Achilles' heel, so don't give up, girls. They, too, can all be had—by the proper girl.

Gwen Verdon is a flashy blond with a lithe figure, whistle-provoking legs

and the know-how to use both figure and legs to capture the fancy and fancies of half of Broadway. And Gwen is the one who finally has captured that long-time man about town, that confirmed woman-hater, Scott Brady.

Yes, Scott has finally fallen and, as happens to all who dodge the wedding bells with a kind of dedicated fervor, he's fallen hard.

Scott met Gwen when they were both in London making "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." And though the script call-



Scott's in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes"; "The Vanishing American"

It took a long time to throw Scott Brady off his bachelor feet. But when he met dancer Gwen Verdon—Scott fell hard

Bing's in "Anything Goes"
Kathryn, in "The Last Frontier"; "Phenix City Story"
Bob, in "The Seven Little Foys"



Kathryn Grant, above with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, is not the glamour type—but she may be the type to get Bing!



Tab Hunter, with Dorothy Malone, is beginning to find it's lonely going home to an empty apartment at night

Tab and Dorothy are in "Sincerely Yours"



ed for him to prefer those two luscious lovelies, Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain, Scott didn't follow the script when the cameras stopped rolling. He and Gwen lit a small blaze on the Continent and it's now a roaring fire. When she opened in "Damn Yankees" on Broadway—and incidentally scored a tremendous hit in the part of a goodhearted Jezebel who tries to make the hero forget his wife—Scott was in the audience cheering her on. He wasn't alone either. He'd even brought Gwen's daughter with him from

Continued

Get these Men!

Continued

California for that great event. That's how bad he has it.

"I don't wanna get married yet," Tab Hunter assured me when I put the eternal question to him after he'd made an appearance on my television show. Then in the next breath he sighed: "But I do get lonely going home to an empty apartment every night."

When a man admits that, he's ready for marriage, whether he thinks he is or not.

Who is the girl who's going to win this reluctant Romeo? Here's what Tab told me: "I don't like 'em sexy. You know, all face and front, and then—nothing. I like them small and cuddly, like Debbie Reynolds and Lori Nelson. They're not obvious about their sex. You know they're girls, but they don't advertise the fact with banner headlines. And I don't like a girl who starts giving orders almost right away, like 'You call me tomorrow.' When a girl does that, I stop right then and there.

"Or I go overboard the other way for the sleek, sophisticated woman-of-the-world kind like Annie Sheridan or Marlene Dietrich. There's no in-between for me."

"What about Dorothy Malone?" I asked, since she's the girl he's been dating most frequently.

"She's wonderful," Tab told me, and he was sincere about it. "The man who gets Dorothy for a wife will be one lucky fellow." But he left a big doubt in my mind that he intends to be that lucky fellow. He washed the whole thing up with this statement: "I'm Catholic, and I don't believe in divorce. When I get married, it's going to be for life, so I don't want to make a mistake. I'll wait until I'm sure."

Another one who's waited—and waited—and waited—is Rock Hudson. However, I don't think he's going to wait much longer, for this new "King" has found his Queen in the person of pretty and intelligent brunette Phyllis Gates.

I spotted this romance almost a year ago, and it's been growing steadily into the very real thing. Phyllis is no glamour star, no shimmering beauty with a glib tongue and a flashy phony smile. She's a secretary from Minnesota who's much more interested in a home and children than she is in mink coats, caviar and Cadillacs.

I've said all along that when Rock marries, it won't be to a movie star, or to a girl who has any ambitions of becoming one. He was burned once when he fell in love with Vera-Ellen. After that was over, he told me, "Never again, Sheilah." And I knew he meant it. Through the years he's dated dozens of actresses, including some of the biggest stars in the business, but when he got down to the serious business of love and marriage, it had to be with a girl like Phyllis.

And what is she like?

She's like the girl next door. She's old-fashioned enough to want her par-

Ben Cooper likes Anna Maria Alberghetti, but she's not the girl in his wallet!

Anna and Ben are in "The Last Command"
He's also in "Rose Tattoo"



Jimmy's in "Rebel Without a Cause"; "Giant"



Jimmy Dean revealed the kind of girl he'd like when he fell hard for Pier Angeli

Mona Freeman has what Bob Wagner likes, but what he wants only he knows

Bob's in "A Kiss Before Dying"



ents to announce her engagement (and look for that announcement after Rock finishes his acting chore in "Giant," sometime after November). She's a wonderful cook, a "neat but not gaudy" dresser, intelligent enough to have been promoted from secretary to agent by her boss, Rock's own manager, Henry Willson, and even more intelligent than that, willing to give up her job to stay at home and be Mrs. Rock Hudson.

Donald O'Connor has been carrying a torch for his ex-wife, Gwen (now Mrs. Dan Dailey). But I know a girl—and so does Don—who can extinguish it—Gloria Noble. Here are all the things she is, as told by Don himself: "She's done a few things in pictures, but she's not terribly competitive. And she's a lot sweeter than most of the girls in this business. You know how we spend our time? We have a quiet dinner together at my place then sit and watch tv. She's a very nice girl and the only one I'm seeing at present. But then I'm

not much for this business of dating a different doll every night. What for?" he added with a shrug. "It's much better to find someone you can be relaxed and comfortable with." And Don is relaxing and being comfortable with pretty little Gloria almost every evening.

It isn't the taste of sugar about Kay Spreckels that attracts Clark Gable, but the similarity she bears to his much beloved third wife, the late Carole Lombard. Kay has the same vitality and effervescence. And if anyone can take her place in Clark's affections (and many have tried and been found wanting), the sparkling Kay can.

Carole somehow managed to infect everyone around with contagious gaiety. When she married Gable, she was not an outdoorsy girl. But to make him happy, she learned to ride and shoot and fish. He never has been that happy since—until he started seeing Kay some months ago.

They deny marriage plans with the

regularity of a time clock. "Look," protests Kay, "if we were going to get married, the spark would have been kindled years ago. I've known Clark for twelve years. It was during the war. He had just come back from the Air Force in Europe. We went to parties and dinners, and it was fun. Nothing else. I've got no intention of walking down the aisle with anyone. Clark feels the same way and that's why we hit it off. We go out for laughs." All I can say is they're doing a lot of laughing.

Marlon Brando has the same taste for foreign spice that has led John Wayne to wed three different south-of-the-border señoritas. However, Brando is much more difficult to snag than was Wayne. Big Duke is as amenable to marriage as a girl is to make-up. He likes it; he likes it. He can't stand being single. On the other hand, Brando can't stand the thought of marriage—yet. But when he finally gets around to it, he'll marry (*Continued on page 82*)

Marlon's in "Guys and Dolls"

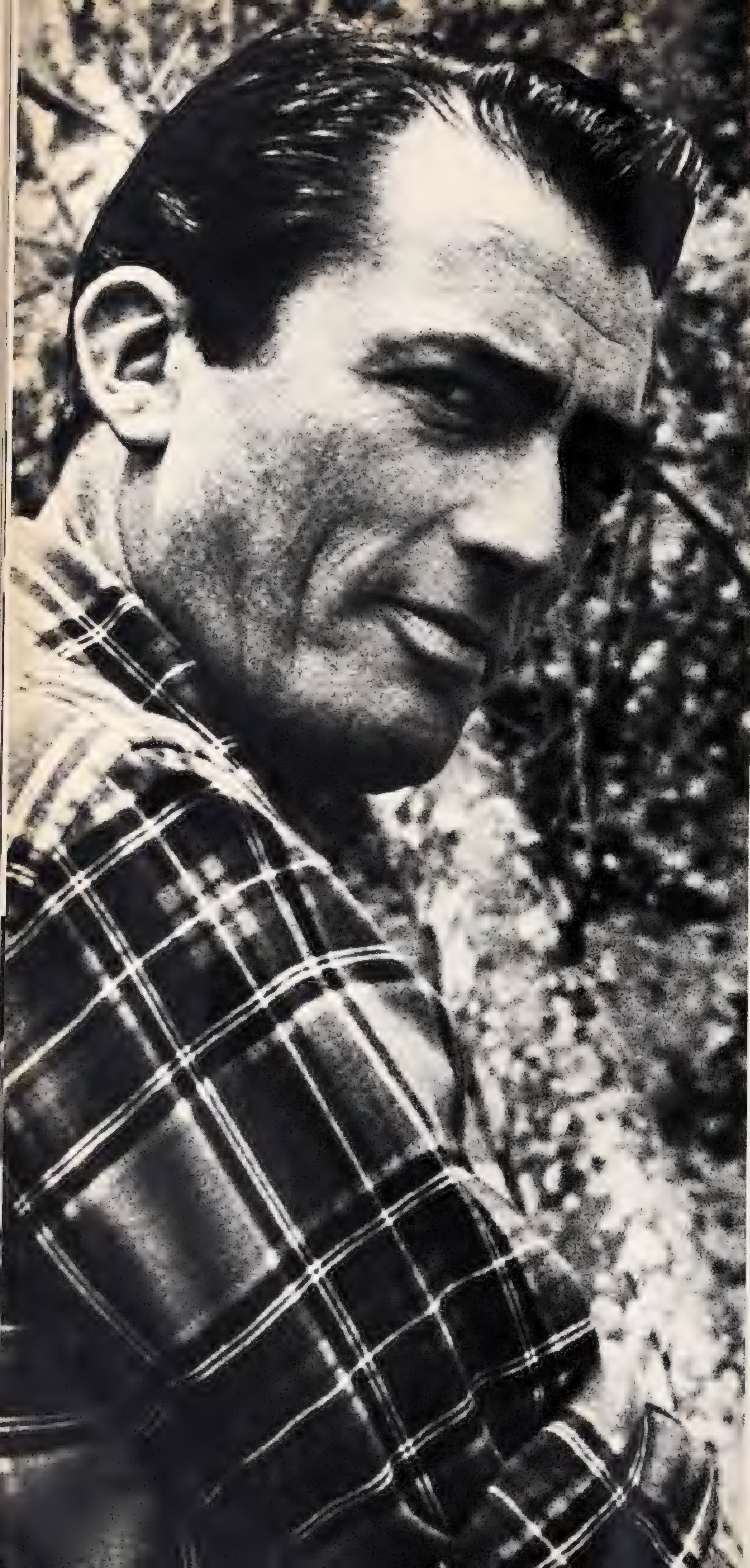


Marlon Brando goes for a foreign dish—and Josanne Mariani fills the recipe!

Kay Spreckels comes closest to being like the girl Gable could never forget

Clark is in "The Last Man in Wagon Mound"; "The Tall Men"





GREG

● The first time Greg Peck ever wore a tuxedo, he rented it for a professional model job. Now he wears white tie and tails to be presented to royal families wherever they are still extant.

He was born in La Jolla, California, which doesn't even have a census listing but is absorbed in the population of the nearest big city, San Diego. Today, this small-town boy is a cosmopolite, who has traveled all over the world. He has become a gourmet and connoisseur of wines, speaks a smattering of French and Italian, has developed an appreciation of art and has learned the difference between European and American women: ("In Europe a woman asks, 'What can I give you?' In America a woman asks, 'What can I get from you?'") But he abhors the International Set as much as he does Americans who become expatriates and delude themselves into believing they are now Europeans. ("These past three years in England, France, India, Germany, Spain, the Canary Islands have been a rewarding and enriching experience, but I am glad to be back inside USA again. Americans, no matter how welcome abroad, are still foreigners and, if they stay away too long, even the people who accept them as friends, frown upon them as expatriates.") He also deplores the type of American who comes to Europe and complains that everything is not exactly as it was "back home"—from hamburgers to central heating—and who go to hotels and restaurants only for Americans, where they are laughed at for being suckers and disliked if they're not.

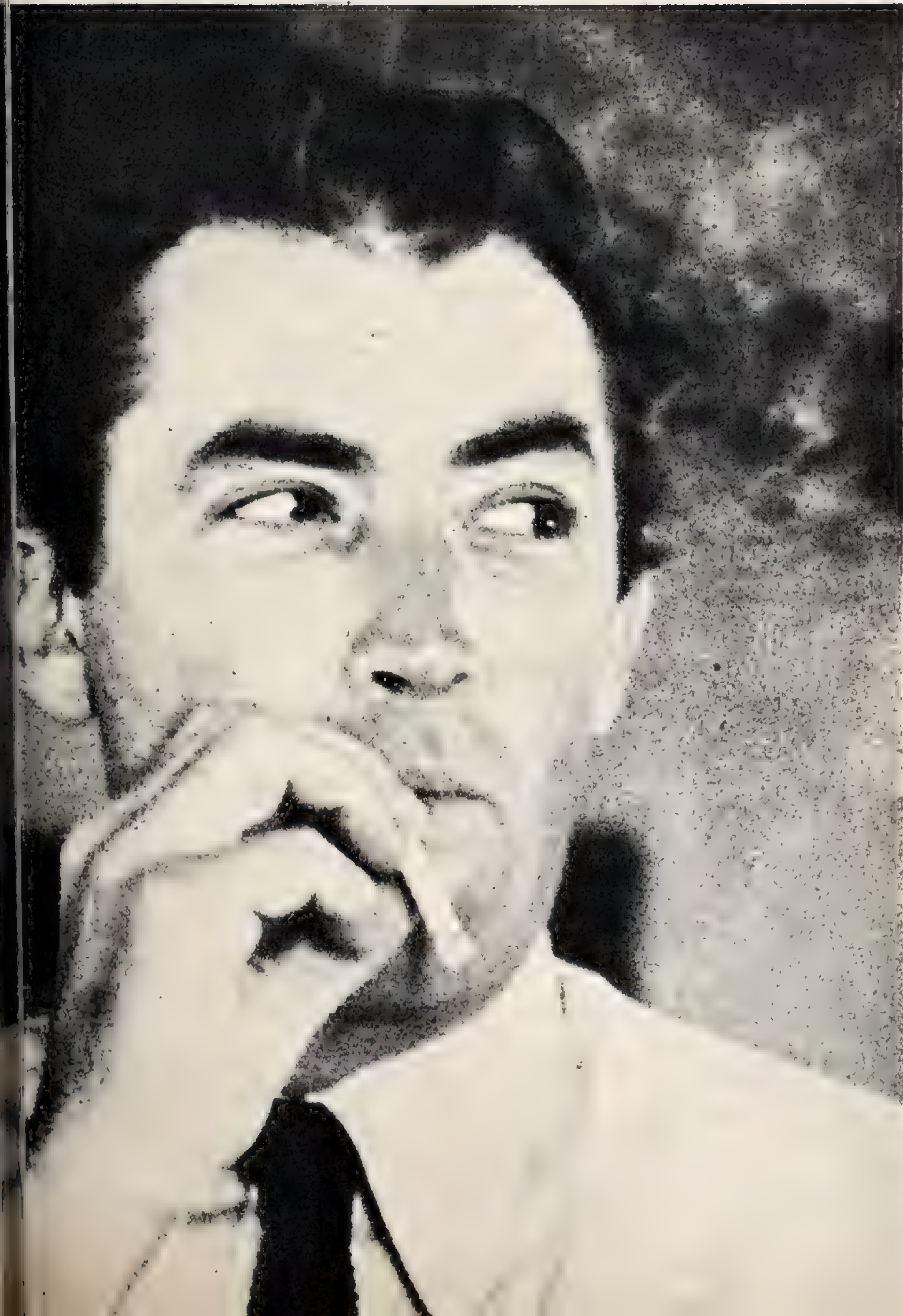
Greg, on the other hand, wants to know the countries he visits, and he tries in the most expedient manner to get to know the people through their languages and ways of life. In London, he had a flat in Grosvenor Square, presided over by an English housekeeper. In Paris, he traveled with a group of young French people. Last June

Continued

PECK:

Had he changed? Had he become the philanderer, the international playboy the stories said? Hollywood waited and wondered—until Greg came home

Gregory Peck is also in "The Purple Plain"



SAINT OR SINNER?

BY RADIE HARRIS



"A great human being and actor" says John Huston after "Moby Dick"



He hates questions but talks freely about sons Stephen, Jonathan, Carey



With Veronique Passani. "She had nothing to do with marriage break"

SAINT OR SINNER?

Continued

before starting his extensive six-month schedule in "Moby Dick," he hibernated in a little village on the sea on the Basque coast, with only his stand-in for company. He wanted to share his holiday with this British actor who has been with him on every location trip, so he told him he needed him to help cue him with his lines.

Greg has no caste system in his choice of friends. He chooses them because he likes, admires and respects them—not because of their salary bracket, latest success or their name value on a guest list. He hates pretense of any kind. When he first came to Hollywood, he was put through the usual autobiographical routine; the studio publicity department was dismayed when he admitted out loud that his wife, Greta, had been Katharine Cornell's hairdresser, and his uncle was a San Francisco streetcar conductor. It was subtly hinted that he should, for the sake of a more glamorous build-up, doctor the truth a bit. "But why?" was Greg's retort. "They both made an honest living at their jobs, and they're not ashamed of it, so why should I be? Besides, the truth will always out, so whom are we kidding?" he grinned.

He is very shy about press interviews, only because he hates being asked questions unrelated to his career, particularly those prying into his married or romantic life. But get him talking on any one of his favorite subjects—producer John Huston, the La Jolla Playhouse, his special recipe for a Pimm's Cup, plays, a Goya painting in the Prado, director Willie Wyler, skiing in Switzerland, the Irish race horses he and Huston now own together, the cattle ranch where he hopes to retire in his "lean and slippered years" and his three proudest possessions, his three sons—and he'll talk effortlessly and volubly. He has no interest in gossip columns or the sensational type of magazine that destroys reputations and tears the veil of illusion from the glamour that is synonymous with the stage and screen. But he doesn't expect other people to conform to his standards. "Live and let live" is his motto. He has a personal press agent to cover his professional activities with dignified publicity and to sup—"press" such breath-taking bulletins as to whether he wears pajama tops, sleeps in a double bed and if his kisses with Audrey Hepburn in "Roman Holiday" were for real.

His recent divorce from the Finnish

hairdresser he married thirteen years ago and who bore him three wonderful sons was *not* caused by a European femme fatale, as the Hollywood grapevine rumored it. It happened for the usual reason that so many Hollywood marriages like theirs break up. When Greta married Greg, he was a struggling young actor, playing a walk-on in Katharine Cornell's company of "The Doctor's Dilemma." Three more plays followed, each of them short-lived, but Greg found himself in the unique position of being remembered for a series of flops. Hollywood inevitably beckoned, where the greatest thing that can happen to anyone overnight is recognition. With his hollywood fame and new economic freedom, Greg and Greta's lives changed. From an auto court, they moved into a hilltop home. Where their phone used to ring occasionally, it rang incessantly now. Greg, whose contract was divided among four studios, was at the beck and call of all four. His nonstop line-up of pictures and demanding schedule didn't leave much time for home life. Even today, as one of the top stars in the business, Greg never lets down in his desire to give the best of himself to every role he undertakes. So you can imagine how he must have applied himself to exploring every facet of this new medium twelve years ago.

Before Greg married Greta, he had been too busy earning a living and too broke to sow any wild oats. Suddenly, he found himself surrounded by the most glamorous women in the world, who would have liked to continue their love scenes after the cameras stopped grinding. Greta, housewife and mother, sensed the competition every time she and Greg went out together. In Hollywood, wives of handsome screen heroes are looked upon as excess baggage—especially by other wives! But Greta also knew that Greg was not a playboy. He was essentially a home-loving man, who loved his wife and children. He also had too sane a sense of values to be flattered by the attentions of all the Hollywood Loreleis or the sycophants who breed on success. But sex, rearing its lovely head, isn't the only thing that can break up a marriage. Unfortunately, Greta didn't realize this. It was some wise philosopher who once said, "Not to go back is somewhat to advance." Greg advanced. Greta didn't keep his pace.

Greg's advancement was in his contact with people (*Continued on page 90*)

PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHION



Headed for school, a job, a social whirl? Have a fresh fall start in these new fashions all inspired by the Edith Head designs you'll see in Paramount's fabulous "Lucy Gallant"

Style-studded "Lucy Gallant" is the story of a woman's career in the world of fashion. Setting the scene—high fashion, like the tunic dress leading this year's parade of silhouettes, worn left by Marla English. In a featherweight black and white peppery tweed, its flounced tunic ingeniously buttons onto the tapered sheath. Sizes 8-16. Jeri Holmes of California. Under \$50. Glitter jewelry by Duchess. Dawnelle gloves

For Where to Buy Photoplay fall fashions turn to page 102



Before coat time, star the boxy torso suit—casual elegance in gray menswear flannel. Rosenblum of California. Under \$40



Marla English is in UA's "Desert Sands"; Gloria Talbott in Paramount's "Lucy Gallant," "We're No Angels"; Jeanette Miller in "Artists and Models"; See Joan Taylor in "The Vagabond King," Paramount



FALL COATS—SLIM, SLEEK AND BEFURRED

Defining the lean, long-bodied look, coats this season are given the luxury treatment with elegant fur trims, fabrics smooth, rich and wearable. Center, Marla English in a coat that takes an A for silhouette—the new Paris-inspired shape of narrowness falling into a gentle flare. It's a subtly colored, lofty plush wool with reversed fabric panels highlighting the line. Point of interest: the detachable ranch mink collar. Her cleverly collapsible plastic strip bag by Nadya. Far left, Gloria Talbott in a coat that hews to the straight and narrow in smooth buttery nude wool, shown minus its on-and-off ranch mink collar. Above, stride-easy side pleats in a plummeting coat of black plushy Montal do—a fine wool, worn by Jeanette Miller. Bringing the neckline into focus: a detachable white mink collar. Sizes 8-18. Kennie Original coats by Meyer Stoll. All under \$90 with the fur. Charmer hat. Dawnelle gloves

Continued

For Where to Buy fall fashions turn to page 102



BELGIMIERE SWEATERS



FULL-FASHIONED EXCLUSIVELY BY

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Sweaters that whisper lovely things about you...ermine soft...full-fashioned... life-lasting in shape and wear... Mitin mothproofed. Catalina's Belgimere sweaters, \$7.95 to \$10.95. Matching skirt, \$12.95.



Photo by Christa

THE EASY ENSEMBLE— LONG, LEAN AND LIVABLE

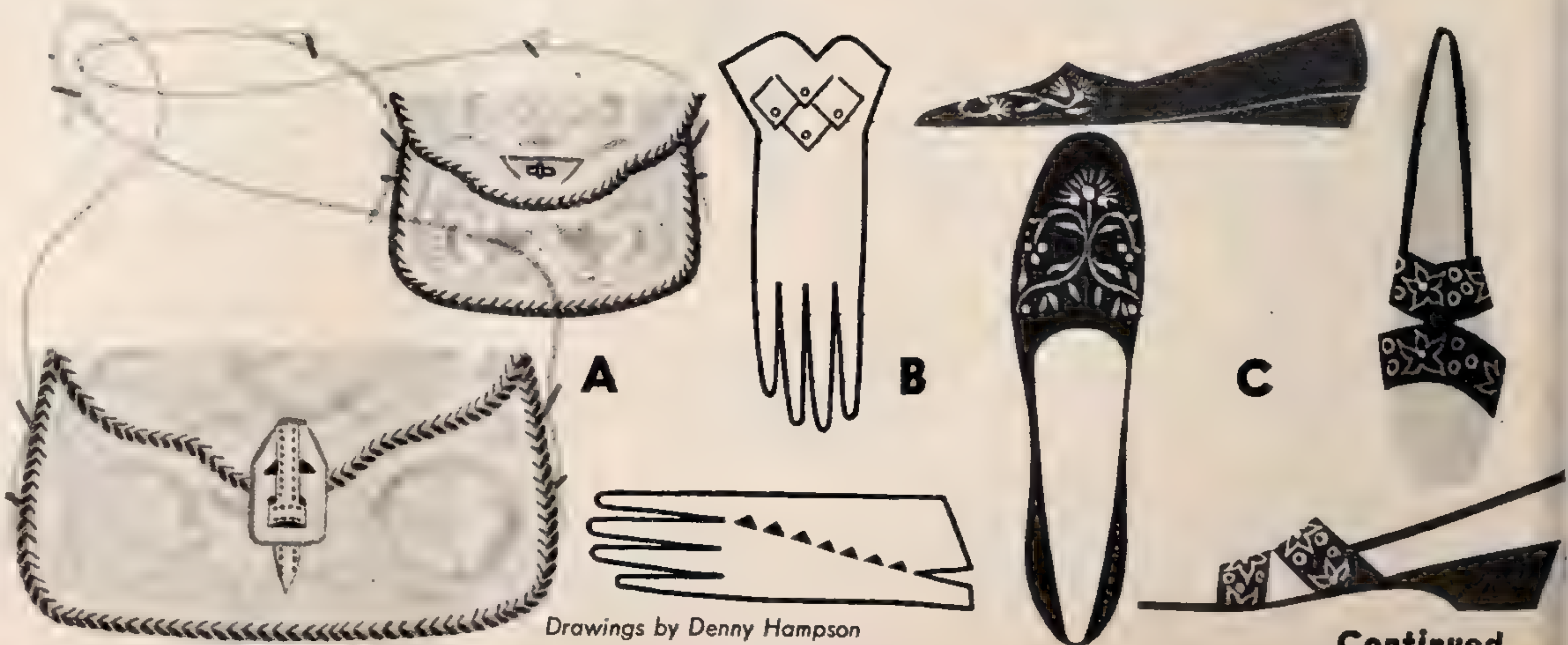
Fashion's on the vertical, with the narrow look as firmly established as the ensemble. Embracing both ideas, the wonderful costume Jeanette Miller wears left. In season-spanning red and black cotton tweed that travels perfectly year-round, it stars the tunic length in a jacket with crisp winged collar, well-reared with the popular back belt. Poised over a matching pencil-slim skirt and high-necked pullover in black jersey. Sizes 7-15. Saba of California. Jacket, under \$11. Skirt and pullover, each about \$6. Dawnelle gloves. Duchess pearls. In the background: airborne glamour—TWA's famed travel advisor, Mary Gordon, and the new Super G Constellation

LITTLE EXTRAS FOR A FANCIFUL FALL

A Classic accessory—the saddle leather toter, hand-tooled in elegant design with brass closing. The small pouch, about \$15.95. The long satchel, under \$22. Both by Clifton

B The touch of white that crisps the fashion scene. Hand-sewn cotton shorties in a brief gauntlet shape, top, about \$3; diagonal cutouts, below, about \$4. By Stetson

C At-home glitter slippers. Left, a velvet espadrille, beaded and gilded on a low wedge. Right, gold and silver embroidered faille sandal. Honeybugs. Each under \$4



Drawings by Denny Hampson

Continued



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for our official uniforms.
And I can tell you from my contacts
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all of us are very pleased and
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They're so smart looking
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"STAR-STEPPER"
Official flight blue calf.



"SKY-WALKER" Official "In-Flight" casual
in flight blue or tan. Also red or black.

"off duty, too, *Grace Walkers* are my favorites"



"IMPERIAL"
Charcoal grey
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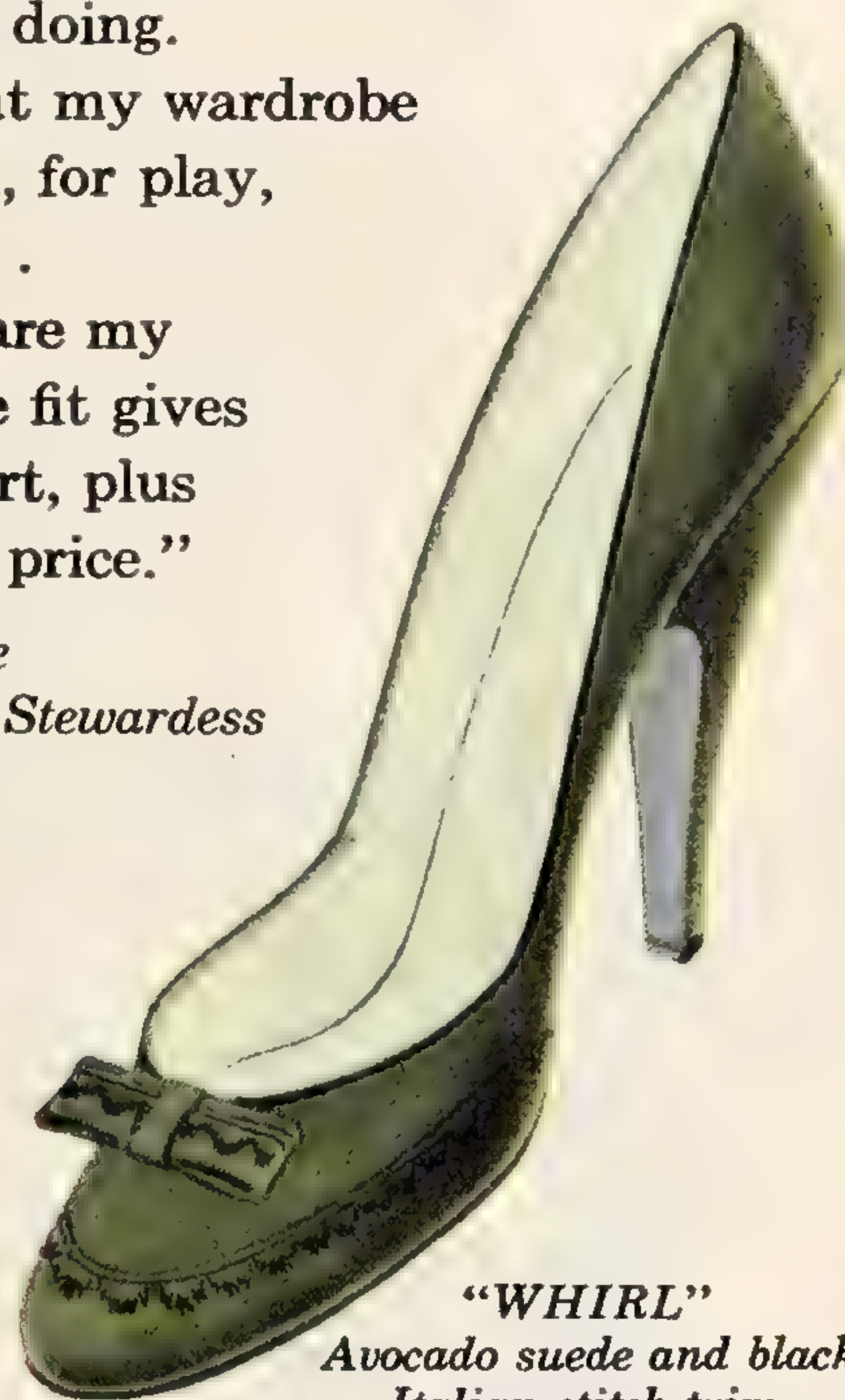


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"WHIRL"
Avocado suede and black
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Basque red calf
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black piping.



Patterns illustrated: \$9.95
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catches the firelight in a twinkle.
Glamorous jewel-tones. Sizes 4 to 10.

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PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS *continued*

THE SWEATERED LOOK TAKES SHAPE



Left, long on shape, the torso pull-over built like a cardigan to the ribbed hip-hugger. Neckline interest: the double-buttoned tab. Worn by Jeanette Miller. In lofty, fluffy Orlon. 34-40. Catalina. Under \$9

*For Where to Buy fall fashions
turn to page 102*

Right, joining the classic ranks, the V neckline. It's pointed up here with softly notched collar in an overblouse sweater worn by Marla English. Downy wool and angora. Sizes 34-40. By Ferba Venezia. Under \$13



The sweater's found its place as a dress fashion. Here, on Marla English, it's sleek and wide-scooped with a wisp of sleeve. In a pastel blend of lamb's wool, fur, nylon. 34-40. Catalina. Under \$8. Duchess pearls



Mala Powers stars in RKO's "Bengazi"

Above, Mala Powers in a shaped version of the classic cardigan. Whistleslick and deeply ribbed with smooth sleeve. About \$6. Underneath, a matching short-sleeved pullover. Under \$5. In cloud-soft Orlon. By Rovi



THE
COTTON COSTUME
TAKES TO STRIPES

Four-season black and white pin-striped cotton in Gloria Talbott's velveteed Chesterfield coat topping a matching sheath with sheer cotton feminized jabot. California Girl. Each about \$20. A Charmer hat



Continued



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the finest fitting bra ever designed for every figure from A to D cup!
Padded wonder-wire under each cup gives new definition,
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White cotton broadcloth, A B C cups, 3.95; D cup 5.00.
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Photographs by Paramount studios



GLAMOUR MADE EASY

Fall entry in velveteen, the flared short tunic line, with tucked-front belted jacket poised over pants tapered thin to the ankle. Elegant colors. Size 7-15. By Ilene Ricky. Each about \$1

THE LONG-STEMMED LOOK

The torso is more so in a rib knit over blouse that plummets from wide boat neck. The slim pants in matching jersey knit. Hollywood Knitting. Each about \$15. Daniel Green checked skimmer





WORLDLY WISE AFTER FIVE

The waist-accenting Princess line and textured silk combine in Nancy Hale's dance dress with pretty scalloped neckline. Not seen, its nylon net petticoat. 10-16. Nathan-Strong. Under \$30

THE CELEBRATED JUMPER

Fashion perennial done to a pretty turn in shadow-plaided wool and nylon. 8-18. About \$25. Beneath, a hooded Orlon jersey dickey, convertible to a cowl neck. Under \$10. By Georgia Kay

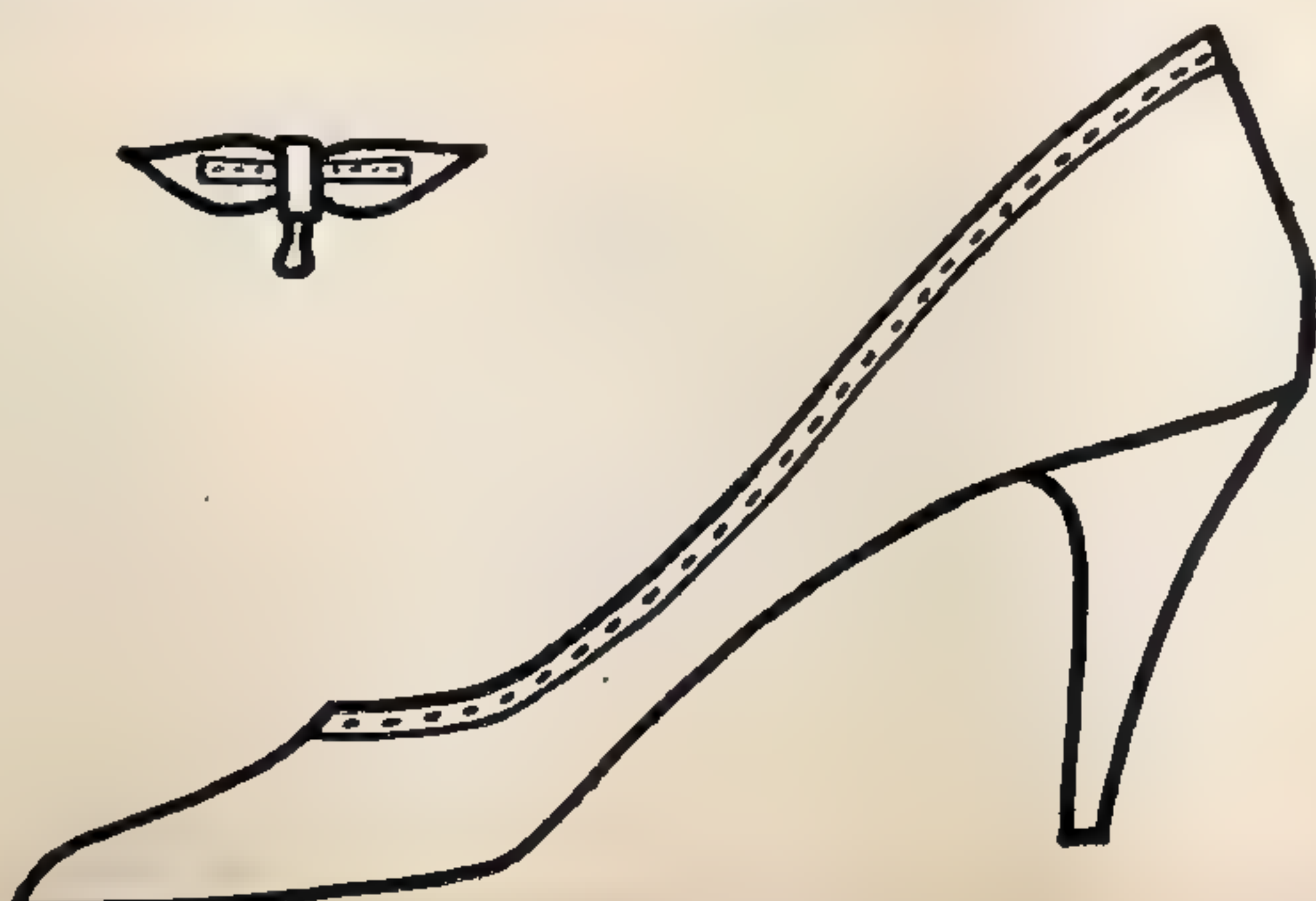


on Taylor's in "The Ten Commandments" • Nancy Hale's featured in "The Girl Rush," both Paramount

ME-HONORED PUMP

ornished calf molds a classic shell pump, shaped artfully to fit and flatter the leg. It's neatly untrimmed, goes dancing with the addition of pretty bow trim. Grace Walker. About \$9.95

Continued



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Million
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PEARLS

Marvel at these expensive looking, lustrously lovely, rhinestone-clasped simulated **Duchess Pearls**... with an elegant Lustre-Dip glow, exclusively our secret. Many beautiful necklaces to choose from — at your favorite store for only \$1 each, plus tax. Available in both regular and pink pearls.

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GLOVES

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STETSON GLOVES
Rothschild Bros., Inc. St. Louis Chicago



PHOTOPLAY's view of the American career girl in this fall fashion picture. The American Airlines hostess in a tailored-to-perfection uniform feminized with rounded lines. The official shoe: a richly simple calf pump that floats on air even when she's grounded. Grace Walker

UM-m-m
they're
heavenly!



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in cloud-soft,
quick-drying Orlon

You'll love their graceful
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Slipover or cardigans.

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Rothschild Bros., Inc. St. Louis Chicago

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS continued

FALL SHAPE-UP



Drawings by Denny Hampson

Natural uplift and soft separation in a bra of embroidered cotton broadcloth. Wrinkle-free band and a figure-hugging elastic center. Pre-lude by Maidenform. White. 32-38 A; 32-40 B; 32-42 C. \$2



Slimming long-line bra, high and rounded. Removable and adjustable, pre-inflated plastic cups for the plus you need. Leno elastic with embroidered nylon cups. Tres Secrete. White. 32-38 A, B. Under \$7



Strapless torso-length garter bra with lower back for more control. Boned Dacron and cotton with embroidery-edged wired cups, foam rubber padded. Hollywood-Maxwell. White. 32-36 A, B, C. \$10.95

For Where to Buy turn to page 102

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TOWLE'S FRENCH PROVINCIAL

TOWLE'S ROSE SOLITAIRE

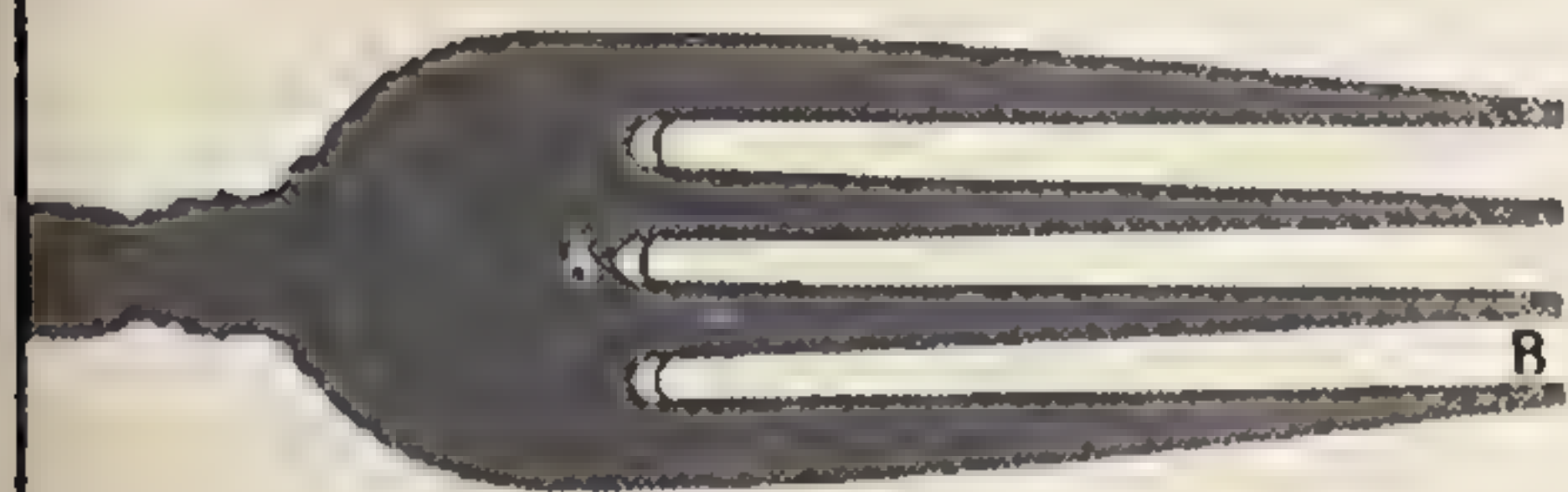
TOWLE'S CANDLELIGHT

TOWLE'S SOUTHWIND

TOWLE'S MADEIRA

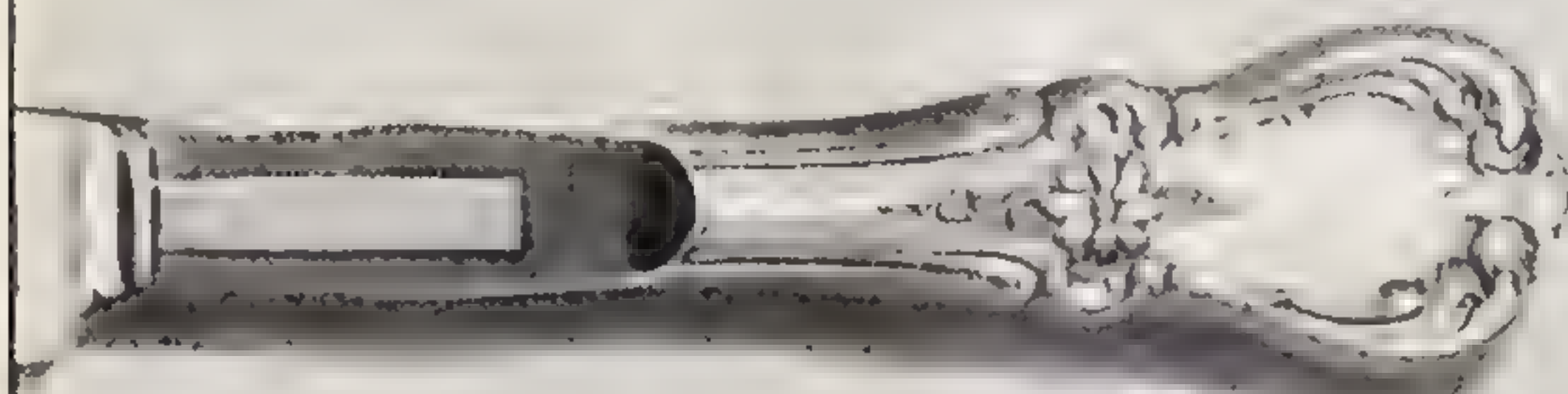
IT'S MADE TO BE USED. The New England craftsmen who create Towle Sterling make it to be *practical* as well as *beautiful*. They bring to Towle a host of little refinements in design—of extra steps in manufacturing—all aimed at giving you sterling that needs no pampering—that will make *every* meal a festive oc-

casion—yet will bring to festive occasions a richer, warmer, distinctively sterling glow that is Towle's alone. There is a fine store near you where you can see first hand some of the many Towle Touches that distinguish this fine sterling. 6-piece place settings are priced from \$29.75.



Two practical Towle Touches on fork tines make washing, cleaning easier. (A.) A tiny notch between tines on most Towle forks reduces surface of that hard-to-clean area at tine base. (B.) Extra hand polishing inside of tines creates ultra-smooth surface to which food can't cling.

(CUTAWAY OF TOWLE'S OLD MASTER KNIFE HANDLE)



Another Towle Touch that makes your Towle Sterling more usable. Towle uses *solid metal* (not cement or rosin) to seal knife blade to handle *permanently*, the best way to insure you against loose blades, rattles in the handle. And, of course, Towle knives are watertight, airtight, sanitary.

The Towle Touch

... means sterling craftsmanship at its best... a direct heritage of silversmithing that dates from 1690. The Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

BECOMING ATTRACTIONS



A A lipstick that knows its place: Soft Touch, new Viv lipstick by Toni. Both creamy and long-lasting, it goes on smoothly, stays on for hours and keeps lips soft and comfortable. Three basic colors. Self-sealing case. \$1.25*

B Face facts: New Zip cream hair remover is especially designed for use on sensitive skin of the face, as well as arms and legs. Thorough but gentle, it removes superfluous hair quickly and without irritation. 50¢, 89¢, \$1.50

C Skin deep: Secret Key lotion, formulated to restore the normal acid-alkaline balance characteristic of healthy young skin, is the basis of four new treatment groups by Max Factor for dry, oily, disturbed, or normal skin

D As any dandruff sufferer knows only too well, wishing won't make it go! But even severe cases can be controlled speedily with Rinse Away, easy-to-use after-shampoo rinse. Mild, clean-smelling, fast-acting. 6 oz., \$1.00

E Fresh paint for freshman: Luvlee Pink, a delicate shade of Emily Rogers' lipstick, just right for back-to-school. Non-smear and long-lasting, this indelible-type lipstick comes in a neat, large-size, all-metal swivel case, 39¢*

* plus tax

Get these Men!

(Continued from page 67)

a dish with a very definite foreign flavor. Practically every girl he's ever gone with has conformed to this type. Movita, Rita Moreno, Josanne Mariani. They have something that could make him set aside his midnight bongo sessions for the more conventional voodoo of "I do."

Josanne may still be able to do it. She slipped into town very quietly while Marlon was in the midst of "Guys and Dolls," and they had a few romantic bouts before she slipped as quietly out of town and returned to New York. If they do wed, it's been one of the weirdest courtships on record, from the obscure newspaper announcement of their engagement to their long-distance romancing separated by the thousands of miles between Hollywood and New York.

One thing's for sure though. Marlon will never settle for the ordinary type of girl. She'll have to be a girl to match his moods and also anticipate them. She'll have to be as unpredictable as he is, and keep him so busy guessing that he won't have time to think of himself.

James Dean, the newcomer who has been called a road-show edition of Brando, sometimes acts like him on-screen, but nothing like him in private life, except for the fact that neither will be forced to live by the rules of a young actor's conduct as prescribed by Hollywood. Each is an individual.

Jimmy revealed the type of girl he would marry almost as soon as he came to Hollywood to work on "East of Eden." He fell in love with the devout, simple, beautiful Pier Angeli. He will not talk about Anna (all of Pier's friends call her by her real name) now that she's married to Vic Damone. But before the marriage, Jim spoke poetically of her "wonderful soul and her soulful eyes and her overwhelming beauty." He would have married her if he could. But too many things stood in their way, particularly Mama Pier-angeli, who had no use for him at all, at all, at all.

At the moment though, he carries no torch. He loved and lost and that's that. This setback in his romantic life has caused him to go to the other extreme of Anna in the girls he dates—and the greatest extreme possible is Vampira, the Charles Addams type beauty who used to introduce spooky movies over one of the local Hollywood TV stations. Younger glamour dolls are dying for dates with Dean, but he's been playing like he couldn't care less. This disinterest intrigues the gals. One of them told me, after a brief introduction in which Jimmy did little more than nod to her, "He appeals to me. I guess because I'm the type who likes to take in stray cats and dogs."

Dean is as closemouthed about his romantic feelings as an oyster is about the pearl it contains, but good-looking Bob Wagner is the complete opposite. He'll talk about the girls in his life.

"The main reasons are: I'm not in love. I'm not interested in falling in love. I don't want to marry yet. And I don't want to waste all of my time, my thoughts and my energies on something that doesn't yet make sense. On top of that, I find it sort of silly, embarrassing and undignified to have this heartbeat fiction floating around when it's so crazy."

I asked Robert what the girl will be like when he does find her. "That I wouldn't know. I'm not too sure she'll be an actress. It might be rough having a professional rival for your wife. But on the other hand, when you're in this business you're really in a world apart. People who

aren't actors can't understand a lot of things you have to do, ways you have to act. Why, even my own folks give me blank stares sometimes when I try to explain, and they've lived around Hollywood quite a time. So, I don't know, I really don't. My type? Well, I'm not being particularly original, but I like Grace Kelly's type—smart, independent, beautiful and a lady."

Rumors persist that Bing Crosby is pricing wedding rings and he has the girl picked out that'll wear the one he finally buys. She's Kathryn Grant, the young brunette under contract to Columbia, whom he's been dating frequently. I checked with him on this matter, and Bing chuckled: "She is a nice girl and Kathryn's not the typical Hollywood glamour type. As a matter of fact, she's quite proper and quite religious, though she's not of my church." But as for those reports that he's getting serious about the girl, he shakes his head. And, as if to prove his point, he began redating Mona Freeman.

Ben Cooper is currently in the throes of his first love, and it may be his last, for he's serious about the girl. She's a super-curved blonde named Lee Sharon who headlines night-club shows in such seaports as New York, Miami, Tokyo, doing dances which Ben describes as modern, but which more professional critics seem to think are strip routines. It's Lee's picture that occupies the place of honor in his billfold.

Ben has gone out with Anna Maria Alberghetti, whom he admittedly likes; he gets really animated when he talks about Pat Crowley, with whom he went to high school in New York; and he'll slick himself up sharp and shiny for a date with Lori Nelson. But the plain fact, say those in whom he confides such matters, is that he's crazy about Lee. She flashed into his life last November when a friend of Ben's dated her and introduced them. The friend was soon minus one girl.

The girl who wants to marry George Nader, Universal-International's newest heartthrob, is going to have to wait for a while and bide her time. When I put the marriage question to him, he didn't flip it off, but said, "I've got to have a more secure foundation in my work before I get married, because I hate insecurity."

He admits he likes girls and this is fortunate since he's the sort of date girls go for. He always dresses neatly, takes his dates to restaurants where the food and music are both good, never talks about acting or himself, dances to music with a slow, romantic beat, is a wonderful audience and knows how to act like a gentleman.

George claims he's been in love only three times, the last time during his Navy days. "While I was stationed in the Pacific, she mailed me a 'Dear John' letter," he said. "It hurt at the time. But I wasn't ready to get married then, any more than I am now."

Everyone thought he had the answer to the type of girl who would attract Eddie Fisher, myself included. The girl was, of course, Debbie Reynolds. But though he keeps a large framed photograph of himself with Debbie on a table in his living room, it's an empty gesture to an engagement that skidded. Debbie is still Eddie's type and, if they marry, it will be a case of Debbie's mind over matter—the matter-of-fact plans of Eddie's advisers. It's difficult enough for a girl to please the man she's going to marry, but to please nearly a dozen others who advise him is impossible.

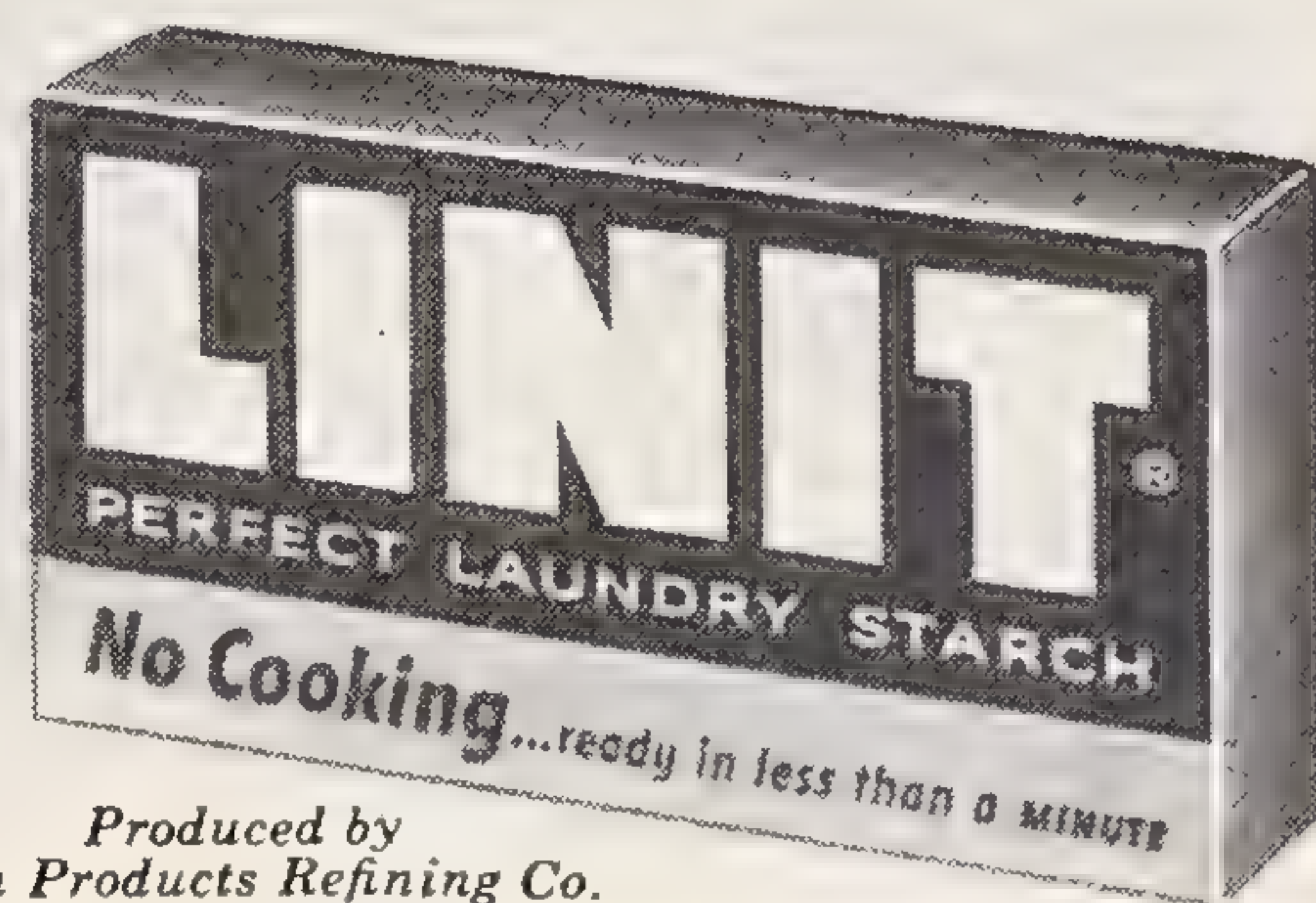
THE END

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Anne Jeffreys...star of
stage, screen and TV
and her son Jeffreys

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lovely **ANNE JEFFREYS STERLING**,
"and I've found that a daily **LINIT**
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protect little Jeffreys' sensitive skin."



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IT'S a happy, happy day for your baby when you discover Linit for the bath. Because a Linit bath soothes and protects delicate skin as nothing else can.

The reason is simple: As you know, diapers, clothes, everything that touches your baby's tender skin—the air, even the very water in which you bathe him—can be a source of irritation.

But a small amount of Linit Starch makes bath water feel soft and cooling...leaves a smooth, invisible film that absorbs excessive moisture and

actually guards the skin. Remember, too, a Linit bath not only protects baby from prickly heat, diaper rash and other annoying skin irritations, but helps to relieve and control these conditions once they develop.

So, it's only natural that Linit, starch from corn, is preferred by mothers everywhere for baby's bath.

Next time you bathe your baby, give him a *Linit bath*. See his skin become fresher, softer—and ever so much smoother.

here's all you do!

Swish approximately half a cup of **LINIT STARCH** into your baby's bath. See how smoothly, quickly it dissolves. Bathe baby as usual. Then pat dry with a soft towel to leave a sheer veil of protecting Linit on the skin.

Boy Did I Goof!

(Continued from page 63)

Janie and I would have living three months in Paris. I wasn't thinking I'd become a big man now. I wasn't even thinking how lucky I was, that such things could possibly come true for me.

"No, I was just wondering if I knew enough to play the role in that picture, 'Trapeze.' And don't misunderstand me, that wonder wasn't any humility. Because humility is one of the things I've had to unlearn about. Being 'free' is one of the things I've had to unlearn, too. And another is facing up to the fact that you won't always be as brave, or as honest, or as worthy as you want to be. Those are things I've had to unlearn, along with the realization that such a failure on your part is no crime."

Tony talked, sitting in his new dressing room, which is really a glittering sight. Originally, at U-I, he had a small dreary place. Then he graduated to sharing space with Jeff Chandler. But now he has what's practically a small house, as big as many young couples' first home, with a charming living room, a small inner room that could be for sleeping but which Tony uses as a studio office, a fine kitchen and a bath.

Getting back on the subject, "I think the first thing I had to unlearn," said Tony, "was that your ideal for yourself isn't always necessarily attainable."

"I remember when I was just past seven. I was a real retarded kid. I was too small for my age, and I spoke no English because I never heard any at home or even in our New York neighborhood. For four blocks in every direction from where we Schwartzes lived there were nothing but Hungarians, most of them as freshly over from Europe as we were, most of them as hungry and poor."

"Then one day we moved. One day? We were always moving because my father's tailor shop didn't very often bring in enough for us to pay the rent more than a month or so, and every time I moved into a new place it was the same old story: I had to take a beating from the kids on the block. I was too small to defend myself. I was a new kid and Jewish. So I was always in for it."

"Only this time I determined to be brave. I knew I'd be knocked around, and maybe I'd crawl home, half-conscious. Only this time I knew, I was going to be fearless and stand up to it as long as I could."

"So I started down the tenement steps and there was just one kid waiting for me. But how he was waiting! He was just staring me down and he was twice as tall, twice as heavy as I was. He was completely relaxed, except for his tightened fists which looked harder than the pavement."

"For all of one second I looked him fearlessly, bravely in the eye. He looked me right back, just waiting. I looked again, and then I fled, straight back up the stairs, straight back to my mother."

"Sure, I was a coward, and I knew it. But I knew I'd learned something. Or rather, I'd unlearned about fearlessness. Right then I discovered that merely being brave, merely being fearless isn't enough. It can even be stupid."

"Almost at once I started trying to acquire some muscle and brawn, because that way I was going to get 'free,' be able to do exactly what I liked, and nobody would be able to push me around ever. It says here. Then I didn't grow up tall enough to suit my dream of Bernie Schwartz, great free man, I did all sorts of things like delivering ice, so that my

arms developed and my shoulders broadened, meaning that when I went into a street scrap I could sometimes come out the winner."

"But at that time the one muscle I never considered developing was my brain. That took too much discipline and, to be free, I had to be an antidiscipline man. I didn't intend to submit to teachers and lessons. No, sir. I was going to stay untamed."

"It wasn't until I was seventeen and in the Navy that I wanted to unlearn that no-discipline bit. The orders I had to take or get my block knocked off, I took, of course. But the day I saw a different perspective was when an officer came round and asked which of us gobs would like to be officers. My hand shot up so fast I nearly pulled my arm out of the socket. The idea of wearing gold braid, of being constantly saluted, really reached me."

"So they let me be an officer candidate—for all of one class. Then the character who was examining my I.Q. looked at me and said, 'How can a bright kid like you be so dumb? Why, you can't add seven and four.'"

"That wasn't strictly true. I could add seven and four—but not easily. So I went right back to being a gob again, and for the first time I comprehended how my 'freedom' was merely earning me less freedom, that is, more orders, more being subject to other people's commands and demands."

"So when I was out of uniform, I started to correct that. I hustled around, trying to get my diploma from high school. But I soon goofed. I told myself I was now too old to study."

"But right about then I got my big break, the chance at a term contract with U-I. Oddly enough, I landed on the lot on my birthday. It's weird how so many of the important dates in my life have coincided with my birthday."

"This one was my twenty-third birthday, and I was quite disappointed with myself because I'd read in the movie magazines how Tyrone Power had started when he was twenty-two. I'd missed it by a day! To my mind, this put me a year behind in the race for fame, but I actually didn't have too much doubt that I'd soon overtake Ty and overtake every other actor, too."

"That's when I discovered that the opulent one hundred dollars a week I was to start with turned into thirty-five dollars when all the deductions, agents' fees and the like were out of it. That's also when I found out that while everybody on the lot was very pleasant to me, nobody was exactly dying till they got me into a picture."

"It was a funny thing. I'd learned just the faintest bit about acting in New York when I got a chance to play in Clifford Odets' show, 'Waiting for Lefty.' I had to smoke in that, and I'd never smoked in my life before. So I nearly smoked myself sick, for weeks before, learning to handle a cigarette naturally."

"So there, at U-I, I tried to study everything. I lived in a sort of boarding house, with a lot of other young actors, and we talked nothing but 'shop.' And finally I did get into 'City Across the River,' not the lead, nor the second lead, or even the fourth—the fifth. Most of the time my back was to the camera, yet the miracle happened and a few people noticed me and wrote in to the studio and the critics were unbelievably kind."

"I zoomed, emotionally. And deflated again, as the studio continued to ignore both me and my notices. Finally, I got in a second picture, which starred Yvonne

deCarlo. I delivered a telegram to her."

"I got one fan letter from that. Just one, but I've still got it. It said, 'Who was that boy who delivered the telegram? Why doesn't he star in a picture?' At the time it arrived that much faith in me was very important."

"You see, a director—almost any director—is the toughest foreman or overseer. He has to be. He has to get his expensive product into the can as quickly as possible or he will get fired, and we actors are the raw material he has to deal with. So he criticizes you—usually in front of a bunch of people—and you learn to take it, even if you hate it. He criticizes your walk, your talk, your height, your coloring, your personality and your stupidity. It's brutal, and maybe sometimes it is unjust, just as it is in other jobs. But if you can learn to take it, just as you must in other jobs, you come out strong."

"That's what I meant when I said, thinking about this new picture 'Trapeze,' I wasn't thinking in humility. I don't believe in this so-called humility. As you begin to learn a little, you get perspective and learn how little you do know, and how much more you must know, and that you'll never know enough. But the very way you know that is because you already know more than you did. So you aren't 'humble.' For the first time in your life, you are beginning really to know something and, therefore, you have more faith in yourself."

"Or at least this was true with me. I'd ditched that freedom gag long since, and I went gratefully to the U-I training school and tried to rehearse all my poor diction, all my corny mannerisms out of me. I came to see myself clearly enough to realize I was cut from the material of children of my environment—too tough in some ways, too sentimental in others, too uneducated all the way around. But nothing was stopping me from learning."

"Falling in love with Janet, getting her to marry me was a terrific step forward. A good marriage changes the whole pattern of any man's life—and that Janie and I have. Sure, we have quarreled. Sure, we do quarrel. I can come home dragged as the next guy and take out my fatigue on her—or vice versa. But the quarrels are only part of the necessary way of getting to know one another. Love is what makes you grow, and we are in love."

"As a very pleasant matter of fact, I had less to unlearn in love and marriage than anywhere else. My folks had had Janie's and my kind of marriage, too—full of laughter, color, enthusiasm and a few rousing rows. Her folks have had a great marriage also. I did have to learn more neatness, more punctuality, less impulsiveness about what I wanted to do. Or, I was unlearning that old 'freedom' snare again. But it was a lot to give and take, and my girl having to learn to relax a bit, too, and not be quite so on the dot and on the dime all the time."

"Now I own my home. I know I'm not going to get arrested by the cop on the beat because I don't know my way around. And I'm in love with my job, which happens to be acting. And here I am planning months in France, so that maybe a little language and even culture will rub off on me."

"It's great, and the chief thing it all unlearns for me is that being 'individual' is for the birds. You've got to get with life, get with other people, get with the sums of knowledge that are just there for the asking."

"That's kicks!"

THE END



it doesn't
take a lot
of
money

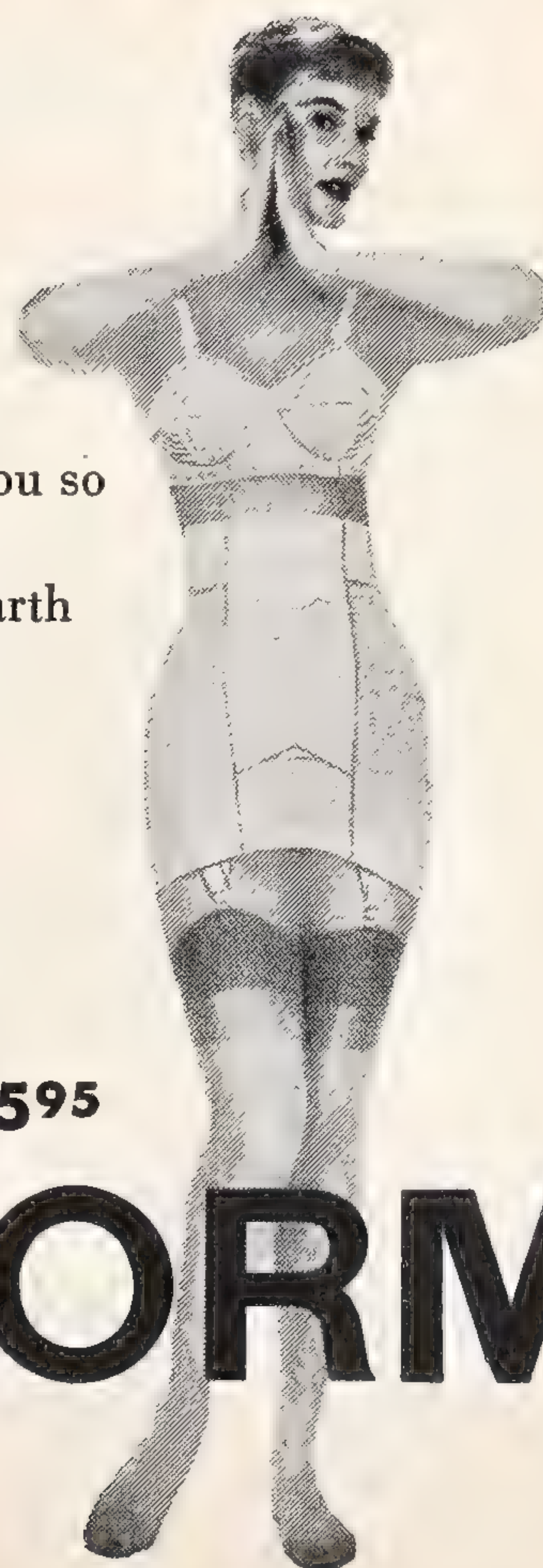
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those pretty shoulders. Be smart . . .
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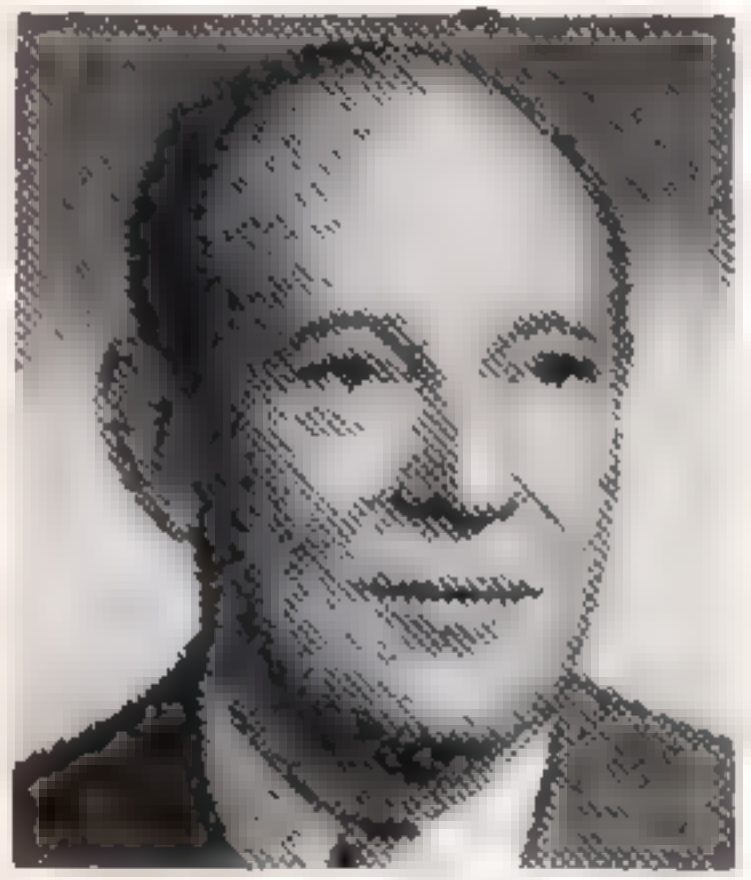
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Antibiotics in Your Daily Life



by
William I.
Fishbein,
M. D.

The world hears a great deal of "miracle drugs" and most of them represent years of patient and diligent study in the laboratories and clinics.

For example, in 1931, Rene J. Dubos, then associated with the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, discovered tyrothricin. Tyrothricin is one of the most powerful of the antibiotics—stated simply, it is effective because it aids the defenses of the body in combatting harmful bacteria. The general use of tyrothricin has been delayed until research has definitely shown that it would cause no harmful effects or reactions. In the forefront of this research have been the pharmaceutical companies, and no company has been more zealous than McKesson & Robbins.

Tyrothricin is effective in preventing perspiration odor by inhibiting the growth of skin bacteria responsible for this condition—and this "magic" antibiotic is equally effective in skin infections, in sinus infections, for wounds, abscesses and burns, and for hemorrhoids or piles. Research also indicated the amount which may be used without causing sensitivity reactions, yet produce the maximum benefits.

Laboratory and clinical research has enabled McKesson and Robbins to announce a series of preparations for the specific uses outlined above. It is to their credit that they have not introduced them until they were convinced that excellent results would be obtained and that there would be no reactions. Tyrothricin used externally is not absorbed into the blood stream as are certain other antibiotics.

That is one reason why it is particularly suited for direct application to a localized spot of irritation or inflammation on the skin, nose or throat. McKesson and Robbins have developed special products for use on these portions of the body.

Look for these
McKesson Antibiotic Products
at Your Drug Store

NEO-AQUA-DRIN LOZENGES—for the relief of minor throat irritations.

NEO-AQUA-DRIN NOSE DROPS—for the relief of congestion due to head colds, sinus, etc.

UTOL—for relief of pimples and minor burns and skin abrasions.

POSITOS—ointment and suppositories for the relief of discomfort due to hemorrhoids.

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THE PROTECTION OF
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Revolutionary antibiotic New Yodora stops perspiration odor—gives safer, longer-lasting protection. Its light, creamy base keeps sensitive underarm area softer, smoother, lovelier. And New Yodora never cakes—always stays fresh—delicately fragrant. No other deodorant ever promised better, safer, surer protection from perspiration odor.

New Yodora is unconditionally guaranteed by McKesson & Robbins.

Large Size **43¢** plus tax Economy Size **69¢** plus tax



**The First...the Only
Deodorant with
Miracle Antibiotic
Pertexol* for
Sensitive Skin!**

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NEW YODORA

Scientific Facts About Harsh, Irritating Chemicals for Underarm Use

Laboratory tests show that these dangerous chemicals often invite trouble to sensitive underarm area. This is why you may have noticed redness, roughness of underarm skin.

Scientific Facts About Revolutionary New ANTIBIOTIC Yodora

Only New Yodora contains Pertexol*, the miracle antibiotic that combats bacteria responsible for skin irritations. New Yodora gives longer-lasting protection from perspiration odor because its exclusive antibiotic destroys odor-causing bacteria on contact. New Yodora is guaranteed not to contain harsh chemicals that irritate skin and chemically ruin your clothes.



Imagine a Deodorant Recommended for Shaving!

New Yodora with antibiotic Pertexol* is so mild and gentle we can even recommend shaving with it. No other deodorant would dare suggest this!

1. Apply soft, antibiotic New Yodora—rub gently into skin.
2. Shave underarms with slow downward strokes.
3. Remove excess with tissue—smooth remainder well into skin.

That's all you need do to stop perspiration odor. Whether you shave or not, one application daily of New Yodora is the new, sure answer to your deodorant problem. *A brand of tyrothricin

A Doll's Life with a Guy

(Continued from page 61)

band to pioneer with her. Much to their dismay, they found that she was not permitted, due to American union rules, to be Jean's hairdresser over here. The struggle still continues to overcome the obstacle, but in the meantime Vivienne is Jean's secretary, proxy mother and dear friend.

Jean's sensitivity to others is constant and shines like a light bulb. The only times she has been known to draw herself up to her full height (five feet four) and startle everyone with her strength and determination were for others.

The crews love her. She has the unusual ability (for a star) to respect anyone who does a good job—be he actor, carpenter or janitor. She is, in their terms, a trouper. She never keeps them waiting on a set and she's where she should be at the right time. She does not go in for histrionics off-camera. While at RKO, she had a morning ritual. Walking on to the set, she would go right over to the catwalk, climb into the rafters of the studio and have an A.M. chat with the electrician who welcomed her with delight from his lonely perch. A few years later, she walked off the "Guys and Dolls" set at Goldwyn's and ran into the same electrician. "Hi, Sarge," she called, and they spent some time catching up on each other. She doesn't forget names because the people she meets are complete individuals to her. She likes them enough to remember.

Liking or loving them, she is constantly aware of the needs of others. She does instinctive, impulsive, generous little things, sometimes shyly, and sometimes so matter of factly she leaves no room for feeling indebted or saying thank you.

Jo, her stand-in was called to work on "Désirée," four weeks after she had her baby. Jean watched her like a mother mothering a mother. The CinemaScope lights are hotter than any of the others and Jean watched for signs of weariness. Suddenly she would jump out of her chair, go up on the set and say casually to Jo, "Would you go somewhere else for a while? I want to stand in for myself and get the feel of the set." And Jean would stand, getting "the feel of the set" while Jo rested.

She is not afraid to take the physical or emotional brunt of doing something decent. While still in England, Vivienne Walker was in charge of the Christmas party entertainment for an English veteran hospital. She was in despair. The stars were quite willing to donate money, but, because it was the most tragic of all hospitals, they couldn't bear to see the boys without arms and legs. Vivienne turned to Jean. As with all of us, she had an instinctive desire not to face the aftermath of war. But she said, "I'd go, honey, but I can't entertain them." Vivienne, who was frantic by this time, suggested she serve them tea, act as their hostess.

She went, and those boys, most of them carried to the recreation room on stretchers, loved her.

Watching Jean's emotional antenna in action is a sight to behold. One girl on the set of a new picture heard the typical rumor that accompanies every star, "She's difficult."

On the first day of shooting, the girl watched the blue-jeaned Jean walk by her in doubt and wonder. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, Jean wheeled around, came back and embraced the startled girl

and, with a warm smile, went merrily on her way. From that day forward, the girl was her slave.

Her sensitivity to others is strongly tied to a deeply ingrained shyness and sense of inferiority. She honestly is unaware that she is a star. She has admiration and fan-like interest in other stars. Having lunch at the M-G-M commissary the other day, she was as excited as a child. "Look who just came in." She ogled the stars like a kid at her first circus. She still carries her now-famous autograph book. It was a charming sight to see surprised stars, in turn delighted to meet Miss Simmons, appending their signatures to her autograph book.

Now is the time to go into the paradoxical personality of Jean. Signing her book, those stars were well aware of her stature as an actress. They knew that she came to the States in 1950 with four international awards and the title of Britain's most popular star tucked in her hot little hand. They also knew that at eighteen she had rocked Shakespeare lovers and others alike with the greatest interpretation of *Ophelia* in "Hamlet" to date. Before she was twenty-one, she had handled both Shakespeare and Shaw brilliantly and carved her own special niche in the annals of theatre. How to reconcile this admiring pixie and mature actress?"

The paradox is simply explained. The minute Jean steps before the camera she becomes the mature actress of the other oil portrait. Two loves has Jean. Her husband, Jimmy, and acting. When working on a picture, she lives, eats and breathes her profession. She knows her craft, loves it and is a willing slave to it. She has

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that intangible but all-important ability to become the character she portrays. She can, according to the need, be queenlike, alluring, insane, speechless or distraught. Her face and figure can report with startling realism the mood of any script. While on-camera she is a breathtakingly different woman. When off-camera, her inner excitement and enthusiasm is contagious. She loved working on "Guys and Dolls."

"I just can't wait," she exclaimed while making the picture. "I come down to the studio even when I'm not working just to be a part of it. I haven't felt this wonderful spirit on a picture since 'The Actress' and before that, 'Hamlet.' It keeps you keyed up all the time. With Joe Mankiewicz directing and Mike Kidd on choreography and Harry Stradling on camera, plus Frank (Sinatra), Marlon (Brando), Vivian (Blaine) and Sheldon (Leonard), and all those crazy, wonderful Guys wid de Brooklyn accents every day is a riot."

"I play Sarah, the Salvation Army lass, in this," she continued. "And I'm singing my own numbers. I sang when I was sixteen and they suggested I work on my dramatic acting. But Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn and Frank Loesser were auditioning six girls to find one that would match my voice for dubbing. So I had to sing a little to show the girls. Frank and the Goldwyns looked at each other and decided I could do the singing myself! I was thrilled—and scared at the same time. I wake up in the middle of the night singing those songs. But I guess I'm doing all right."

Later, the casual phrases "I wake up at night singing" and "I guess I'm doing all right" took on their real meaning. She stood nervously in front of the mike in the rehearsal hall. Drying her moist palms on the legs of her blue jeans over and over, while she waited for her cue. On cue, she closed her eyes and put her whole being into singing the song, "I'll Know." A surprisingly good, sweet voice put new meaning into the lyrics known throughout the nation. Jean, the actress, was completely absorbed in the moment. Listening to the play back, she became very quiet and deeply distressed; she had goofed on one note. She had not done it exactly right. There was no doubt that the Hollywood hills would ring with "I'll Know" that night.

And the Hollywood hills would be lonely that night. For Jimmy (Stewart Granger) was still in Pakistan making "Bhowani Junction." Home without Jimmy is intolerable for Jean. They love their home because it means togetherness. When one is gone, it becomes a house—a dead thing. If it weren't for the dogs and cat, Jean would go out even more than she does when Jimmy's away. But the two poodles, Young Bess and Old Beau, and the dog-dog, Me, Too, plus the Siamese cat, Tracybert, give her a reason to at least check in and love them. She climbs into her Jaguar (soon to give place to a Mercedes-Benz sports car) and pops off to the Bert Allenbergs or Liz and Mike Wilding, or goes dancing with a friend of both Jimmy and herself. A columnist reported during this period, "Jean Simmons seen having dinner quite openly with a top star." Which, leave us face it, is quite the nicest day to have dinner—with a top star.


The last time Jimmy went away on a picture, Jean lost ten pounds because she hates to cook. So now they have a staff and Jean eats regularly. But on the staff's night off, Vivienne and Jo take turns coming up to stay with Jean. It is a lonely hilltop.

When Jimmy is home, all is different. Home is a place to rush back to. Jean feels she is a very lucky woman. Most men

would swear that Jimmy was a very lucky man. For she has that magnificent quality of understanding that most men devoutly hope for in a wife—and quite often don't find. Jean's sensitivity to others starts with Jimmy. She matches his mood. She knows when to be helpful, when to be silent. She just knows plain when and what to do with Jimmy. She knows (and much to his embarrassment the public is finding out) that his bark is much worse than his bite. That when he stands strong and forceful against or for something, it is because of his deeply imbedded old-fashioned principles. She understands his impulsive, generous nature that makes him a sucker and a softie on many occasions. The things he does for others he wants kept quiet. His embarrassment will be acute when he reads in print of his steady habit of sending boys fresh out of the service to his own tailor and picking up the check.

"Woman," he roared at his other half, "you've got to train that cat. It's sitting here on the coffee table eating the fern."

"Yes, sir," answered his dutiful wife and promptly swept Tracybert to the floor. Five minutes later the cat was solemnly munching fern on the table. The master rose in wrath. "You've got to show 'em who's boss." Whereupon he grabbed the hapless cat, drew back his hand ferociously and tapped it gently on the bot-



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tom and took it in the living room. He did not look at his wife who had watched his demonstration of mastery with innocent eyes. Ten minutes later the Grangers were forced to change their positions on the divan. It was difficult for them to continue watching television with the cat and the fern in the middle of the coffee table.

Many writers and commentators have created confusion about the Grangers' marriage by constant speculation as to why it lasts. At first, the Grangers were incensed, then hurt—now resigned. The basic elements of their marriage are solid. First, they love each other, which is usually considered fairly important. Second, their personalities blend beautifully. Third, their senses of humor match. Fourth, although not running true to form for the so-called average marriage, they give to each other exactly what each needs.

Perhaps Jean's innate sense of happiness comes from the simple fact that she loves and is loved. She is cared for, thought about and planned for, and every woman blossoms under that kind of treatment. She is almost apologetic about the many things Jimmy does that she feels should be her duties. Yet, he does them better and they both like it that way. He decorated their beautiful home. "I suppose I would buy new drapes," Jean said doubtfully, "if these fell off the wall." He used to do all the cooking; now he cooks when the staff is out. "I can," she said

hesitantly, "cook the dog food and cut up the cat's liver . . . I mean the liver for the cat. I tried to cook for Jimmy once and he suggested I concentrate on my acting. He plans the food and manages the house completely. I sign checks when he's away," she points out hopefully. "Everything about the house is so well organized that I become completely lazy when I'm not working. If someone doesn't wake me up, I'd sleep forever. There's just nothing for me to do about the house."

Jimmy seems perfectly content to have the balance of choice and decision in his hands. They have explored and tested their individual abilities and are delighted with the outcome. Jean is free to remain a happy sprite filling her home with warmth and laughter. That's the way Jimmy likes it. Even when she has a desire to be sophisticated and elegant, Jean can't keep it up for long. Dressed to the teeth and feeling très gay, she will invariably trip over something and collapse in hilarity. She never looks where she's going, which makes it tough on sophistication. She also has the inelegant habit of kicking off her shoes anywhere, any time.

An endearing quality, which all men adore, is her pleasure in listening to Jimmy. "My idea of a heavenly evening," she will say dreamily, "is to have Jimmy broil huge steaks for Spencer Tracy and the two of us. After stuffing ourselves on his good cooking, I curl up in front of the fire and listen to man talk. They fight a good fight. It's fascinating to listen to two intelligent men argue the world apart. And one automatically takes the other side, so it's always a good scrap."

On the other hand, she is a lively and captivating hostess when they have a group in. They seldom invite more than ten good friends. Whether a barbecue, swimming party or sit-down dinner, Jimmy does the behind-the-scenes planning and Jean stimulates the party. Be it at home, an elegant party or a baseball game, Jean has a wonderful time wherever she goes. She is now an avid baseball fan. "Three Americans tried to explain baseball to me at my first game. Finally, Jimmy explained it completely in five minutes. I've loved it ever since. We went to a party Laraine and Leo Durocher gave for the team before the Cleveland game this spring. Dusty Rhodes was the life of the party and the party went on and on and on. So the next day, when Leo put Dusty in to pinch hit, everybody who'd been with him the night before groaned. Did we feel silly? He hit a home run!"

"See this gun?" she said with a sudden switch of interest. "It's the twenty-two I practice with every Sunday. I sent Jimmy my target card yesterday, seven bull's-eyes and three very near misses out of ten shots. Not bad, huh? The next time Jimmy and Colonel Dean Drummond, the white hunter, plan an African safari this child will be ready to join them!"

"I wonder," she speculated in another quicksilver change of thought, "what Jimmy will bring me this time." His surprise packages on his return home from picture locations throughout the world have been memorable moments of tenderness and affection. On one trip to England, he had copies of the only remaining picture of her father made up in every size. Jimmy knew that Jean had adored her father. He died two months before her initial success in "Great Expectations." "If only Father could have been here," she said wistfully at the first showing of the picture. There is still a touch of pain in her when she brings out his picture and proudly shows it to friends.

Another surprise package was Me, Too. Jimmy carried him across a continent in the pocket of his great coat to hand to Jean. Jimmy's usual attitude of "if you can't housebreak 'em, rub their noses in it" took a nose dive with Me, Too. He followed the tiny puppy around the house like a doting father, remonstrating gently and clucking careful disapproval as he cleaned up the trail left by the untrained pooch. Jean followed these gyrations with amused maturity and wisdom.

For basically mature and highly intelligent, she is. But she has learned, or perhaps was born with an important ingredient for living. She accepts the pleasure of enjoying life—instead of probing it. She anticipates each day with a light heart. Yet she is fully aware of the pain, sorrow, unfulfilled needs and heartaches around her. She has experienced her own but keeps them carefully hidden within herself. Jean has by-passed the trap of letting maturity make her staid and sedate. Instead she holds maturity in abeyance for use when necessary and allows herself the joy of being herself. But people who would ruffle the tousled hair of this pint-size pixie in blue jeans as they would a charming youngster should think twice about the enigma they are talking to.

Jean was standing on the edge of their hill. The rifle in her hand lazily made a wide arc encompassing the whole of Beverly Hills, Hollywood and Los Angeles as her target. "It used to be that Jimmy and I would end up on a farm in Africa. Then it was Spain. Then Italy—then Spain again. Now it's Switzerland." Jean's hazel eyes suddenly brightened with a mingling of mischief and maturity, "It could be that we'll end up right here. It could be," she repeated as a dawning pleasure at the possibility struck her. "Right here we've got everything we need to be happy."

The dogs and the cat bounded around the house and slid pell-mell into her open arms. She stood with a dog and a cat on either arm, staring down at the town she had learned to love. The only thing she lacked was Jimmy and he'd be home soon. Looking the picture of content, she nonetheless had the rifle close by—and she would continue practicing. It just might be that an African safari was in the offing. She would be ready.

High on that Hollywood hill in the rambling home are two oil portraits. They hang side by side and are of the same person—and yet they are of two people. For one is a mature, sophisticated actress and the other a tousle-haired leprechaun leaping wholeheartedly into all of life. Both portraits are of Jean Simmons and both are true.

THE END

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Greg Peck: Saint or Sinner?

(Continued from page 70)

who stimulated and excited his imagination. His Actors' Theatre at La Jolla was another absorbing passion. He devoured his first trip to Europe like an overawed little boy let loose in a candy shop. As he developed as an actor, he grew as a person, emotionally and intellectually. Greta, through no fault of her own, didn't grow in the same direction with him, so they grew apart. Greta was aware of the fact that she might be losing Greg, but not knowing why, she blamed it on other women. And then, she tolled her own death knell to her marriage when, in a huff, she packed herself and her three children and returned to Hollywood, leaving Greg alone in Europe for two years. It was a fatal mistake.

Greg still loved Greta as part of the life they had shared together for so long and because of the wonderful job she had done in raising their three sons. He didn't want his marriage to break up, for all their sakes. But when he flew back to California last summer, just before leaving for location on "Moby Dick," whatever was said between him and Greta on that visit, he returned to London with the knowledge that a divorce was inevitable. To Greta's tremendous credit, she maintained a dignified silence all during the trying time of their separation when she was constantly being bombarded by the press for her version of the split-up.

Greta filed suit in California on grounds of mental cruelty. She won custody of Jonathan, Stephen and Carey, with Greg allowed visiting privileges whenever he wanted to see them. She was also given their lovely house in Pacific Palisades and a settlement for herself and the boys. Greg is now living in bachelor digs in a small rented home not too far away, but come December when his divorce becomes final, it is generally assumed that he will marry Veronique Passani, his constant companion for the past year. Like the plot of a Hollywood movie, Mlle. Passani, a reporter on *Le Soir*, was assigned to interview him. It was Paris in the spring—the perfect setting for l'amour.

Greg brought Veronique to have cocktails with me when she arrived here on her first visit a few months ago. When I expressed amazement at her fluent English, she told me that she was educated at Marymount in Neuilly. She also explained the lack of her expected French accent. She isn't French. Her mother is Russian; her father, Italian. "Veronique had noth-

ing whatsoever to do with the breakup of my marriage," Greg told me, with quiet firmness. "Nor could our romance ever be termed a public escapade." Greg didn't have to convince me of this fact. I knew how he hated the glare of the spotlight on his personal life. I also knew that he would never do anything to offend the dignity of his ex-wife or future bride.

It was quite obvious, seeing Greg and Veronique together, that, besides the chemical spark that ignited their romance, Veronique has given Greg the warm rapport of mutual interests he needed. Veronique, being European, hasn't the American woman's desire to compete with her man. She is perfectly content for him to be her lord and master. She is also smart enough to realize that she will have to share Greg's love with eleven-year-old Jonathan, almost-nine Stephen and six-year-old Carey. Having been separated from them these past two years (although Jonathan flew to Paris alone and joined him in Switzerland for a skiing holiday), Greg now wants to be with them as much as possible. His one concern is that they not feel they are victims of a broken home. He is a doting father, but not the usual indulgent one like most self-made men who want their children to have everything they missed as youngsters. On one of his New York visits, I went on a shopping expedition with Greg to buy gifts for the boys. There was no extravagant ransacking of FAO Schwartz's toy department. He knew what they would like, so he gave his order.

Carey used to go to a private school in Beverly Hills, but Greg ended that when one day he brought home his report card. Among his marks was a "C" for Hopping. "What does 'C' for Hopping mean?" Greg asked in puzzlement. "It means I hop on the wrong foot!" was Carey's solemn answer. Greg was equally solemn when he said, "When the time comes that my son has to go to a private school to learn how to hop, it's time he went to a public school!" And he does.

Greg lives by his own standards of right and wrong. He's a right guy, all the way through, because there isn't a phony characteristic in his whole make-up. He doesn't surround himself with a coterie of yes men, buffers and hangers-on. If you call him, you don't have to wade through a whole staff before you reach him. He always picks up the receiver himself to home calls. And if he says, "I'll call you tomorrow at ten," you can be sure he will.

He doesn't assume the kind of false modesty of so many stars, who insist they hate being recognized in public but always go to the places where they are sure to be seen. Nor does he wear dark glasses in church, because, as Fred Allen says, he's afraid "God may ask for his autograph." In New York, he usually avoids the popular haunts like "21," El Morocco, The Colony and Sardi's. "Let's go to Mann Wolf's and have a good steak," he suggested on our last luncheon date. His is a genuine modesty and a sincere desire to close the door on himself as an actor when he leaves the studio and open it to a self-effacing fellow, who squirms uncomfortably in a goldfish-bowl existence.

As *Captain Ahab*, the scarred commander of the whaling ship "Pequod," Greg has robbed himself of every vestige of glamour boy. Besides his whalebone leg, his handsome face is disfigured by a deep, livid scar and a wild, spray-soaked beard. During my visit in Youghal, I watched him in the make-up department, where he insisted there was to be no concession to the usual movie standards of realism. He went through several exhaustive, painful tests before he was satisfied that he was the *Captain Ahab* familiar to every reader of this Herman Melville classic.

In playing the role for six continuing, grueling months on location in Ireland, Wales and the Canary Islands (in addition to interiors at the Associated British Studios in Elstree), Greg didn't spare himself either. With most of the action aboard the "Pequod" or in open boats, or astride *Moby Dick* in a rough sea, he never once used a stunt-man. When he was congratulated for his courage beyond the call of duty, his modest answer was "Stunt-men are married and have families too. And they don't earn my salary!"

To director John Huston, Greg is cut from the same mold as his beloved father, Walter. "He's the most patient, cooperative, understanding, kindest guy I've ever directed," John told me. "A great human being—and a great actor. Everything I put into 'Moby Dick' shows up there on the screen. It's a performance that will live forever."

Of course, Greg is equally as enthusiastic about Huston and "Moby Dick" as his favorite of the twenty-two pictures he has made since 1943. Runners-up are "Twelve O'Clock High," "Night People" and "Roman Holiday."

Although he now commands one of the top salaries in Hollywood, Greg is a long way from being "A Man with a Million" (an English picture he did, incidentally, and did not like). "Roman Holiday," made on a percentage basis, has been a big money-maker, but since Greg didn't collect his share until this year, half of it belongs to Greta, according to California community property laws. Uncle Sam gets a sizable hunk, too. Add to this another subtraction for Greta's divorce settlement: the support of three growing boys, the maintenance of two homes, large commissions to his agents and all the other expenses of a top-ranking movie star, and there's not too much in the bank account.

Greg's next picture will be in Hollywood but at this writing he is still poring over scripts trying to find the right one. It isn't easy, especially since "Moby Dick" makes every other script suffer by comparison. Jerry Wald would have liked him to play Eddy Duchin in the screen biography of a pianist he never knew ("When Duchin was playing at the Casino in-the-Park and at the Plaza I couldn't have afforded a cup of coffee in those class joints!" confessed Greg.) There

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nuch more chance he'll check back to 20th o be a war hero again for Darryl Zanuck. n the meantime, Greg is still anticipating he day when he will return to his first ove—the theatre. His great friend, Ray-nond Massey, suggested a revival of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" as a perfect vehicle or him, but Greg, with characteristic modesty, told Ray, "With the memory of our magnificent performance, no one can ver shine in your reflected glory."

There is a revival, however, that he would like to do—Elmer Rice's "Coun-ellor-at-Law." "Paul Muni played it in he original production, back in '31, but it sn't a part that is identified with him in he same way that Lincoln is with Massey. t's dated here and there, of course, but after twenty-four years, it still holds up as a strong drama. If, and when, I do this lay, or any play, I promise you one thing. 'll just do it without a lot of premature nnouncements. I want the show to be he main event—not a ballyhooed trailer!"

Greg has another ambition in the not-oo-distant future—and that is, to make a ilm in Spain. He visited Madrid for the irst time on his way back from the Canary slands, and fell in love with it. He wants o go back and spend at least a week in he Prado museum. Greg, be it said, is he actor who knows that Rubens is an rtist, not a New York restaurant!

But now, after three years, the traveler as returned home, and he is content to bury his roots in Hollywood for a while. Because, make no mistake about it, Holly-wood is where his first loyalty lies.

The only time I've ever seen Greg really angry was defending Hollywood against a venomous attack by someone who had never been there. The incident took place n London, when Greg and I were both over there for the Coronation. We were lining together at the Caprice, when a note was sent over inviting Greg and my-elf to stop by the writer's flat for a nightcap after dinner. Greg recognized the name of the sender as the wife of an Englishman, and although he had never met her, he remembered her husband and liked him. We were both exhausted by all the Coronation activities and didn't particularly want another late evening, but Greg, with his never-failing courtesy, didn't want to offend "Mrs. X," so we went. There was another guest present—a young, untidy-looking man, who made no pretense of his obvious resentment against a handsome, successful American movie star. He immediately launched into an unprovoked diatribe against Hollywood, joined in by our hostess. Ordinarily, Greg, because he was in a complete stranger's home, accepting her alleged hospitality, might have changed the subject. But this blast against Hollywood was like raising a red flag in front of a bull. This was the town that had given him his place in the sun. He was part of an industry he both respected and loved. Great creative artists have been nurtured by that industry. Their footprints aren't left only in Grauman's Chinese but in the pages of history. Most of them are hard-working, self-made, warmhearted and generous.

Greg made all these points, but he never lost his temper as he quietly but fiercely defended Hollywood from these self-appointed, bigoted accusers. When he'd had his say, we left. In the lift down, Greg turned to me and asked in amazement, "Imagine inviting anyone to your home just to insult him!"

Just having Greg Peck in your home is a privilege for anyone, here or abroad—not because he's a handsome movie star, but because all 6 feet 2½ inches of him is every inch a gentleman!

THE END



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a *Fresh* girl is always lovely to love

(Continued from page 39)

outgrown their "aerie." Dan, who loves making movies in Hollywood, hopes to make "just one more" in England. He has good reason, too. The O'Herlihy kiddies have two sets of grandparents in Ireland who have never seen them! . . . Newcomer Shirley MacLaine (watch for her in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Trouble with Harry") and actor-director Steve Parker fell in love with their house in Malibu, so now they're trying to buy it. While Steve's converting a store building into the beach colony's first legitimate theatre, Shirley's praying boss-man Hal Wallis will permit her to guest-star. New York's loss is Hollywood's gain in this setup!

Life Begins: On location in Salina, Kansas, for "Picnic," disappointed William Holden couldn't be there when daughter Virginia graduated from high school. But he sent her gifts, called her long distance and gave her a supper party in the private dining room at Chasen's. Virginia was just a tiny tot when Bill married her mother, Brenda Marshall. Today, many of their friends think the poised, lovely Virginia resembles a young Ingrid Bergman in appearance. She took Bill's name and their tender relationship has always been very precious to him. Enrolled in an Eastern finishing school, Virginia's attracting top fashion editors who want her to model for them. The proud parents are practically bustin' their buttons!

Old Love and New: Rock Hudson married? Could be! His neighbors report Phyllis Gates spends endless hours at the tall boy's hilltop hideaway and something or someone is keeping Rock out of circulation these days. U-I wants him to remain single, which could account for a secret marriage—if any! . . . "I'll never marry again," declared disheartened Joan Crawford five years ago. "Five thousand dollars says that you will!" exclaimed Sonja Henie, sitting nearby. So forty-seven-year-old Joan eloped recently with fifty-four-year-old Al Steele, president of a soft drink company. Wonder if Sonja's going to try to collect!

Facts and Figures: Between shots, making "Artists and Models," Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis amused VIP's. "The paper says that Marilyn Monroe's name is going to back a new bra," quipped Dean-o. "That should give the nation a lift," Jerry quickly cracked. And it was Jerry who walked in while C. B. DeMille was directing a scene for "The Ten Commandments."

Playing Rameses the Second, Yul Brynner's shaved head glistened under the bright lights. "I had the best crew cut on the lot until you came here," scolded Jerry. And then he stalked off the set again!

Wide Open Spaces: For his singing stint in Las Vegas, Jeff Chandler (he outdrew Liberace!) collected a cool \$100,000. The crowds went wild, but Jeff's biggest thrill was discovering Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Marge Chandler and their kiddies sitting out front at a ringside table . . . And Debbie Reynolds postponed her Las Vegas debut to accompany an entertainment troupe to army and navy hospital bases in Korea, Japan and Formosa.

Gifts for Girls: The day Elizabeth Taylor started "Giant," Michael Wilding filled her dressing room with bowls of giant (natch!) gardenias . . . And Stewart Granger was loaded down with magnificent saris for Jean Simmons when he flew back from India for an eight-day visit. Ironically, Jean only had one day off from "Guys and Dolls," and then she had to have laryngitis! . . . Doris Day making "The Man Who Knew too Much," in Marrakech, Morocco, practically went broke buying the country's fabulous filigree jewelry. She even bought Smudgie, her pet pooch, a Moroccan dog collar!

Little People: Suddenly stricken with severe pains, poor Pier Angeli was rushed back to the hospital. That fall in a plane endangered her expected baby, and when at last it's born, Pier and Vic Damone will have peace of mind again . . . On the happier side, when Guy Madison's little Bridget was christened, Rory Calhoun rushed home from his Mexican vacation to play godfather.

No Detours: Jane Russell doesn't push-around easily, but there's one gentleman (besides Bob Waterfield) who never has to argue with the bosomy brunette. "Bob Hope's the master," grins Jane, which is why she makes endless benefit appearances with him. Says Bob about Jane: "She's a great girl. She not only is beautiful and talented, but Jane has an hourglass figure and with her—every moment counts!"

Purely Play-tonic: Now that Tyrone Power settled a million buckeroos on Linda Christian, everyone wonders what will happen between her and Edmund Purdom. The truth is, he seems less fascinated with

the exotic lady. Before she left to make that foreign movie, they went to a Hollywood party and the entire room was aware of his indifference. It seems they had just returned from a short trip, and when reporters at the airport questioned Linda about her romance, she intoned, "We are just good friends and that's all there is to it." Edmund himself told the sardonic story at the dinner table, while Linda sat there and glowered!

Today in Hollywood: Now here's a switch Tab Hunter's praying that Warners will "fire" him like they did Dick Davalos! Because he felt time and talent was a-wasting, Dick asked for and got his release. Tab wants better roles, too, better than that bit he played in "The Sea Chase." His salary is small and independent producers keep offering him triple the amount. Naturally Tab would love to take advantage of the sizable sums . . . But over at M-G-M they're working out a new deal for hotter-than-hot Russ Tamblyn. However, now that his future is brighter than polished brass, the studio expects Russ to slick himself up when he appears in public. Dirty dungarees have to go—when stardom sets in!

What Price Glory: When Clark Gable returned from making "The Tall Men" in Durango, Mexico, he brought Kay Spreckels a gold monogrammed ring. Every local columnist insisted it was a wedding ring—but here's the inside story. The crew on the picture is crazy about Kay, so they pooled their cash and sent the ring to Kay via "The King." He did call the beautiful blond every day while he was away. An Kay's maid summed up the situation, saying: "That man better come home soon or he'll be too broke to marry you!"

Personal Press Agent: We've got new for handsome Jeff Richards! Any time super-cynic like Humphrey Bogart goes out of his way to praise another actor, he really has to rate it. When Jeff used to sail his sloop in Balboa Bay, he hung around the dock where Bogey keeps his big boat. They'd talk, and finally one day Jeff was asked if he'd like to "crew" on the Santana. "I liked this well-adjusted young fellow who minded his own business," says the inimitable Bogart. "I didn't know Jeff was an actor and he *didn't* tell me. As a rule I can spot 'em a mile away!"

Reverie: No role has touched Jane Wyman quite as much as her current one in "Miracle in the Rain." For eight consecutive nights they shot scenes from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m. in New York's beautiful St. Patrick's Cathedral. Jane, now a convert, will never forget the experience . . . An Ernest Borgnine always says prayers of thanks for Burt Lancaster's fabulous foresight. He was doomed to Hollywood typecasting, like his sadistic *Sergeant Fatso* in "From Here to Eternity." Then Burt recognized the sensitive side of Ernest's nature and put him into the now famous "Marty," and a great new star was born.

Land-Lovers: All that additional green stuff from Audie Murphy's new U-I contract goes right back into cattle grazing acreage in Texas. A fresh-off-the-range Audie is so thrilled with his first modern wardrobe in "World in His Arms," he bought every made-to-measure suit . . . With her own company on a cross-country singing tour, Judy Garland planned to make New York her permanent address. But the day before she left, the sentimental songstress took a final look at her

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beautiful Beverly Hills estate, fell in love with it all over again and promptly took it off the market!

Smelling Salts: Janie Powell was calm, cool and collected when she opened her act in Las Vegas. She was, that is, until she took one look at Pat Nerney's face. Then she began worrying about him—because he was worrying about her. She still stopped the show cold! . . . Poor Pat Crowley was appearing in a downtown musical the night sister Ann opened at the Hotel Statler. So she appealed to such friends in need as Lori Nelson, Tab Hunter, Barry Coe and Debra Paget. They sat at a ringside table and cheered talented Ann until grateful Pat dashed over after her performance.

Design for Living: One very busy day Ann Blyth had about thirty minutes to buy a new gown for a special party. So she dashed into Amelia Gray's smart dress salon on Wilshire Boulevard. Then it happened! "Oh Miss Blyth," exclaimed a lady customer who recognized the star, "I'm from Albia, Iowa, and if you'd pick out my dress, I could go back home and tell *everyone!*" Sweet Annie did just that—and didn't have time to buy one for herself!

Bits and Pieces: When handsome George Nader got that crew cut for "Away All Boats," a fan wrote in and asked: "What are you going to do with your *old hair?*" . . . You may watch for a big fat Farley Granger comeback now that he's finally bought up his contract (at a reported six figures) from producer Sam Goldwyn. It still had three years to run and Farl was determined to free lance—or else! . . . Little books of folding matches that disappear at every Hollywood party and restaurant go right into Joan Collins' handbag. 20th's bright new star collects them and sends them to her sister in England.

Collector's Item: Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer have taken a honeymoon villa in Rome for the duration of their co-starring stint in "War and Peace." So, in her spare time, Audrey searches for antiques. One day she found a rare Florentine picture frame and fell in love with it. The price was unusually high—for a very special reason. It held a picture of Bing Crosby and, to get the frame, Audrey had to buy Bing, too!

New Twos: Robert Wagner was lunching with a beautiful little blond in the 20th commissary, when Richard Egan and Bob Stack moved in on his table. "Men, I want you to meet Granny," flipped the wary one—and he never did divulge the young lady's name! This we know, they met in La Jolla when Bob was visiting his parents . . . And although they worked at the same time in the same studio in different pictures, Piper Laurie never met Gene Nelson until they played opposite each other in a New York tv show. They've been meeting regularly ever since! . . . The ex-Mrs. Johnnie Ray (Marilyn Morrison) visited James Dean daily in the "Rebel Without a Cause" set. A serious romance? "A welcome change of scenery from this gang of juvenile hoodlums," grins provocative James.

THE END

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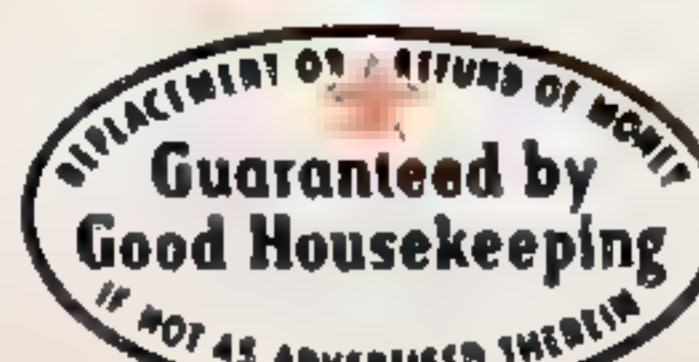
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Rock 'n' Roll Kid

(Continued from page 40)

escape from boredom and use his imagination.

At twenty, Russ was no longer climbing around rooftops but was leaping about movie sets. To avoid boredom he went into the movies, soon found the picture business a resourceful trade, as nonconventional a business as one could dream of. For instance, in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," Russ wore his hair a fiery red. In "Hit the Deck," it was dyed a dawn red. For "The Last Hunt," he was cast as an Indian and the Tamblyn brown natural locks turned auburn. Sometimes, he admits, orthodoxy might have some good points.

Beginning at the beginning, Russ is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tamblyn; he is one of three boys. The eldest is, at the moment, in Germany on a mission for the Mormon Church. Mission accomplished, he will return to his medical studies at Brigham Young University. Russ is the No. 2 son, and No. 3 is about to graduate from junior high school. According to Russ, his kid brother is by far the best-dressed local swain in his class because he has a totally communal view of possessions such as socks, sport shirts, ties and cuff links.

Not that much is said about Junior's sartorial raids; after all, Russ put the No. 1 brother through much the same peril of nudity on repeated occasions when both boys had dates and the first one out of the house was certain to be the most dazzling.

It is also clear from Russ' indulgent conversation that his younger brother puts the bite on Russ for various items of social equipment. Recently Russ invested in a massive signet ring in full knowledge and approval of the fact that the kid brother was going to confer this trinket on some doll of his choice. "All the girls wear those rings on chains around their necks," Russ has explained to elders whose questions suggested that they were slightly out of touch with real cool practice in the 8-A area. "That's why all girls are round-shouldered by the time they get to high school."

The family home, originally in Inglewood, a suburb to the south of Los Angeles, is now in North Hollywood, in San Fernando Valley. Russ spends the weekends with his family, but during the week he lives in an apartment near his studio.

Mrs. Tamblyn is an attractive woman and extremely young in appearance, a pair of facts proving the placidity of her nature and her reliance upon miracles to keep three sons un-humpty-dumptyed during childhood, adolescence, and the beginnings of maturity.

Probably she has never heard about—and just as well—the first handstand young Russ ever performed for cash. He was about eight at the time, and the money was \$1.35, which is important dough in third-grade circles.

It started after Russ watched a local husky doing handstands and asked how it was done. Brief instructions were vouchsafed; after a few tries Russ mastered the stunt and announced modestly, "I could do it on the top of a telephone pole."

"How much money says you can?" queried a natural-born bookmaker in the group.

Russ said he would bet a buck. Somebody covered him, and what with digging here and there in the bottom of marble sacks, forgotten pockets, and trash cans for empties worth two cents each, a pool was accumulated to the total of \$1.35.

Russ climbed a key pole equipped with metal rungs, carefully worked his way through the high voltage wires, attained the summit, did his handstand, and returned to earth without so much as scratching an elbow.

The elbow casualty was to come later—"the silliest thing that has ever happened to me," he began. Visiting a filling station where a pal was working, Russ vaulted an oil drum set on a cradle (the entire structure not over four feet high), he came down at an uncalculated angle, landed on his elbow and wound up in splints and sling.

According to Russ, the pain was secondary to the embarrassment.

In addition to boredom, he has had to do courageous battle with embarrassments, starting at age five.

Seems that he used to be a regular at Saturday matinees at the Granada Theatre in Inglewood. One afternoon when the show was slow in starting and tedium was tickling hundreds of juvenile spines, Russ climbed onto the stage and started performing acrobatic tricks and a couple of dance kicks. The kids loved it and his impromptu entertainment became a regular part of the Saturday matinees. When, one Saturday Russ had a cold and was kept (practically in a straight jacket) in bed and failed to show up, the kids set up such a commotion that the theatre owner had to throw in a noisy comedy while he telephoned Mrs. Tamblyn and suggested that Russ be kept out of the theatre from that time henceforward. His theory was that what he couldn't guarantee to provide on all occasions must be eliminated altogether so as to keep his building and fixtures intact.

Mr. Tamblyn was pleased to comply because he was opposed to his second son's inheritance of the Tamblyn theatrical bent. Both the Tamblyns had been in show business but had retired in hope of enjoying the life of ordinary folk.

Because the family felt sure Father Tamblyn would refuse to provide dancing lessons for his son. Russ lined up a newspaper route and earned his own instruction. There came an evening when Russ appeared in a dance recital given by his school. His parents were present (Mr. Tamblyn under orders of his wife) and Mrs. Tamblyn insists that, as the audience filed out, her husband stopped total strangers to announce that he was the father of that phenomenal dancer, Russ Tamblyn.

Gratifying, of course, but embarrassing to the dancer. After all, a father is supposed to expect his son to do well, having given the boy the advantage of a wonderful home life. This attitude will give you some idea of the admiration Russ

cherishes for his parents and their home.

A much later embarrassment also resulted from an accomplishment. Russ had paused in the office of a producer at M-G-M in order to worry the 88's a trifle. He has a natural aptitude for music, learned piano with the ease with which he had learned to breathe.

He was thumping away along Chopin lines when a man entered. Russ arose and excused himself for trespassing, but the man told him to sit down and go on with his playing. "I'm here to keep an appointment. Why don't you continue playing? What was that you were playing?"

"Oh, something I've been working on. Nothing formal—just messing."

The kindly spectator wanted to know how long Russ had studied, and Russ admitted that he played mainly by ear, had not been trained. Then he asked his new friend if he played.

"A little," was the deprecating answer.

Russ suggested that his fellow musician take over the keyboard.

"Oh no. You play."

By this time Russ was out of the notion, so he permitted himself a small shrug which indicated that a certain professional *noblesse oblige* required that since the stranger had listened to the Tamblyn arpeggios, it was only fair exchange for Russ to lend an ear.

So the quiet type seated himself at the piano and launched into a piece of music so complicated that it sounded to Russ like the entire Philadelphia Symphony winding up something Wagnerian.

Russ thought, Yeah, this guy plays a little piano. He really does.

The man was Andre Previn. Russ has long collected his recordings and is an avid fan.

But Russ accepted this minor fracture of his dignity with good grace.

One of Russ' great interests is food! His recipe for Sunday morning breakfast goes like this: break six eggs into a bowl, add a can of flaked tuna, a chopped up hot dog or two, a handful of mixed salted nuts, a dash of celery salt, dash of Accent, dash of mustard, mix well, pour into an omelette pan and simmer until solid.

One evening Russ whizzed into a drive-in and ordered scrambled eggs with a scoop of vanilla ice cream on top. The waitress wanted to know, with a leer, whether he would care for chopped nuts or fruit on the ice cream.

Shocked, Russ explained, "Gosh, no. Catsup goes on top."

His salads start with A for anchovies and end with Z for zwieback soaked in garlic and oil. Between, you are likely to find everything from G for gardenia petals to M for marshmallows soaked in garlic vinegar.

For luncheon at the M-G-M commissary, however, he has a New York steak, an order of French fries, a glass of milk and a scoop of pineapple sherbet. In that general order. He doesn't seem bored by it.

To date his love life has been marked by a sort of dot-and-dash unpredictability. Take, for instance, *l'affaire Elaine* (naturally a pseudonym). She was two years older than Russ at the time, and Russ was fascinated by the obvious sophistication, wisdom and chic of an Older Woman. He gave her his school ring and her fair neck drooped like the stem of a golden dahlia because of the weight danging from her chain. They discussed life and what it was all about, and one of the worst days of his life came to Russ when Elaine broke the news that her



Color portraits of Shirley MacLaine, John Derek, Dan O'Herlihy, Julie Adams and Ray Danton, Marla English by Avery; Bob Francis and May Wynn by Trindle; Russ Tamblyn by Apger; Rock Hudson by Avery; Marilyn Monroe by Kornman; Sheree North by Powolny; Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain in "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" by United Artists; Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger by Stern, Carpenter.

family was moving to another section of the Los Angeles area, about twenty miles away.

"Distance will make no real difference," Russ thinks he said. At any rate he was convinced that he would be able to have a date with Elaine every Saturday and Sunday; they were going steady.

Well, the first weekend he managed it. And the second. Between times he kept the telephone lines busy and his family exasperated. Came the third weekend and he called to set up time and the movie of Elaine's choice.

"I don't think you'd better come down tonight," she said. "You see, I have something to tell you."

Stunned by this example of feminine logic, Russ wanted to know whether he had hurt her feelings, whether he had said something amiss.

"It isn't any of those things," she said, quick to reassure him. "It's just that I was married a few days ago."

The next day she returned his school ring, officially ending their engagement.

His luck with automobiles has been almost as disturbing. Several years ago Russ owned a form of hybrid transportation. This gocart was known favorably in the Tamblin neighborhood as a Russillac, although General Motors was no more than an indulgent uncle of the vehicle.

In any case, Russ invested his time, money, mechanical resourcefulness and esthetic emotions in the venture. One day soon after he fixed it up, Russ was driving southward at a happy clip, the wind roaring through his hair, the radio blaring, the surf from the neighboring ocean crashing on the rocks. He thought he detected a small mechanical knock and reduced speed and lowered the radio volume. Passing motorists were giving him a wide berth, their eyes bugged out, their ears visibly stiffened.

Russ had just slowed to a bewildered stop when a detonation within the motor sent a bolt through the hood. He discovered afterward that a piston had exploded, blowing a hole in the block, perforating the radiator, cutting the camshaft in half and fouling the spark plugs. The mechanic summoned from a nearby garage shook an astounded head and admitted that he had never seen anything like it. The engine could be repaired for \$165, he said or a new engine could be installed for \$200.

Every thirty-five bucks counts in this world, so Russ said, "Repair it," and hit the highway with his thumb. He had a date in La Jolla and he wanted to keep it if humanly possible. Naturally, it started to rain at this low point, so some time passed before Russ could get a lift. He reached La Jolla so late that he could only telephone his date and apologize for missing the evening, while making arrangements to see her the next day. He hit the sack for a few hours (oversleeping), was late to his date, mournfully hitched back to the town in which his car was under surgery, learned that it wouldn't be ready for a week, then telephoned his family please to come rescue him.

He sold the car a week later, roughly for the price of repairs. Nowadays he drives a standard model in which he has invested only money—no dreams.

His dreams these days concern his career, and are shared by studio officials who are inclined to sing in their sleep.

"The Last Hunt" is his seventeenth picture, but if he hadn't become an actor, want to know what he would have been—he hopes?

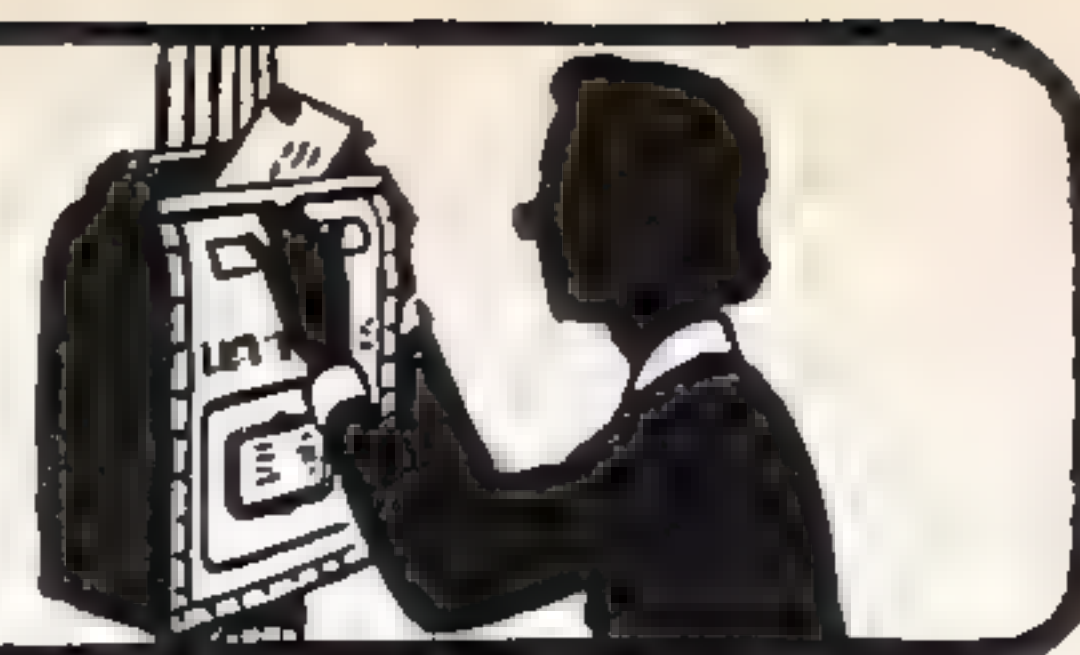
A bullfighter.

THE END



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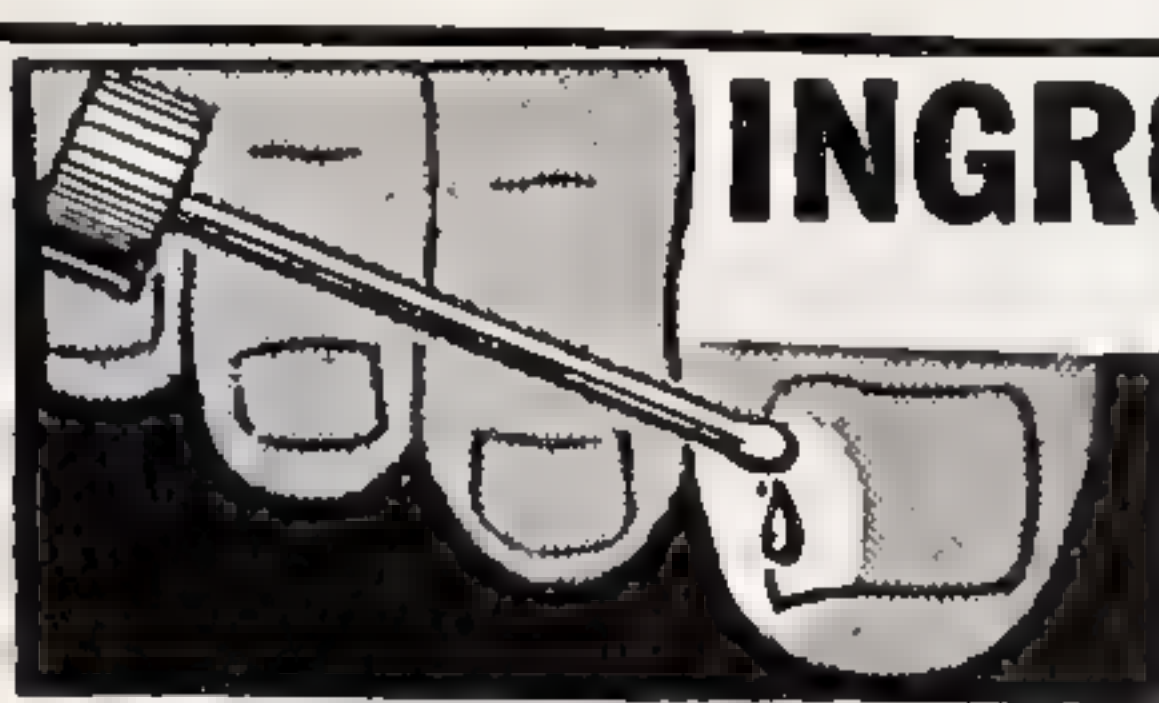
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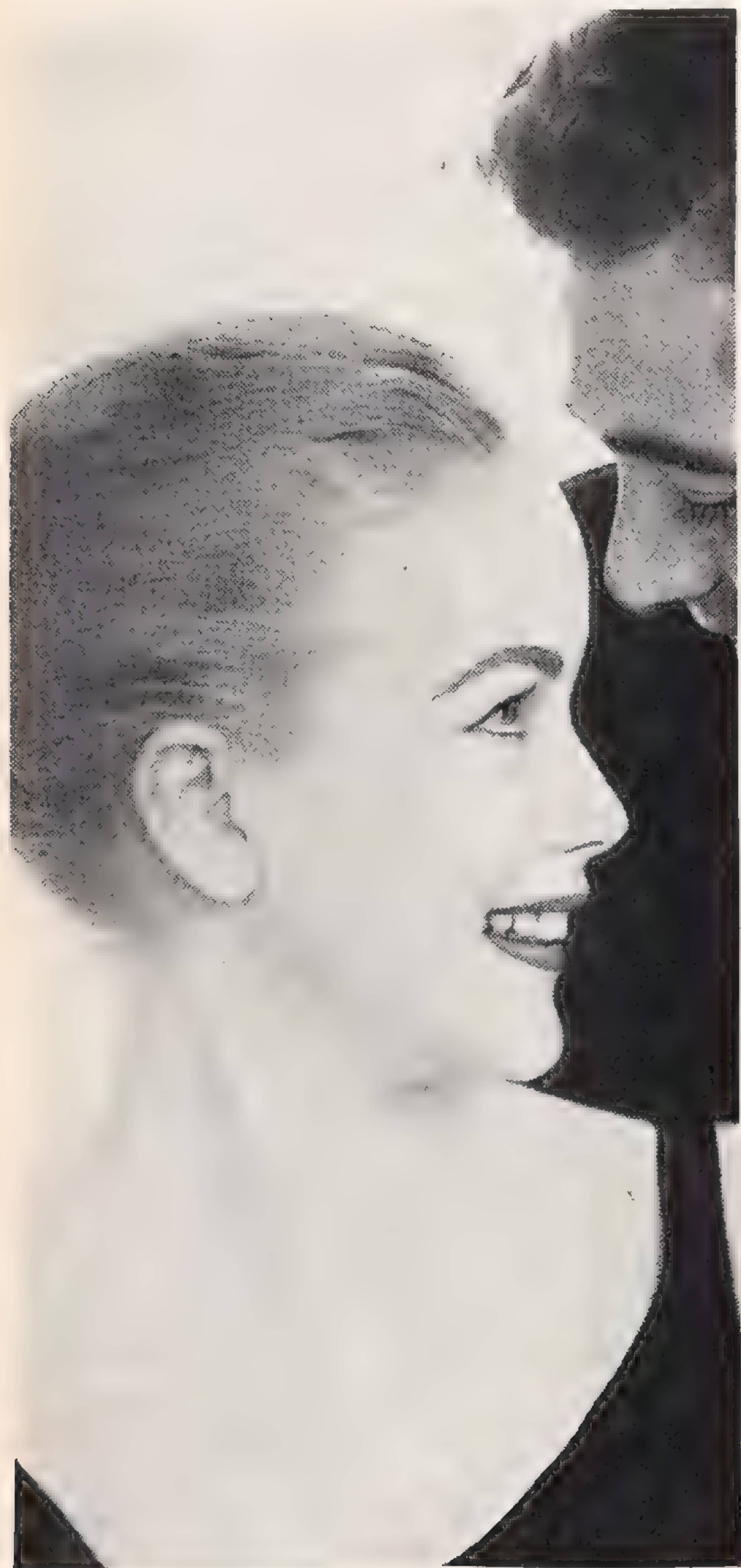
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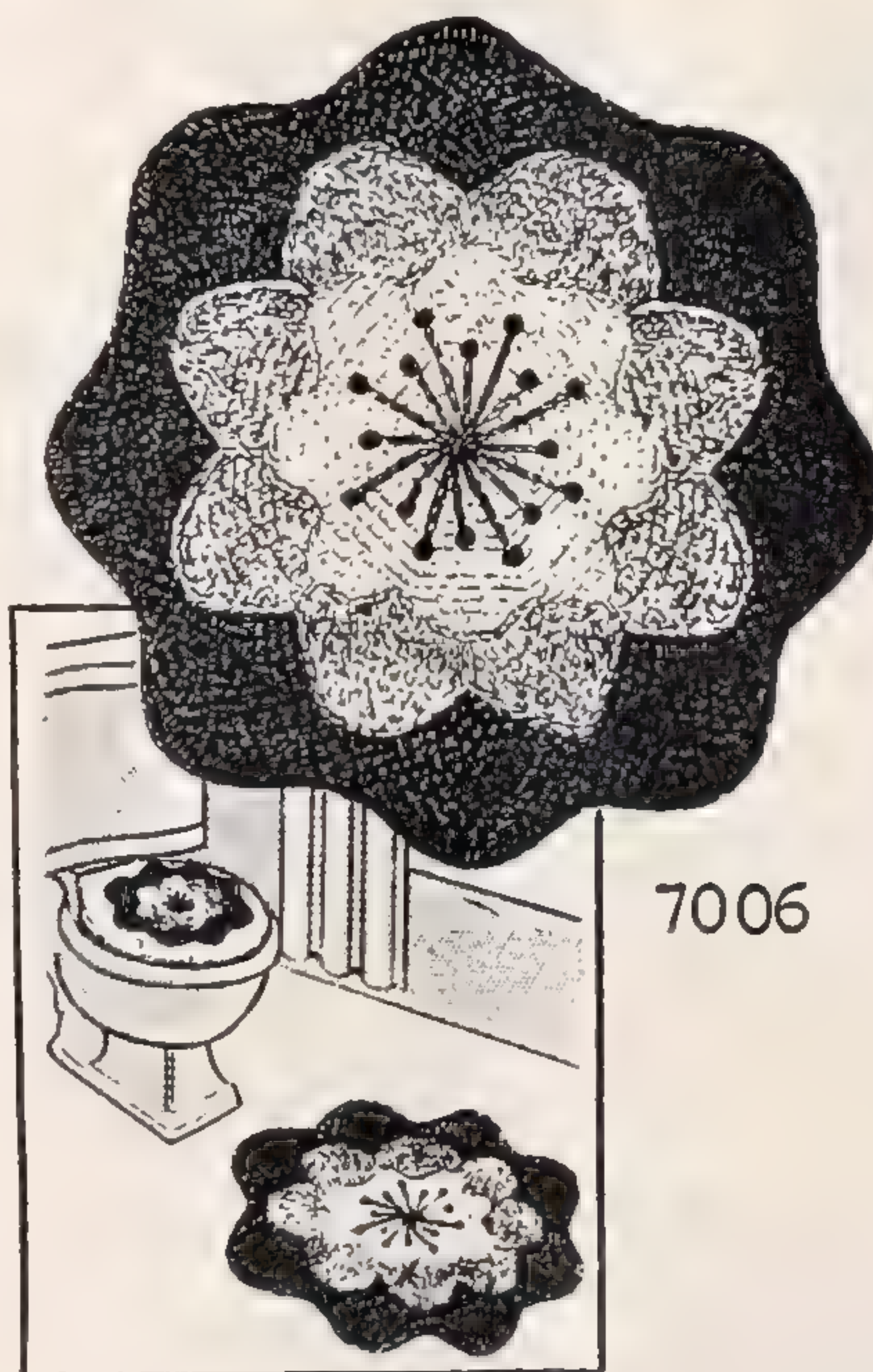
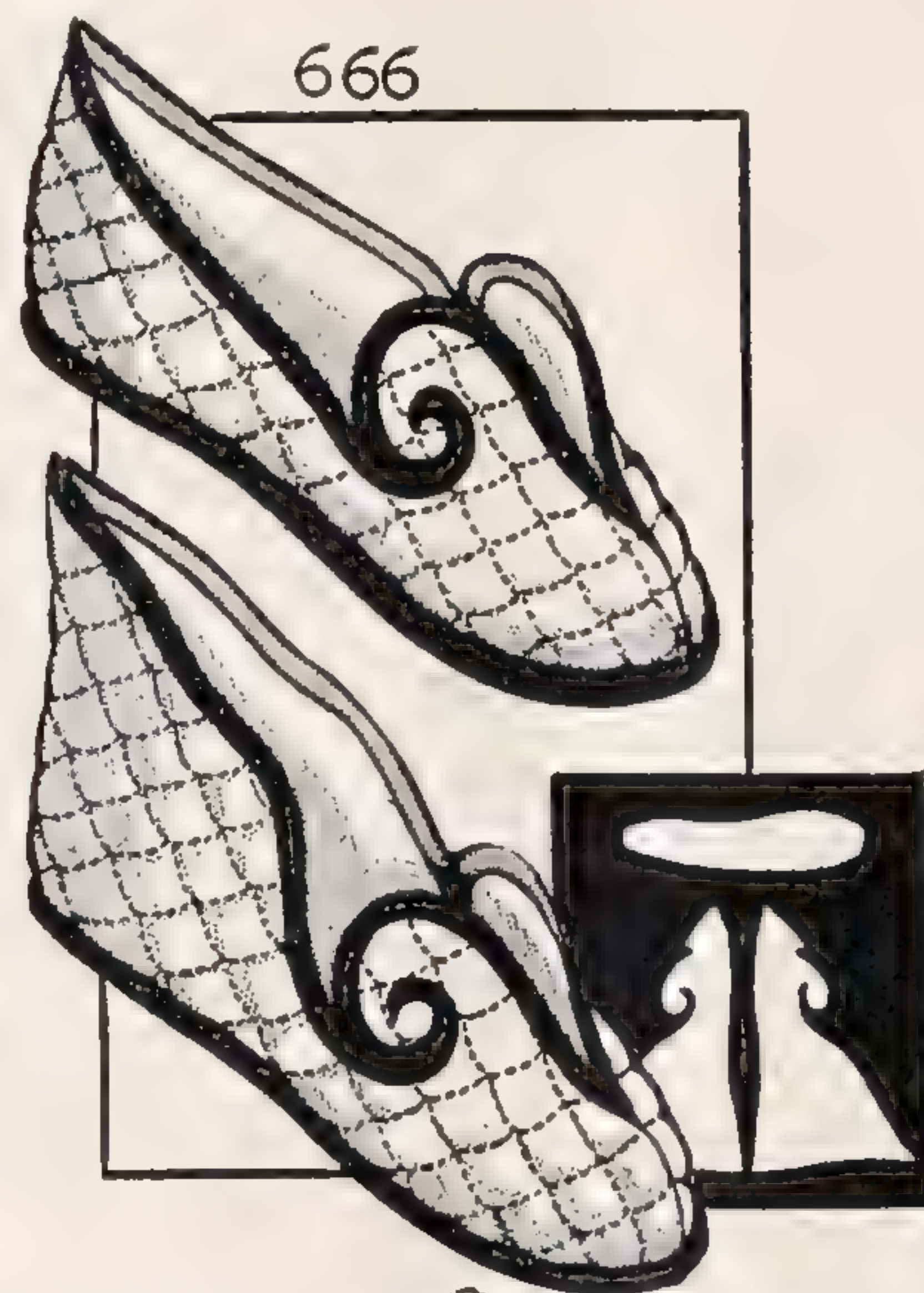
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The Big Split-up

(Continued from page 34)

when a restless Jerry lay there counting the hours. Dean would pop by with a bit like throwing his laundry on the bed and saying, "Have it back by Friday—no starch."

And the show's gone on—when there've been personal difficulties.

When Jerry's pattern for living, for surrounding himself with crowds that constantly cluttered up their home got too much for Patti the past year, she told Jerry sadly one day she just couldn't go on. Patti knows now she couldn't have gone through with it. As she's said, "This is it—I know." But that day their marriage seemed over for her. She felt she had to talk it over with somebody. Somebody close to them, who'd known them through the years. With Jerry's knowledge, she decided to talk it over with Dean. She called Dean and they met at the Rivera Club one afternoon. She told him she was unhappy and why, explaining she just couldn't seem to get through to Jerry anymore and there were too many people always around, in-between. Dean talked to Jerry and he got through. He pulled no punches and helped straighten out their marriage. And Jerry was grateful. "Honey—I've just never realized. Dean's so smart."

And there's the charity benefit recently, when Jerry swallowed anger and resentment to help Dean with the show. It was a benefit put on by Share, Inc., a club of movie wives, for an exceptional children's fund. Dean's wife, Jeannie, is very active in the club and Dean was emceeing the show. Because the team's ex-manager, who'd once sued them and with whom Jerry has a long-standing personal grievance, would be there, Jerry decided not to go. That Dean still associates with the manager has been a sore point with Jerry and still is. But at the last moment, when Dean was on-stage emceeing, Jerry walked in. And again—the show went on.

The show went on—at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas—a few months ago when Jerry's cousin, Judy, the nearest thing to a sister to him, was murdered by some muggs. When Dean and Jerry played the Copa shortly before, Judy had been ring-side, grew misty-eyed over their soft-shoe "Every Street's a Boulevard." Just two weeks before, Jerry and Patti had visited her in New Jersey. For hours after getting the news, Jerry was in a state of shock. Then he got out some pictures he'd just made of her and began to cry.

The crowd in the Sands' lush Copa Room will never know what a show Martin and Lewis gave that night. For those close to them, it's one always to remember. How they heckled and badgered and gagged through their "lunatic and lover" routines. And how Dean, ever watching Jerry, moved in close when they started the soft-shoe on "Every Street's a Boulevard."

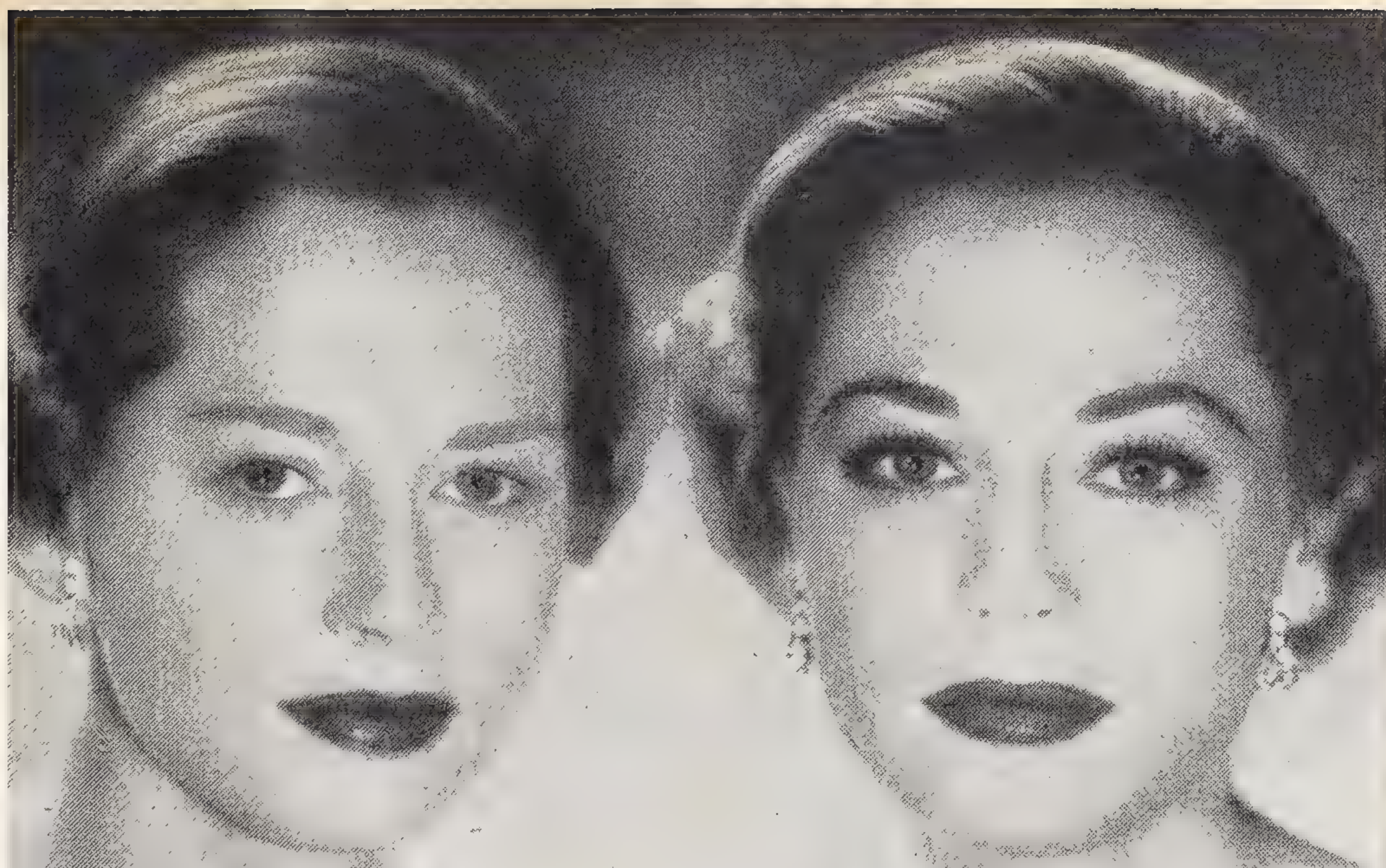
They have three more years' dates at the Sands, too.

In spite of commentators' flashes that the two are talking about going out on their own, their show may go on and on.

It will go on—for seven more years anyway. "This is no split-up. People have gotten the wrong idea," Dean says seriously now. "There's no possibility of us splitting up now. I have seven more years at Paramount. We'll do the Colgate Television show this year. And the next—I'll have a little singin' show of my own on NBC. We have commitments and I'm going to fill them. I have to—and I want to."

There's a matter of money. But for Martin and Lewis there's also a matter of heart. Miles and miles and miles of heart.

THE END

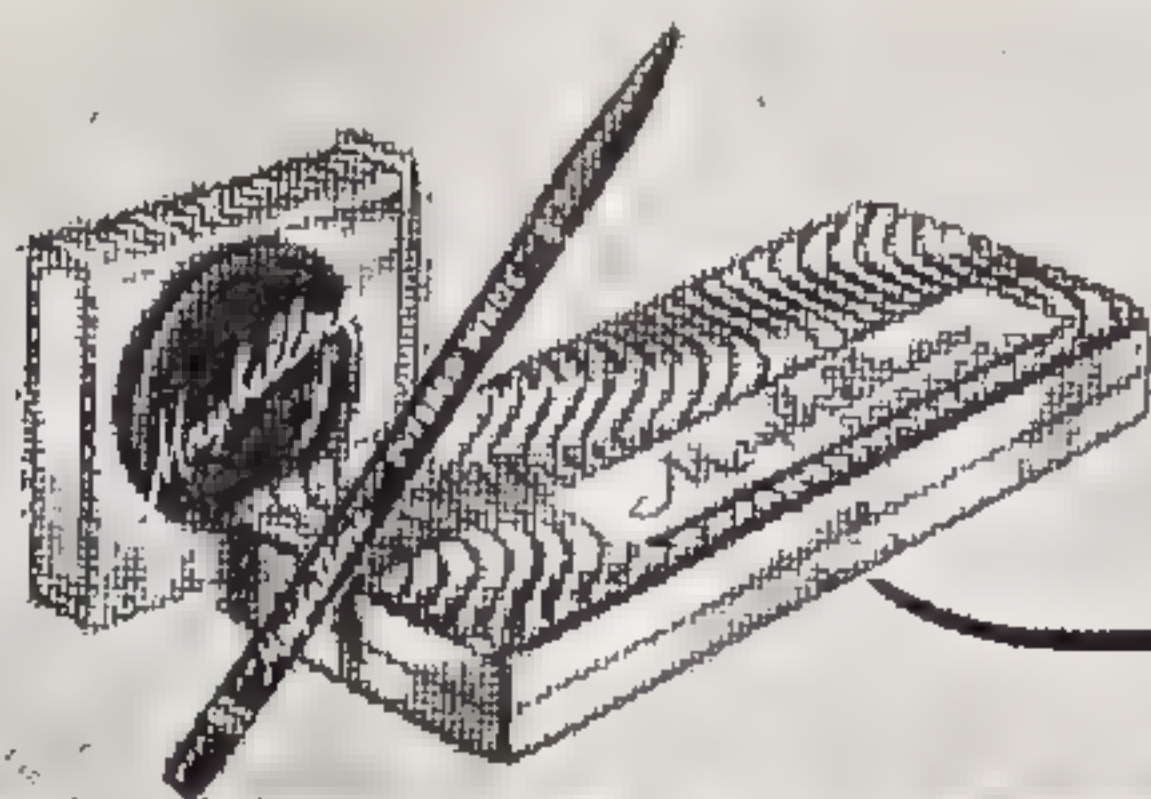


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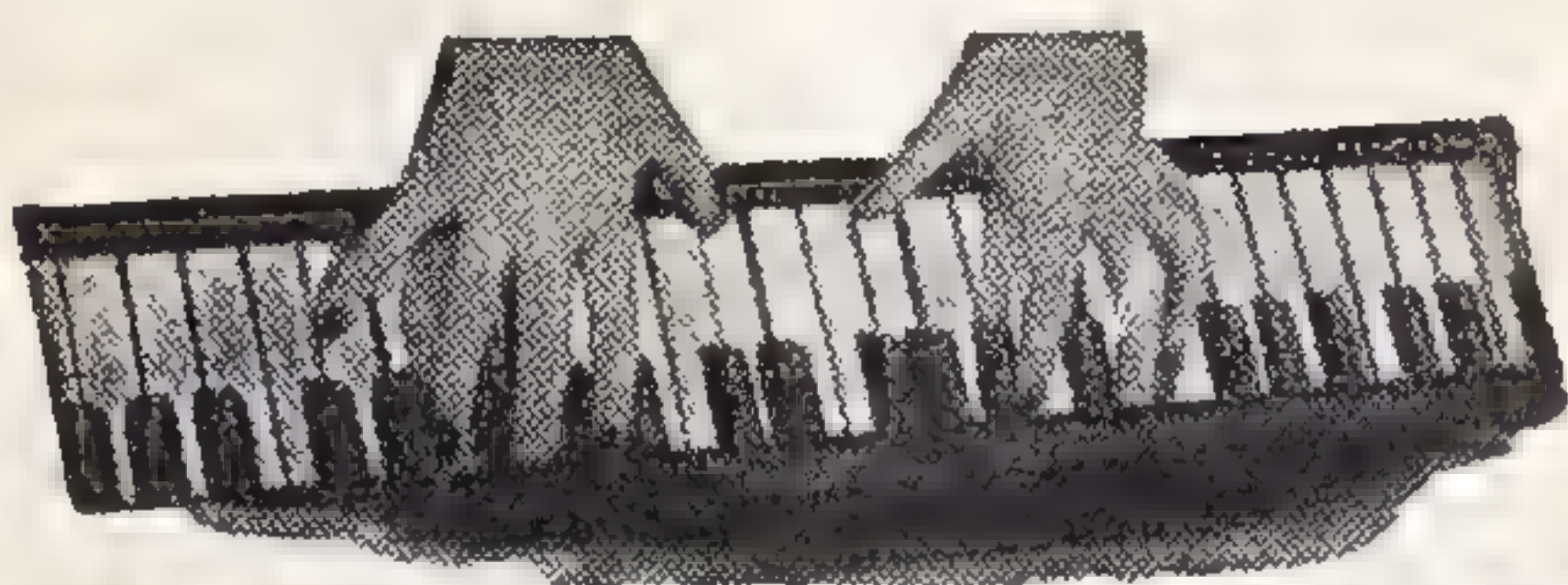
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No Risk, On Your Part

(Continued from page 52)

show-business background, her more than ten years as chorus girl, model and hooper. This lushly contoured lovely—who stepped into the starring role in "How to Be Very, Very Popular" when Marilyn Monroe stepped out—is fully aware of her unusual terpsichorean agility. But she doesn't think her dancing needs censorship. "It's just real frantic," she explains.

The dance number that caused all the comment is called "Shake, Rattle and Roll." Describing it, Sheree said, "It's the wildest—the coolest—the craziest yet."

But she can't understand what caused the censor's eyebrows to flap up. "It positively has no bumps or grinds," says she. "It's just a real nervous number."

The other Sheree reads Thomas Wolfe, studies art appreciation and attends spare-time classes in drama and speech. This girl wears Scotch tweeds and conservative British hats imported from London's Old Bond Street. And her evening hours are spent with Dawn, helping her master the intricacies of reading, spelling and arithmetic. And jump rope, too.

Sheree understood her daughter's need for acceptance by her schoolmates. This was one thing she had lacked and most wanted when she was Dawn's age—which was not too long ago. Married at fifteen and separated from her husband a year later, soon after the baby was born, Sheree had grown up in a heartbreak world where each day was a bitter struggle for survival. And now, at 22, with success sitting lightly on her pink-and-tan shoulders, she could relax a little and try to share with Dawn this new-found feeling of security.

Success has been a recent arrival for Sheree. And it took its own sweet time getting here. For Sheree has been dancing—for self satisfaction, for personal recognition and for money—practically all her life. Her feet had a dancing urge when she was only three years old. At six, she gave her first performance—unannounced—on a public stage. At 11½, she was a professional hooper. When she was sixteen she supported her daughter by kicking up her heels in the chorus line at Hollywood's Florentine Garden. And at nineteen she was fed up with it all.

And then, at that low ebb in her life, it happened. Just like in the movies. Fate, or whoever taps you on the shoulder with that magic wand, stepped in and made a fast parlay for Sheree. She danced from the Broadway stage to a movie at Paramount to a tv show with Bing Crosby. She scored a sensation every time. And after that she was really in.

Twentieth Century-Fox tested her and signed her. They handed her the role and a seven-year contract at a four-figure weekly salary. But this was not to be squandered, like some movie stars, on swimming pools and fancy convertibles. Not Sheree.

"I'm putting all my spare cash into annuities," says she. "That way I can really be sure that Dawn will have some security when she grows up."

When Sheree speaks of security her hazel eyes are deeply serious, for she lived without it for a long, long time.

"I was born right in the heart of Hollywood," she says, "but I don't remember the house because our family moved soon after that. I don't remember my father either. I never knew him. He left my mother before I was born, and she never talked about him."

"I grew up in a very poor neighborhood. Most all of the families around us lived on relief and we did, too, some of the time. I remember standing in line to get gro-

ceries and coupons which we used to have our shoes repaired. Sometimes my Grandma baked apple pies and gave them to the relief workers and they repaid her with extra groceries. That was lucky for us because we had a lot of mouths to feed at our house: my Grandma Shoard, who had a Scotch accent as thick as oatmeal; my half brother Don, six years older than I; and my half sister, Janet, four years older. And, of course, my mother, June Bethel. My real name is Dawn Bethel.

"Mother was a practical nurse, and the money she earned at this just about paid the rent. She also did pearl stringing and jewelry designing, which she had learned as a girl in Chicago. We were a healthy, fighting family, but we were not very close. We all had our problems trying to survive and adjust to a world without money. My brother and sister were much more independent and outgoing than I. I was the shy one. And I guess I suffered because of it.

"School was a problem. I hated it. I didn't have any pretty dresses to wear, only hand-me-downs. And I never did feel that I belonged. Some of the teachers were pretty cruel and rough. They smacked you with their rulers on the knuckles or on the fanny. One teacher was a terror. She had her special pets, and I wasn't one of them.

"I don't think I was a bad child. I just needed some love and understanding. But I didn't get it. I just got sore knuckles from that darn ruler. Naturally I hated to go to class. I was miserable when I was there. And of course my studies suffered. Even when I thought I knew the answers I was afraid to raise my hand. Because I was afraid of what would happen if my answer was wrong.

"Mother could have helped, but she was seldom home. She was much too busy earning a living for all of us to have time for my childish problems. Grandma took care of us at home. She had a sympathetic ear for my troubles, but she didn't really understand. She'd listen while I unloaded my miseries and then she'd say, 'There, there, child. Come out in the kitchen with me and I'll boil you an egg.' Poor Grandma. Eggs were expensive luxuries in those days, and she thought a boiled egg should solve any problem.

"So I had to work out my troubles alone. And I had two methods: I cried and I lied. I soon learned that crying was no good in front of people. They pointed at you and hollered, 'Crybaby!' Or they looked at you in a way that was worse than name calling. So I'd go home after school and lock the bedroom door and lie on the bed and cry alone. And it always worked. After a while I'd feel much better. I'd wash my face and stand in front of the mirror and put some make-up on. I'd pretend that I was a beautiful movie star. Then I'd go out and find some of the kids and tell some lies.

"Maybe the psychologists would have a fancy name for this, but I just made up the craziest stories. I'd say, 'I have a swimming pool right under my house.' And for a short time I was a person of some importance. At least until the kids could check up on my wild tales with their parents. Then I'd think up some new stories."

Sheree had started dancing at home. Partly because her feet wouldn't keep still, and partly because she wanted praise and adult acceptance. In high heels and a borrowed gown, plumped out with wadded stockings stuffed into the bodies, she danced, sang and gave an impersonation of Mae West. She also told funny stories and took a few pratfalls when the occasion

seemed to demand it. All this in front of the members of her immediate family plus an assortment of uncles, aunts and cousins who were living with them at the time.

"They were a tough audience," she remembers. "I usually had to knock myself out to get some applause."

She made her stage debut at the age of six. Well, it wasn't exactly a debut, but she did get up on a public stage and dance. Mother had taken the kids to a Christmas party and program at a nearby theatre. The master of ceremonies announced a dance number and the musicians started to play. But the dancer was delayed and didn't make an entrance. Whereupon Sheree arose from her seat, climbed up onto the stage and began to rock and roll. The audience applauded wildly. But June Bethel cried, "Horrors!" and hid her eyes with embarrassment.

"After that Mother decided I needed dancing lessons as an outlet for my energies," Sheree says, "so I was enrolled at the Falcon Dance Studios. There wasn't any money for this, so Mother and I did odd jobs of painting and sweeping out to pay for the lessons."

Sheree loved the hours she spent at dancing school and never missed a lesson. She studied ballet, tap and acrobatic dancing. She even took fencing lessons for rhythm and muscle building.

When Sheree was eleven she was a member of a U.S.O. troupe. They entertained at army camps and hospitals. One time when she was doing a solo number she suffered an accident that would have shaken the composure of a much more experienced professional. But Sheree was quite unruffled when she felt her under-panties coming down.

"I was wearing a ballet costume and I was doing a bourrée, which is that series of little quick steps done on the toes. Suddenly I felt the elastic around my waist give way, and then something began to slip. I didn't stop to look down. I knew what was happening. So I danced right over to the wings and off-stage. We were in a hospital neuro-psychiatric ward and of course the guys loved it. They really cheered and hollered. It was good for them."

Another time Sheree did a high kick and felt a shoulder strap break. She grabbed the strap and held it while she finished her number. Again the applause was deafening, and she learned a valuable lesson in showmanship. After that, such "accidents" became a standard part of her routine. She "lost" hats, wigs, shoes, buttons—anything to keep things lively and interesting.

Two years later, when she was thirteen, Sheree became a real professional. She landed a summer job in the chorus at the Greek Theatre in Griffith Park in Hollywood. "I had to dress up and lie about my age," she remembers, "but it was worth it." She earned her first important money, \$65 a week, dancing in such musicals as "Rosalie," "Bittersweet" and "The Great Waltz." They rehearsed one show in the afternoon and played another the same evening. It was hard, muscle-busting work, but Sheree was happy. It was what she wanted.

At the Greek Theatre she had a few accidents, but these were strictly unplanned. One night she led her chorus line on-stage at the wrong time and really fouled up the whole number. Another night she kicked off a dancing shoe that hit a bald-headed man right on his shiny dome. But the time she wore black underpants in a ballet line of thirty girls all wearing snowy white was a topper. "Golly, but that choreographer was mad," she recalls, grinning.

During that same summer Sheree fell madly in love. And she says it was

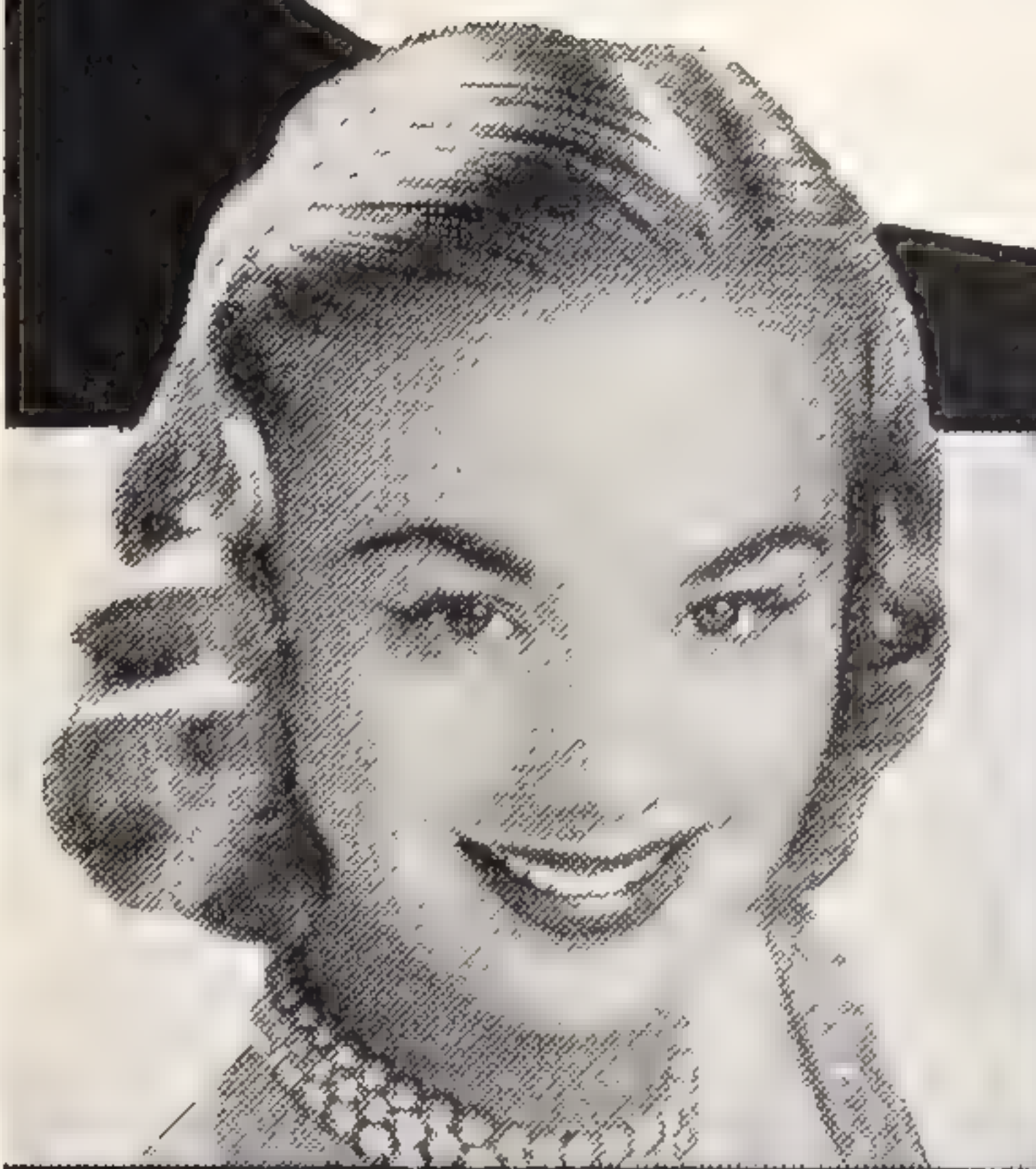
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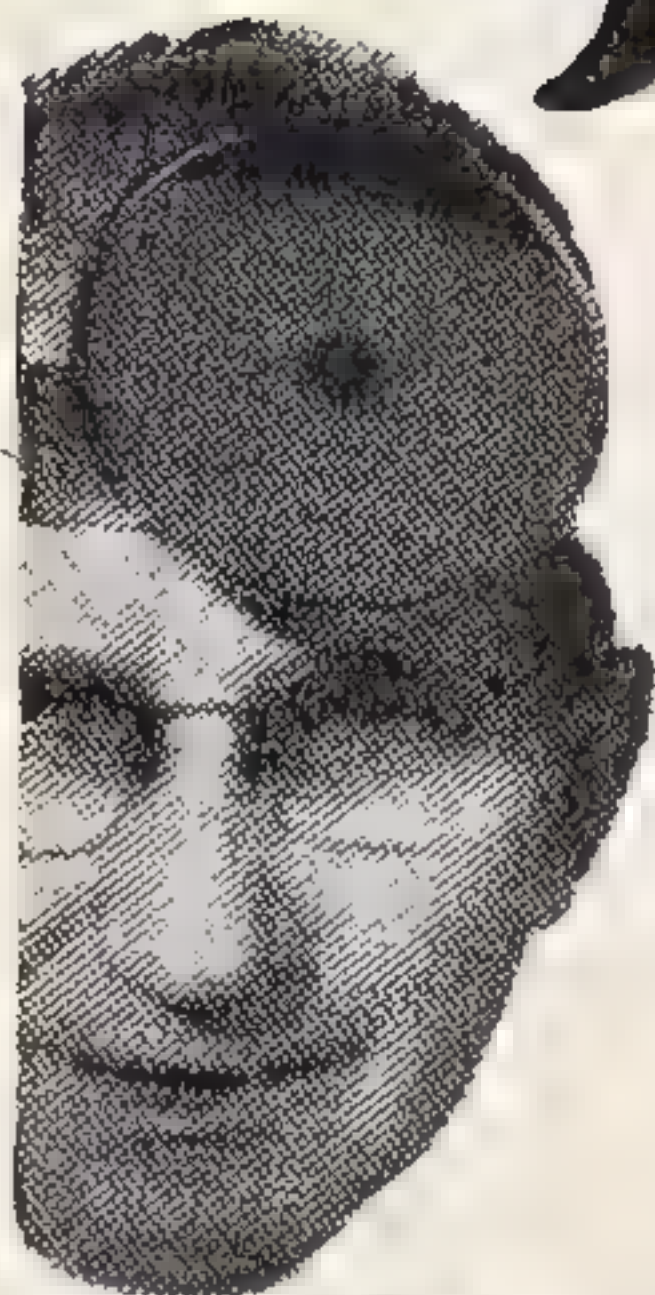
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strictly wonderful. "Up to that time boys and I had been on a pal basis. I used to play touch football with them over in the vacant lot. A couple of fellows I knew parked cars at the Christian Science Church on Sundays and I helped them before I went in to the service. Later when they got jobs parking cars at Ciro's, I got in on that act, too. We earned a dollar a night. When the rich people were in dining and dancing we sat in the big, shiny cars and played the radios and made like we were movie stars."

The object of Sheree's affection was a lad named Ray Sinatra, son of the orchestra leader, and cousin of Frankie. He was studying to be a brain surgeon. He gave Sheree her first kiss. "We were quite serious for all of a summer."

School wasn't the same after that, Sheree says. At the U.S.O. and the Greek Theatre she had felt like an adult and had been treated like one. But now she was just a school kid again, with all the old complexes, fears and insecurities crowding in on her. "I had a crush on one of our football stars, but I was too shy and self-conscious to do much about it. Besides, I discovered that some of the kids looked down on the fact that I had worked as a chorus girl."

Sheree worked at the Greek Theatre two summers after that and found some happiness in her dancing. Then, when she was fifteen, she met a big, rugged, sandy-haired guy and married him. What happened? Sheree shakes her head. She is reluctant to talk much about it.

"It's hard to explain how these things happen," she says. "Can you remember what went through your head when you were fifteen? Well, I can't either. But there it was."

"I had gone to Hermosa Beach with my girl friend, Donna Matson. She wanted to meet this fellow, but I wasn't especially interested. Then we wangled an introduction, and right away he asked me to go out with him."

"His name was Fred Bessire and he was working as a draftsman. He was twenty-five years old. I didn't tell him my age. Our first date was a wienie roast in the back yard. The next night he wanted me to go dancing at the Palladium, but I didn't even have a pair of high heels. So I went to an outlet store and bought a pair for three dollars. At that price I couldn't expect to get much of a fit. I squeezed into a pair of four-A's. After a while my feet began to hurt, but I danced all evening anyway."

"On our third date we went to the Coconut Grove. It was very elegant and of course I was impressed and very shy. While we were eating dinner, Fred put a small box on the table in front of me. It was his mother's diamond ring. Then he asked me to marry him. I said, 'I hope you know what you're doing—because I sure don't.' But I guess we were engaged. Four months later we drove to Las Vegas and were married."

How do the Fates decree who shall be happy and who shall be unhappy in marriage? What intricate mechanism of human attraction is needed? What tricky combination of plot and circumstance?

"I was one of the unlucky ones," Sheree says.

The newlyweds lived for a while with Fred's family and then with Sheree's. Later they had their own small apartment. Then, after a few months, Sheree began to have spells of headaches and nausea. She was finally persuaded to go to a doctor. He listened with a stethoscope, punched, prodded, counted and made some tests.

"Well, young lady," he said, "congratulations! You're going to have a baby."

Congratulations? Here the two kids had run off and got hitched over a quick weekend, and now they were going to have a baby before they were barely started. And long before Sheree had realized that such things could happen to anyone as young as she was. Was that noise you heard the sound of plot and circumstance in motion? Or was it the Fates laughing at them?

Sheree's baby was born in a maternity home, where no anesthesia was used. It wasn't easy for her; she suffered terribly. "I was frightened very much," she now says. But finally little Dawn arrived, cooing and gurgling, with great big eyes just like her mother's.

Yes, the Fates were laughing at them, and it was sardonic laughter. For the marriage broke up right after that. And Sheree, in addition to her own problems of survival, now had a child to care for and support. Six weeks after the baby was born, Sheree was dancing again, to earn a living for her daughter and herself. And she was only sixteen years old. Remember? How tough can it get?

"I worked in several night clubs around Hollywood," Sheree says. "I left the baby in Grandma's care and did two shows a night, three on Saturdays. At the Florentine Gardens I often took the baby with me. She was a lamb, never a bit of trouble. She slept in a hat box. We lined the box with fans, the ones we used in a plush production number, so Dawn was warm and snug. I had a small iron I took to work with me so that I could press out her diapers."

When Nils T. Granlund, the m.c. at the Florentine Gardens, made up a show to play the Flamingo at Las Vegas, Sheree went along as line captain, specialty dancer and assistant choreographer. Before the opening, she drove up with another girl, Jane Parrish, and Dave Gould, the choreographer.

"We were all dressed up in our best," Sheree says, "because the hotel people wanted us to make a sort of entrance to publicize the show. Dave was driving an old sedan and in the back seat we had all the costumes and shoes and music for the show plus our own clothes. Twenty miles from Las Vegas, right out in a stretch of sand and nothing, the car caught fire. We tried to beat out the blaze with rags. We threw sand on it. Finally we pushed it so that it wouldn't blow up. Then a truck came by with a fire extinguisher. After that we needed a tow into town. At the garage I reached into the trunk compartment and the top came down and knocked me out cold. They took me to the hospital and X-rayed me to see if anything was broken. Nothing was, so I finally drove over to the Hotel Flamingo. But by that time I was in no condition to make much of an entrance. I went to my room and crawled into bed. But I didn't get much sleep. I had barely dropped off when the walls began to shake and tremble. I thought it was an earthquake and rushed outside in my night gown. Then I learned that they had just set off an A bomb. Man, that was a climax I'll never forget!"

Sheree stayed at the Flamingo nine months, earning \$175 a week. That was top money for her and she returned to Hollywood with a savings account. But it didn't last long. Then she was back at the old grind again, eking out a meager living doing kicks and time steps and smiling at the customers.

"Between night-club jobs I did some modeling," she says. "I did a fashion show at the Shamrock Hotel in Texas and I went to Las Cruces, Mexico, to pose for some advertising photos. Once when I was hung up for money, I made some

short dancing films. The photographer was a nice guy and his wife was, too. She always asked about the baby. They paid me fifty dollars the first time and one hundred dollars for each of three times after that. Later somebody tried to prove that the films were indecent and not to be sent through the mails, but the Judge threw that out of court. He said there was nothing naughty about them at all. Personally I thought they were rather dull."

Sheree was dancing at a Santa Monica bistro called the Macayo, for \$42.50 a week, when she decided to give it all up and get a steady job as a secretary. Then came the sequence of events that rocketed her to star billing in Hollywood. She played in "Hazel Flagg" on Broadway and then came to Hollywood to make a movie with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. On the Paramount lot, she met Bing who offered her a spot on his tv show. And her sensational dancing there made her one of the most talked about personalities in Hollywood. After that came her contract at 20th and her first picture, "How to Be Very, Very Popular."

Now that she has moved into her new home, Sheree is relishing her newfound peace and tranquillity. She doesn't go out much. She says, "It's fun to stay home."

She can sew, and she enjoys making her own clothes. She can cook, too, being especially good at pineapple upside-down cake and Hungarian goulash. She keeps fit by swimming and playing tennis. She is learning to play the recorder. And she spends many hours playing with Dawn and listening to her lessons. "I want her to grow up as normally as possible. She seems to have a good healthy interest in a good many things including herself. I am hoping that she will not be interested in show business."

What about love, Sheree?

"Sure I want to get married. I've got a real healthy attitude towards marriage—no blocks at all. I want a husband and Dawn needs a father, and I'm looking forward to the day when we can have both. But that's for the future. After all, love is something you can't make plans about."

On the set Sheree is her usual merry self. She kids with everyone and has a ball. One time an interviewer asked about her favorite authors, and she flipped, "I can't decide between Webster's and Funk and Wagnalls."

About bop talk she says, "I'm putting it down." But in spite of herself it seems to crop out. When a friend admired a trench coat she was wearing she said, "Yeah! Mickey Spillane laid this on me." And about her success in the movies she murmurs, "It's the real jazz!"

THE END



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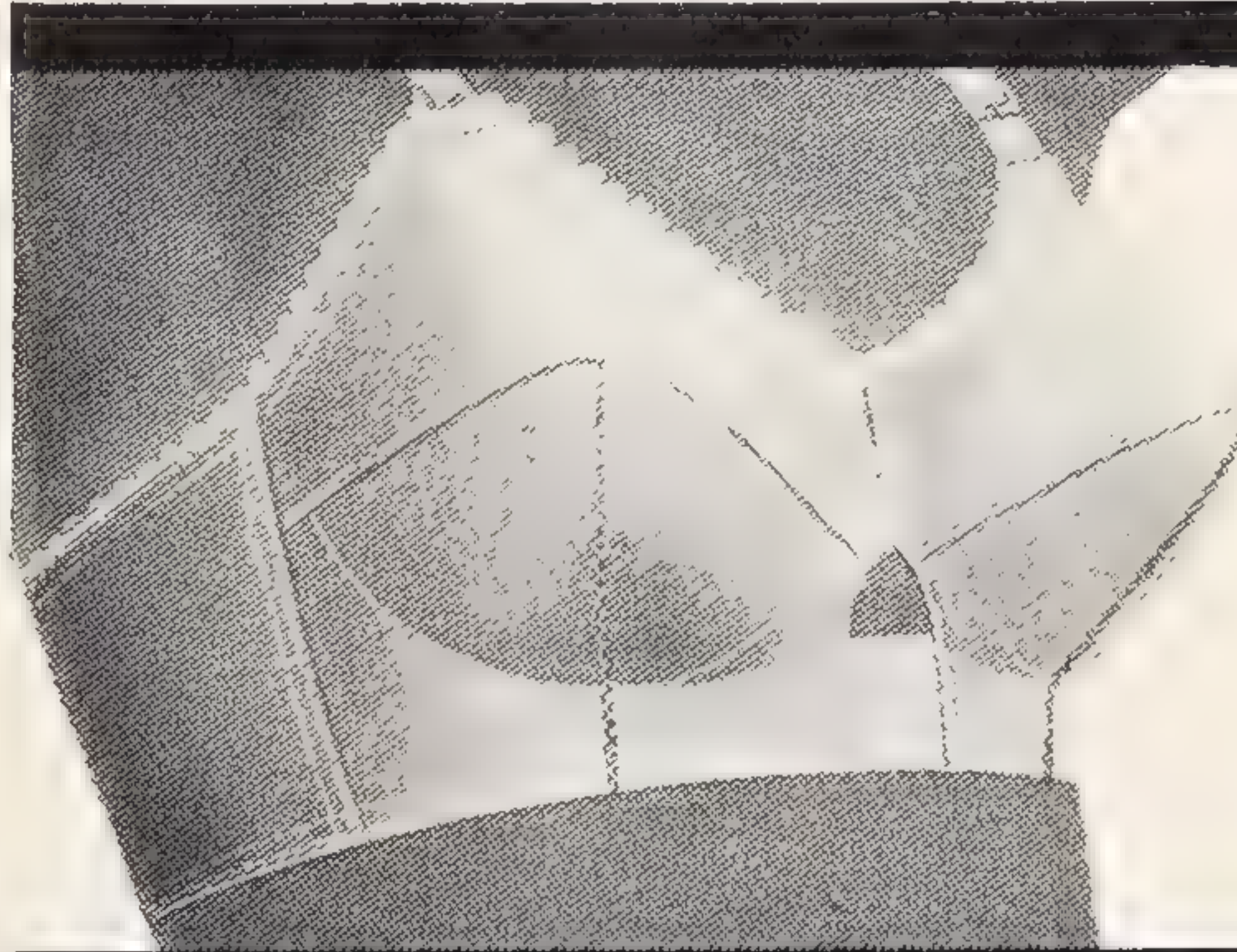
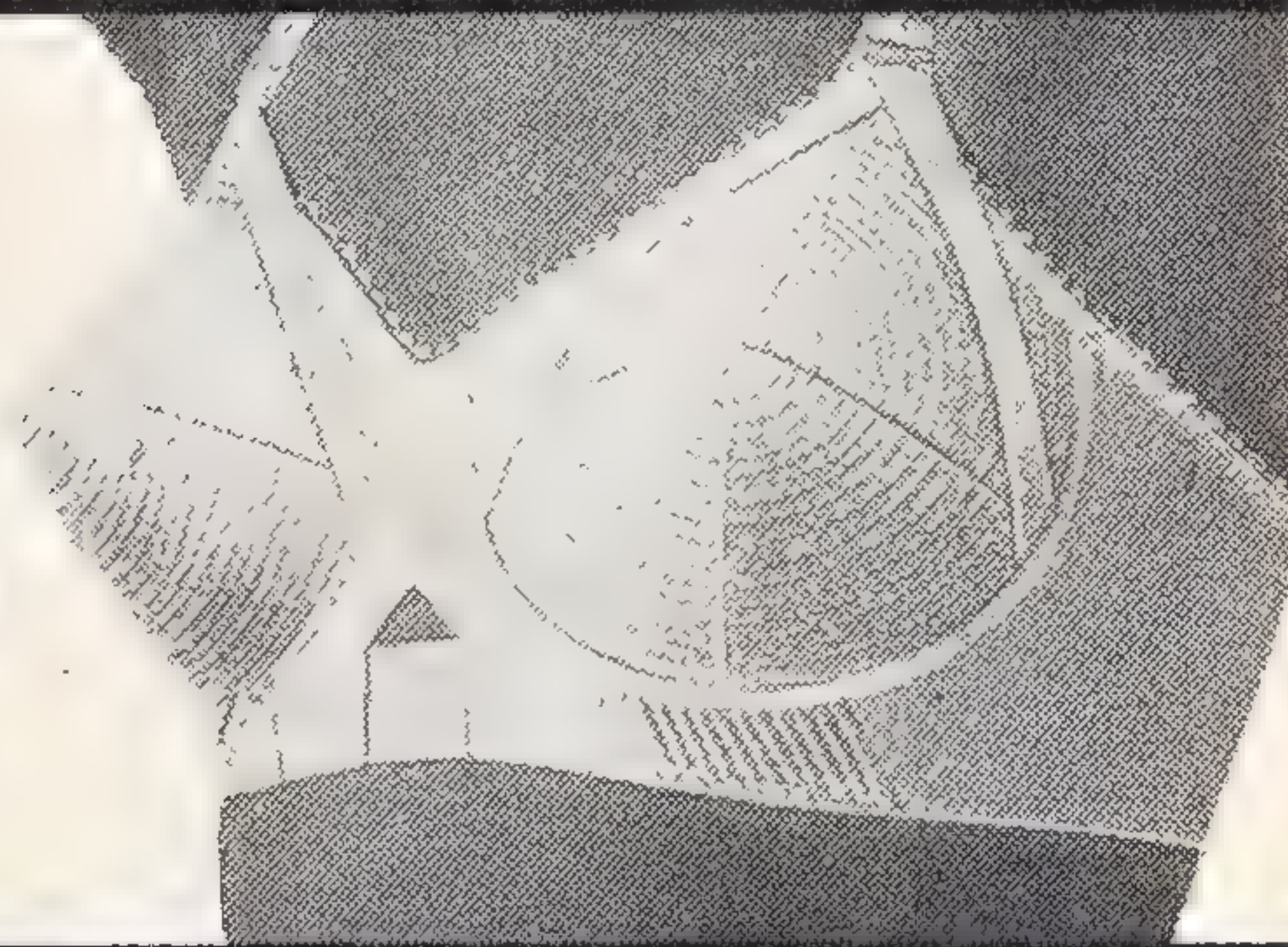
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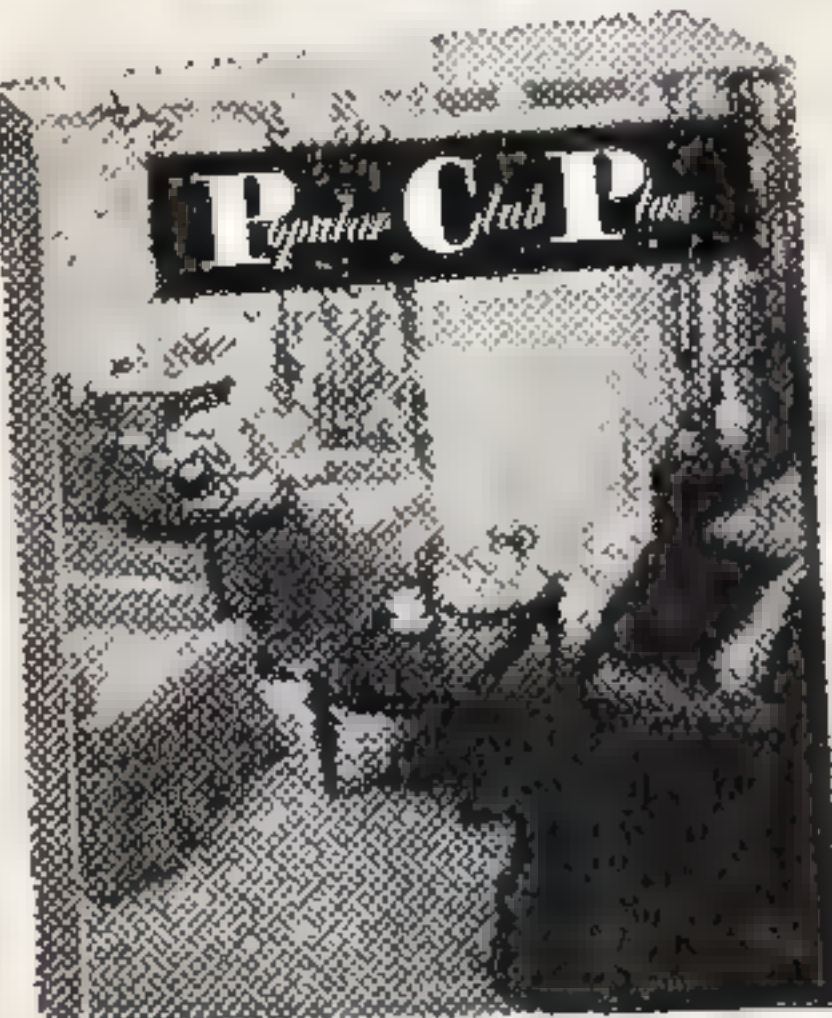
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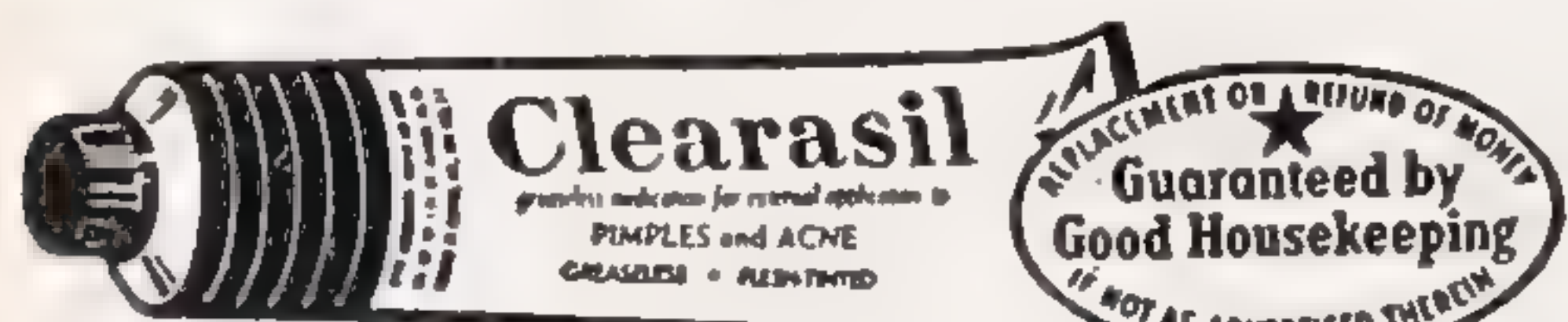


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Never a Dull Moment!

(Continued from page 45)

that woke Roy up and changed his whole life.

His mother had just gone off to her job at the telephone company and Roy was trying to make up his mind whether to go to the beach or stop by The Sweet Shoppe. There might be someone there to gab with. The music program he'd been listening to came to an end and before Roy bestirred himself to find another, one of those morning sunshine programs came on the air. You know the kind, where the announcer is full of jolly good cheer and the orchestra boys make funny sounds with their musical instruments. People come up on the stage from the audience to be interviewed and everybody seems to have a whale of a good time.

In Roy's mood, all this early morning joviality rubbed him the wrong way. He jumped up to twist the dial, but before he could get across the room his attention was caught by the guest of the day. It was an elderly gentleman's birthday—his 100th birthday to be exact. It seemed inconceivable to 20-year-old Roy that anyone could live that long—or would want to.

The announcer asked the centenarian if he'd been happy all his life and he answered quite firmly that he had been. "You know," he said, "a long time ago I realized that when I woke up in the morning I had a choice—either to be happy or unhappy for that day. I always decided to be happy. I look on each day as a new adventure and find something interesting in it."

The old gentleman had a lot more to say about his life, but these words stuck with Roy. He neither went to The Sweet Shoppe that day nor to the beach. Instead, he went down to see his old boss, Postmaster of Winnetka, Floyd Watts. Before the war, Roy had been a mail carrier for a few months. Now he knew he didn't want to make mail carrying his life work, but he also realized that if every day was going to be a new adventure for him, he'd have to do something about it. He couldn't sit in the shade waiting for the apples to fall in his lap. He'd have to shake the tree.

"Taking that job as mail carrier was a big turning point in my life," the Rock Hudson of today said as he sat at a table in the Green Room of Warner Brothers Studios. The Green Room is a kind of eating establishment reserved for directors, producers and stars.

"That job as letter carrier made me think about other people, not just about myself and what I wanted to do with my life," Rock explained. "I began to take a genuine interest in the people I carried the mail to and the things they were interested in. I think being interested in other people is a sure-fire way of avoiding boredom."

Well, nobody can accuse Rock of not practicing what he preaches. Proof of his liking for other people and vice versa was about to come through the door. The "Giant" set had just broken for lunch. Rock had dashed out a little ahead of the crowd because of the interview. Now, one by one, the rest drifted in. Since Rock had chosen a table by the door, there was no avoiding him, not that anybody wanted to.

Liz Taylor came in first. She was wearing a luscious sunburst chiffon number and a picture hat out of the twenties. Liz plays Rock's wife in Edna Ferber's novel about Texas and Texans.

Liz and Rock greeted each other warmly. He told her he'd ordered ham and eggs, and there was a twinkle in his eyes. Her



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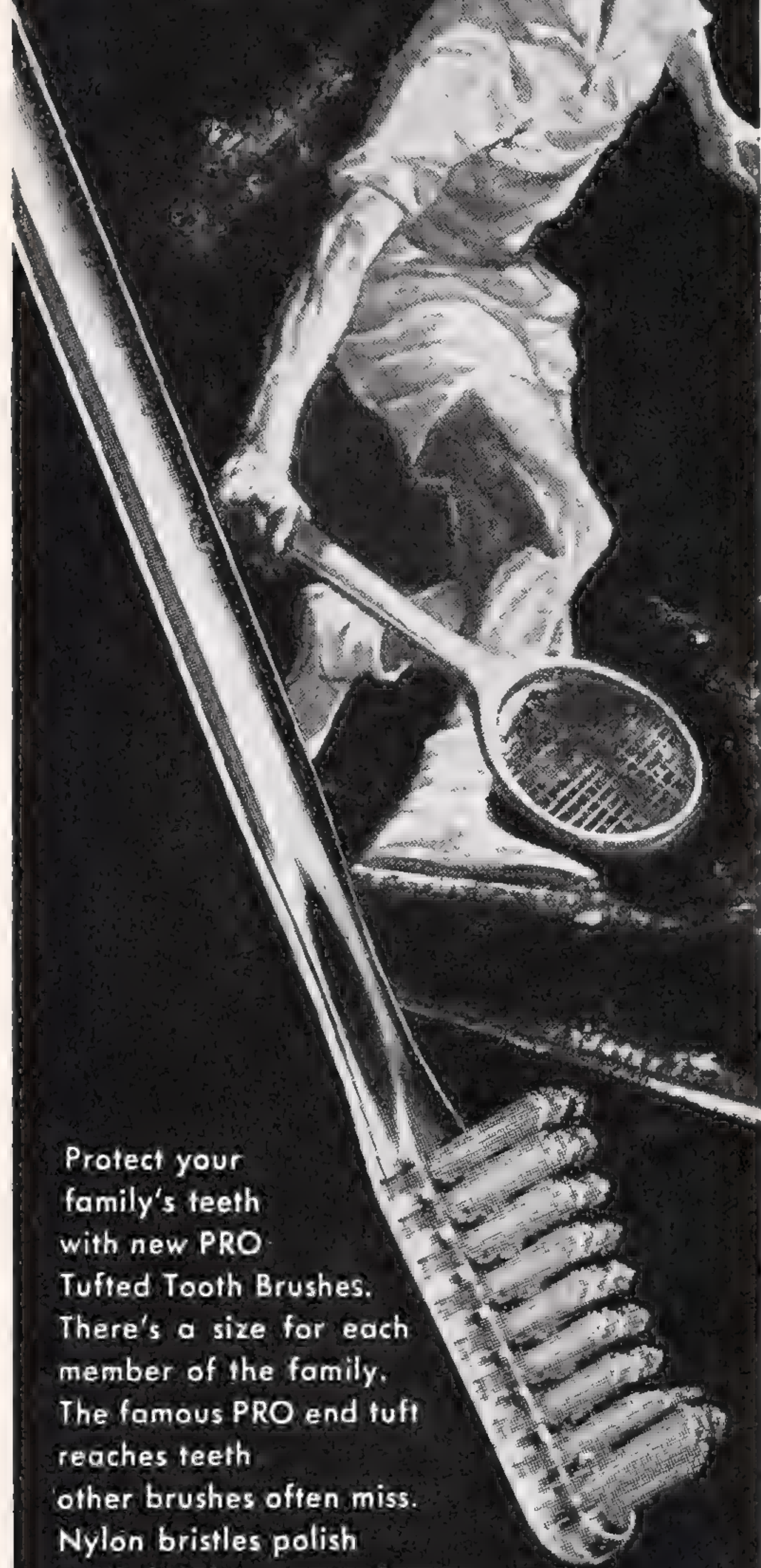
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eyes sparkled, too, as though they were sharing a nice little joke. Liz then sat down at an adjoining table with her dress designer.

Jimmy Dean came through the door next. He wore Levis, horn-rimmed glasses and his hair standing straight up. Jimmy plays the part of *Jeff Rink* in "Giant," but today he was finishing up a fight scene in "Rebel Without a Cause." They exchanged a cheerful hello.

There was a commotion at the door. It was Jane Withers. She, too, was in a 1920 dress.

"Where'd you get that Davy Crockett cap?" Rock called out to her.

"If you're referring to my hair, Mr. Hudson," she said, "it's a wig."

Jane plays Rock's first sweetheart in the picture—a Texas gal from a neighboring ranch. As she passed by our table, she gave Rock a friendly tap on the shoulder. There was that twinkle in Rock's eyes again, and they, too, seemed to be sharing a joke.

A tall lad in buckskins came through the door next. He really did look like Davy Crockett, but it turned out to be Tab Hunter, testing for the role of Daniel Boone. Rock and Tab exchanged cheery greetings.

Lori Nelson was the next to come in. She was on the lot to do publicity pictures for her latest movie, "A Handful of Clouds."

"Lori, girl," Rock called. "it's good to see you. Tell me, do you have your petticoat on today?"

"Rock Hudson, won't you ever stop teasing me about that?" Lori cried in mock exasperation.

Rock's eyes twinkled. Lori's sparkled. Now, at last, one secret was going to be revealed.

"It wasn't such a big thing," Rock said grinning. "Lori wanted a little attention, so she dropped her petticoat on Hollywood Boulevard."

"I'd better tell the story," said Lori firmly. "I used to date Rock's roommate. We double dated a lot with Rock and his girl friend. One evening we were just about to enter a theatre on Hollywood Boulevard when the snap of my petticoat gave way and down it went around my feet. Not many people would have noticed though if Rock hadn't laughed so loud. Everybody for a block around heard him and looked our way.

"That's something you ought to know about Rock," Lori said turning to me. "He's the biggest tease in Hollywood. But I guess that's why people like him so much. Rock's never mean about his teasing. He has a wonderful sense of humor and he isn't afraid to give out with a great big laugh if something strikes him as funny. This gets everybody else in a gay frame of mind and, before you know it, everyone is having a wonderful time without much really happening."

I'm happy to report that at this point, Rock looked appropriately embarrassed.

"I was talking about the summer I was bored," Rock brought Lori up to date on the conversation and changed the subject.

"It was the summer I got out of the Navy. I got a job carrying mail and, as I made my rounds, I began to notice that people fell largely into two groups—the ones who always had a cheery word, who seemed to have boundless energy, and those who were tired and listless. The first group greeted me as though I were bringing an inheritance check while the others seemed sure I had nothing but bills. As I got to know the people on my route, I discovered the secret of the happy ones—they all had hobbies. I remember one woman had the most beautiful flower garden I've ever seen. Another raised

prize dogs, and another elderly woman was constantly baking. Needless to say her hobby interested me the most.

"She didn't have a family and I wondered why she baked so much, only to give it away to people like me who came to the door. One day I asked her and her reply opened my eyes.

"'Son,' she said, 'I've lived a full life, traveled a lot and, in the old days, there wasn't an event in Chicago that I didn't attend. But I can't get around the way I used to. I'm almost seventy-nine now. So I bake. I find it very interesting. Remember this, nothing is uninteresting; there are only uninterested people.'

"I realized then how that little old lady had made the most out of what presented itself to her. Maybe she hadn't been intensely interested in baking at first, but it was something she could do so she created an interest. That's the same thing Lori did with her stamp collection."

"That's right," Lori admitted. "I never thought I'd be fascinated by collecting stamps. When my grandfather gave me a lot of foreign stamps he'd been saving, I put them in a drawer and forgot about them. Then one day I realized what an opportunity I was letting slip by. I received fan mail from dozens of foreign countries, but I wasn't doing anything with the stamps. I bought a stamp book and began pasting them in. The more I worked with the stamps the more fascinating the hobby became."

"That's what I mean," Rock said. "Lori made use of what she had. She created an interest where none had existed.

"A girl I know who took up tennis is another good example. For a long time, she pretended an interest in the game she really didn't feel. Very few things interested this girl. She had a lot of time on her hands, so she became very bored. Someone suggested she take up tennis and, in desperation, she tried. At first, she couldn't care less about the game. But the people she met at the tennis court seemed to be enjoying themselves so much she felt she had to pretend she was enjoying it, too. Much to her surprise, she finally did begin to enjoy the game. Now it's one of her greatest pleasures.

"I guess I have a dozen hobbies," Rock went on, "and I didn't come by all of them naturally. Most of them I saw other people doing and I figured if they were so dog-goned fascinating to them, why not me?"

"Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie and Barbara Rush all paint. I never painted in my life until a few months ago. Now I've got the bug. I've done two oils—they're not prize winners by any means, but I had a lot of fun doing them.

"Of course, I've always been interested in music. Collecting records—all kinds. It's funny though, some people don't even try to develop more interest in the things they naturally like. Take a fellow I know. He really loves music, yet he's never bought himself a record player, even though he could well afford it. And he seldom goes to a concert unless someone else suggests it. When holidays and weekends come, he's lost unless some friend thinks of something interesting to do and includes him. If he'd make the effort to buy himself a record player and start collecting records, he could make those hours he sits moping around full of interest to himself. I don't think there's a person alive who doesn't have some interests. The trouble is a lot of people never follow up their interests.

"Another pastime of mine is gardening. Friends say I have a green thumb. When I lived in an apartment and didn't have garden space outside, I made one inside. Now, of course, I have plenty of garden space in my new home. Plenty of weeds,

too. Maybe I'm crazy, but I like to weed. I guess it's all a matter of approach to whatever you decide to do. It's like the man said, if you decide to be unhappy when you wake in the morning, everything you do that day seems like a burden, but if you decide you're going to be happy, you discover that the simplest things you do can become fascinating. You can become interested in the ordinary routine in life and can make it an adventure.

"Working in a studio sounds very glamorous to most people, and it is, a great deal of the time. But it's also very hard work. Sometimes, the hardest part is the waiting between scenes while the electricians are adjusting the lighting or the director is going over a scene with another actor. You could get bored then if you let yourself."

"Rock always seems to have something to do between scenes," Lori spoke up. "If he isn't reading or talking to the cameraman—he forgot to mention that cameras are another hobby—he has a new record in his dressing room he's eager to have someone enjoy with him. It might be the latest bongo number or a new recording of a Beethoven symphony. If it's music, he likes it, as long as it's good."

"Of course, I have a great many more opportunities for doing the things I want to do now than I did a few years ago," Rock said. "I'm certainly not discounting the fact that having the money to buy records, books, cameras doesn't make a difference. Now I have the money to travel, too—that is, if I ever get a vacation," Rock said ruefully. "This is my fourth picture without a break. If I get some time off after 'Giant' I want to go to South America."

"Some people feel guilty when they're not working. They're always talking about a vacation, but somehow they never get away. Not me. As soon as I'm free for a month I'll be off to foreign shores. I really believe in that old adage, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

"I realize everyone can't take a trip to Europe when he feels like it. But a small weekend trip is in the reach of most people. The important thing is to make an effort to get away for a few days. I always come back from a weekend jaunt so refreshed that I can accomplish more during the next week than if I'd stayed home and worked those two days."

"There are hundreds of enjoyable things to do that don't cost much money, if any. You might say that just talking to people is a hobby of mine. You can sometimes learn more in an hour's conversation with a friend than you can by reading a whole book. Anyway, I enjoy my friends and anything you enjoy you profit from."

The commissary crowd was beginning to thin out now. "Guess I'd better be getting back to the set," Rock said as he glanced at his watch. "Besides, I think I'm sounding preachy so I'd better stop."

I knew Rock and the cast were shoving off for a five weeks location in Marfa, Texas, within the next few days. As a parting shot, I said, "I suppose you're going to collect hillbilly records when you're down in Texas."

"How did you know?" Rock asked.

"Good heavens," I thought, "isn't there anything this boy isn't interested in?" I drove home then, but first I stopped by the tennis shop, the record shop and the bookstore. Then I went out in the yard and shook the apple tree.

THE END

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My Darling, Daring Daughter

(Continued from page 42)

dramatics with Sandy Meissner and commute to California only for pictures. He also knew that once again Mrs. Koford was going with her, although this time she planned to return to Los Angeles after a week, when Terry would be more settled.

As a father, I am primarily interested in my daughter's happiness. No matter how much I, personally, would love grandchildren, to me it is of secondary importance whether she achieves happiness through marriage and raising a family of her own, or by concentrating on her career. However, since for the time being she has decided on the latter, in my opinion the results must warrant the efforts. And by that, I don't mean the financial returns, but the satisfaction Terry gets out of her work.

Evaluating my daughter's life, I can see fragments of exhilaration and happiness, notice the joy she draws out of good parts, the excitement of starting a new picture, the satisfaction of being liked by so many fans. But neither can she hide her moments of disillusionment and despair. The question is—of which is there more? Is one worth the other?

Even for someone as close to her as I am, her father, this is difficult to answer. This is why I can't state in a few, simple terms how I feel about my daughter's career. Too many aspects are involved, many more than the trips to the airports or having to fix my own meals occasionally.

Frankly, at first, I was not in favor of Terry's career. I was afraid her formal education would suffer (she was only eleven when she started), that she might meet the wrong kind of people, let all the attention go to her head. But knowing how much she wanted to get into show business, and with her mother at her side, I let Terry accept her first part.

As it turned out, most of my fears proved unjustified. Thanks to studio schooling, her education progressed satisfactorily. While I didn't and still don't approve of all her friends, the majority are fine, hard-working, decent folks, like you'd meet in any type of business. But the price of prominence has its setbacks, particularly for a sensitive girl like Terry.

She has always reacted strongly to what others said or felt about her.

The Korean bathing suit incident in 1953 is a typical example. I'm not going to argue the pros and cons, defend or deny. Enough has been said about it already. Too much, as far as I am concerned. I just want to add that only her mother and I know how Terry really reacted to the unfortunate publicity.

My daughter is equally sensitive about almost everything else. When she was criticized for the way she dressed or posed, she became quite upset. Actually, she dresses quite conservatively and simply, except when she goes out on official functions and feels her fans expect her to wear fancy clothes. I have watched the photographers tell her how to pose, and Terry does it because she feels they know their business and because she wants to be cooperative. That is one of the strange contradictions which wouldn't matter if she didn't react so strongly to what people say. Were she hard-boiled and indifferent, she wouldn't get hurt so easily.

This sensitivity in a business where there's little room for personal feelings is a handicap for Terry. At the same time, I've been told by some of her directors that it is one of her biggest assets as an actress. It gives emotion and depth to her performances. So I guess the advantages and the disadvantages in her

personality go hand in hand in acting.

There are many other facets of my daughter's personality, of which, I believe, few people outside her immediate family are conscious. Her generosity, for instance. Terry herself will never bring it up. Particularly as to what she has done for her brother.

It was Terry who helped Wally through college, without ever giving him a chance to thank her. She paid for his tuition books, room and board and other expenses.

I believe Terry did this out of more than sisterly love, although she and Wally have always been very close. They have always stood up for each other no matter what the occasion or possible repercussion. In her brother, she visualizes some of the ideals on which she missed out. A complete education, for one.

Terry always had tremendous desire for learning. As a student, her grades were far above average in arithmetic and chemistry. She learned easily, quickly, hungrily. Somehow she never got her fill.

One of the disappointments connected with her career was that it kept her from completing her college education. She has been making up for it in her spare time by taking extension courses at U.C. L.A., and has already the equivalent of two years of college. But the going is slow and difficult because of the limited time she has available.

Where she missed out, she wanted to make sure that Wally had a chance to complete his education. I think she was more anxious to see him graduate from Brigham Young University than he was.

Terry helped Wally in other respects. Like the time when her brother decided to go out as a missionary. She showed her enthusiasm in a practical manner.

When Wally first brought up the subject, Terry cried out, "That's a wonderful idea. Then a thought struck her. 'How will you get around?'"

Wally hadn't considered it. "I'll find a way."

Terry didn't say any more, but a few days later, she made the rounds of used car lots and the following Christmas gave Wally his first car. A pretty generous present even for a girl with Terry's earnings. Today, Wally's in the southern part of the United States for the Mormon Church. He has no more enthusiastic rooter for his work than his sister.

All her life, Terry has been extremely generous. She started earning money when she was eleven. As her business manager, I had to see that she saved a good part of it. If she'd had her way most, if not all, would have gone into presents for her friends and relatives. She's never changed.

Being sensitive herself, she realizes how others might feel about accepting gifts and takes care to give in a way that will not embarrass.

For instance, she has a girl friend who right now can just about afford the bare essentials of life. Wondering how she could help her unobtrusively, Terry decided to give her clothes. And I saw how she went about it one afternoon when her friend was visiting us.

The day before, Terry had bought three attractive new dresses. When her girl friend came over, Terry tried them on, decided two "didn't look good" on her. "You'd do me a favor if you'd take them," she begged. "They'd just be crowding my closet."

"But they are brand-new!" the girl burst out. "Why don't you return them?"

"I wish I could. But they were bought on sale and the store won't accept returns."

As a matter of fact, she had bought them at a sale—but precisely so she couldn't return them! That settled the matter.

It is quite amazing that a girl who's earned as much as Terry has so little sense for finances. Although I've talked her out of many gambles, I can't always buck her enthusiasm and impulsiveness for new projects. Only a few weeks ago she confessed she'd invested in a new type of water heater. Offhand, it sounded quite promising. We never had a chance to investigate it closely because the man who sold her the stocks suddenly disappeared. He's still "missing."

Terry comes to her mother or me for advice on most matters, not just those concerning money. For that matter, we have always been very close in spite of, or maybe because of, the strictness with which we have raised our children.

Till she was out of her teens, we were firm about having her home at a certain time, about first meeting the boys who took her out on a date, about her schoolwork and other things.

Yet we tried to assert only a minimum of parental authority, preferring to be pals rather than disciplinarians. Even today, when Terry is in Los Angeles, before she goes out with a fellow for the first time, she invites him to the house and introduces him to her mother and me.

And when she comes home from a party at night, she tells us where she's been, what she's been doing, how good a time she's had.

Her mother usually stays up till Terry gets back. Being a working man, I try to turn in early. When Terry comes home and doesn't find Mrs. Koford in the living room, she tiptoes into our bedroom to see if she's still awake. But while my wife and daughter can keep down their voices, Terry's miniature poodle usually gets so excited that her barking wakes me up anyway, till I've decided it's easier to stay up, too.

Terry had never intentionally kept anything from her mother and me, with one exception. And that because she knew that the only thing I worried about was her own lack of fear. She'd try anything!

No incident stands out more clearly, more frighteningly, than the Sunday that almost cost her life. She had just turned six when it happened.

Terry, my wife, my sister-in-law, my nephew Ben and myself had gone on a picnic to Griffith Park. While we grown-ups were talking with one another, Terry and Ben disappeared. They had taken off for the nearby zoo.

Terry still had a peanut butter sandwich left when she and Ben reached the lion's cage. "Let's give him the rest of our sandwich," she suggested to her cousin, who was quite willing. But the double ring of walls prevented her from throwing it into the cage. That didn't deter my daughter, who was determined the lion should get his share of her lunch. He almost got Terry as well.

Investigating the maze of entrances and gates, by a nearly tragic coincidence she found her way inside the compound through a left-open gate, and with Ben trailing behind her, walked into the lion's den right behind the keeper, who was carrying in a load of raw meat.

In the meantime, the rest of us—having noticed the children's disappearance—started to look for them. It was Mrs. Koford who happened to spot Terry just as she was offering her sandwich to the lion.

She let out a scream that made the exasperated keeper whirl around, grab Terry and Ben by their arms and prac-

tically throw them both out of the cage.

Yet after my daughter was safely in her mother's arms again, her only concern was fear of punishment for having walked off during the picnic!

Terry never lost this daredevil attitude, which is responsible for most of my gray hairs! When she was nine I caught her clinging to a boy's waist as he raced past us on a motorcycle, a good seventy miles per hour. But the pay-off came shortly after she turned twenty-one. I don't know how Terry got interested in flying, but as with everything else, once she began, "there was nothing like it."

She knew if she told us, we might worry. Besides, we might have asked her to discontinue her lessons. This chance she didn't want to take. The easiest solution, she reasoned, was to get her license on the q.t.

She made excellent progress till one Sunday afternoon when her instructor called up to ask where Terry was. I told him I didn't know.

"That's too bad," he gave himself away. "Terry's supposed to solo today."

"Terry flying?" I burst out.

"Didn't she tell you?"

"Of course not! Now you tell her . . ."

It was too late. Just then her instructor saw her pilot the plane along the runway, ready to take off.

"But don't you worry, Mr. Koford," he assured me. "She's one of the best pupils I've ever had."

Since she'd gone that far, I didn't want to stand in her way. And I loved her doubly for keeping it from her mother and me. It showed her concern for us. But I've never gone up with her.

Most of my worry about Terry, however, is about her driving ambition, her restlessness, which won't let her relax, which keeps her far too tense for her own good.

This attitude is understandable, and I presume necessary when she's working on a picture. When they work, most of her friends who are in the same business get up at five or six in the morning, often don't get home till after dark. But at least in-between pictures they ease up.

Terry, on the other hand, works even harder when she's not in a picture, cramming her days and evenings so full of lessons—dancing, dramatics, voice, half a dozen other projects—that she has less free time than when she's filming. Even on Sundays, when lying in a deck chair on the back porch, she always has a couple of scripts by her side. Nor would she leave her work at home on vacations.

Just before she went into "Daddy Long Legs," Terry became so run-down that I decided to take her and her mother to Palm Springs for a few days.

The first morning after we arrived, she slept till ten. The second morning I found her up at eight, by the pool—once again studying a script.

Terry will have to learn to relax. To be honest, however, I'm afraid till she's on top in her career, her ambitions won't let her, and there isn't much her mother and I can do about it.

What will happen to Terry in the future?

Someday she will get married again, I'm sure. But when she does, I hope she will give up her career for her sake, and that of her husband-to-be.

Some girls can combine a marriage and a career. My daughter would have a difficult time making a success of both, simultaneously. And since right now show business is her life, I hope she will soon reach that pinnacle of success on which her heart is set so that she can then look forward to a different kind of happiness and satisfaction—marriage and raising a family of her own.

THE END



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He Inherited the Mirth

(Continued from page 51)

kicked a pane of glass out of the door. That I heard. When I ran into the room, there was his little head sticking through the bottom of the door. He looked up at me and crooned with the most ingratiating charm, 'Chloe.' I couldn't help it; I just opened the door for him and laughed until I cried. It was one of his first words and he used it at the right time in the right place. He was lucky that time."

It was inevitable that Big Jack and Mildred's senses of humor would rub off on their offspring. Big Jack is a jovial, dynamic past master of the art of storytelling and dialects. Then, as now, he loved the theatre and played benefits for fun. His soft-shoe dancing was often compared to Bert Williams' and it wasn't long before he had Little Jack working benefits with him. Mildred has a quick, impromptu kind of humor. She sees the funny side of most situations and imparted that ability to her son. Her only claim to theatrical ancestry was her mother's half brother. He was a Frenchman named LaRue who took the stage name Jimmy O'Toole.

So it was understandable that before he was three, Jack had an uncanny knack for mimicry. When he was brought down for a nightly 'hello' and 'goodbye' with guests, his parents trembled between laughter and fear. Little Jack would look up solemnly at the guests, do his duty by Emily Post and then step behind them and do a devastatingly accurate aping of the Lemmons' guests.

"He was so active then, I started tying him to a tree in the yard with a long rope. "But," grinned Mildred, "I was told that it was cruelty to children, so we had a huge and very expensive fence built to keep him in. A few days after it was up, a neighbor called me in panic. She was watching Jack out the window. He had dug a hole under the fence and was crawling along a ledge two stories above the cement driveway next door. He was calling on Julie, the next-door baby. I grabbed a cookie and crept up the stairs. Very quietly I coaxed him, just as you would a puppy, 'Come on, Jackie. Cookie—Cookie.' He tossed me a surprised grin at the prospect of some food and nonchalantly crawled back around that two-inch ledge. When I got my hands on him I shook him until his teeth rattled.

"He never was afraid. He was always so interested in what was going on, I never thought of himself. When he was four and a half, an eighteen-year-old boy was chopping logs near our house. Jack went out to investigate. The eighteen-year-old dared him to put his foot on the log and let him come as close as he could with the axe. Little Jack promptly put his foot on the log and the eighteen-year-old swung with the axe. I'll never forget that first scream of pain. Because his sneakers were too long for him, he lost only half of his middle toe and the end of the shoe. It easily could have been his foot. There was no more practice of the soft-shoe dancing for a while in our house."

Soon after that, little Jack's life became a nightmare that eventually forced him to develop his other talents. I started with his insatiable curiosity. Mildred caught him with his head practically down the throat of a neighbor boy. His interest was clinical. He was watching the boy's throat while he coughed. The boy had whooping cough. Jack caught it. It was a miracle that after three mastoid operations, Little Jack was alive and could hear. Five times, too, his adenoids were removed and five times they grew back.

"From the whooping cough on, it was more than luck; it was a miracle," Mildred Lemmon said soberly. "He knew his first fear after that. The first time we took him to the ocean, he screamed himself into hysteria. He was the same when he heard a motorcycle. We finally understood that both sounded like the roaring in his ears that he experienced when he went under ether for his operations.

"Then he ran away from Mother's house in Baltimore while we were visiting," she smiled. "A motorcycle officer found him and he rode back majestically with no more fear of the roaring.

"He still wasn't too strong, and baseball was about his only sport. We started giving him piano lessons at that time. I almost killed him to practice. He would sit there in his baseball cap with his bat beside him and struggle through the exercises. After two years he played 'The Moonlight Sonata' beautifully—by ear. He also started developing his natural talent for painting."

The illness hadn't restricted his sense of

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humor, however. He still mimicked everyone and played benefits with Big Jack. They took him to his first movie. He saw Mae West, a newsreel, and a short on snores. As the lights went up, Little Jack in deep concentration gave a loud stentorian snore. The laughter and craning of necks surprised and pleased him. After that Mae West, Mussolini, Hitler and a series of snores were added to his repertoire.

"He wasn't always laughing and on the go," she said, breaking her train of thought. "He was a deep thinker even as a little fellow—and sensitive and generous. He gave away toys; brought little boys and girls home. I remember one year when he was at Tabor Academy for the summer. We decided unexpectedly to take a cottage at Wolfeboro in New Hampshire. So I called and told him he could stay at Tabor's or come to the cottage. He loved Wolfeboro so he decided to join us. 'Min,' he asked plaintively, 'may I bring Jimmy home with me? He's very poor and he can have his mother call you for an okay.' I didn't see how a poor boy could be at Tabor's, but I said all right. The next day I received the call from the mother.

"What's is all this about my son Jim spending the summer with you? I've just brought my other children back from Europe and Jim only now told me."

"Poor little Jimmy O'Riley spent the summer with us just swimming in money."

Incidentally, Jack called his mother Min from the day he discovered *Andy Gump's* wife in the comics. Min she was and Min she is to Jack. On his first trip home from Phillips Andover Academy, he surprised and delighted her with a piano rendition of her favorite song, "Deep Purple," replete with trills and frills (by ear). He was fourteen and beginning to take a serious pleasure in his music and his ability to paint. That year, Andover put two of his paintings on exhibition. One was an oil painting interpretation of Cole Porter's "Night and Day." The other a cartoon-type portrait of a big, roly-poly German. He had good offers on the paintings, but he saved them for Min.

"It was after doing Andover's musical play that Jack decided once and for all to be an actor. During the summers after that he played in summer stock at Marblehead and in New Hampshire. His decision did not sway him from his practice of skimming through classes with barely high enough grades to go on to Harvard. But it won him his own personal masters degree in the art of enjoying to the fullest all of his extracurricular studies: music, drama, wrestling and track. He was too light for the football team, so he took over the management of the team. He was always so busy and had so much energy it was hard to keep up with his activities. I think," Mildred said thoughtfully, "if Jack ever lost his zest for living and learning, he'd just shrivel up."

Next to acting, fishing was Jack's greatest pastime. Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, memories come back to him as the best of "the good old days." When he was thirteen, he and his best friend, Peter Lyon, got up at five every summer morning, bicycled to Moody's Pond and gathered the biggest pond lilies in existence. By eight they were back in town selling the lilies at two for a nickel. By nine the teenage tycoons would take their haul of sixty cents and invest in fishing worms and spinners and spend the rest of the day

fishing in the lazy New England waters.

The only time Jack wavered on his decision to be an actor was when he and Peter had a chance to become assistant game wardens in Wolfeboro. They were seventeen. It would have been a life of pure simple pleasure, with none of the gambling odds of the theatre. Peter signed up. Jack, reluctantly, stuck with his original decision. Pete is now happily married, a father many times over and the game warden.

Jack was always in a hurry. He received his BA degree at Harvard in two years and two months under the Navy's V-12 program and had a commission in the Navy before he was twenty-one. His rush through Harvard didn't stop his ambidextrous nature from enjoying, again, all the extras.

"I didn't even know he was up for president of the Hasty Pudding Club or vice president of the Drama Club until it was all over. Jack knew me so well," Mildred smiled, "he knew I'd have it all over Boston before the vote. Although he was a dreamer, he had the patience to wait until an honor was a fact before he talked about it. Sometimes I could have shaken him when he'd toss them casually into a conversation, and wait for my double take. Like the time he mentioned nonchalantly that he was going to work with the Abbey Players in Boston during the summer. It took me two minutes to realize what he had said!

"Even while writing and directing the musical revue for the Hasty Pudding Club, Jack didn't ignore the distaff side of the race. He was always popular and enjoyed dating," Mildred explained. "While he was home from school, the phone rang constantly. He was never lonely. Sometimes it was difficult for him to find the aloneness that his deeper nature demanded. That's when he would take off on a fishing trip."

It was at Harvard that Jack found an alley just large enough for his Model A Ford. The police had had an uncomfortable habit of chasing his sputtering vehicle that sounded like the answer to an atomic blast. He admitted that the constant backfire might disturb the peace. He used the narrow alley as a tactical weapon. When the police cars started to converge, Jack would whip into the alley, where they couldn't follow, splutter through every narrow street he could find and end up on the other side of town. However, the jalopy stood him in good stead in the dating department. Once he chased a girl all the way to Connecticut. Now he can't remember her name, but he remembers the fun of it.

One of the few times Jack lost his temper was about a car. He was fourteen. He thought Min was out of the house, so he took her car and started driving up and down the street. She was home. As he pulled up in the driveway, she stepped out and suggested in firm tones that he would wait until he was sixteen to try driving again. She had startled him and he got mad. Being a clever mother she decided to ignore the ferocious muttering he did all over the driveway.

"When he was sixteen," Mildred groaned, "we gave him my car. He turned my Ford couple into a collegiate nightmare—green wheels, red spokes, a devil thumbing his nose on the windshield—the works. He sold it suddenly for a fraction of its worth. He always got taken on money deals, but he was long on diplomacy. He

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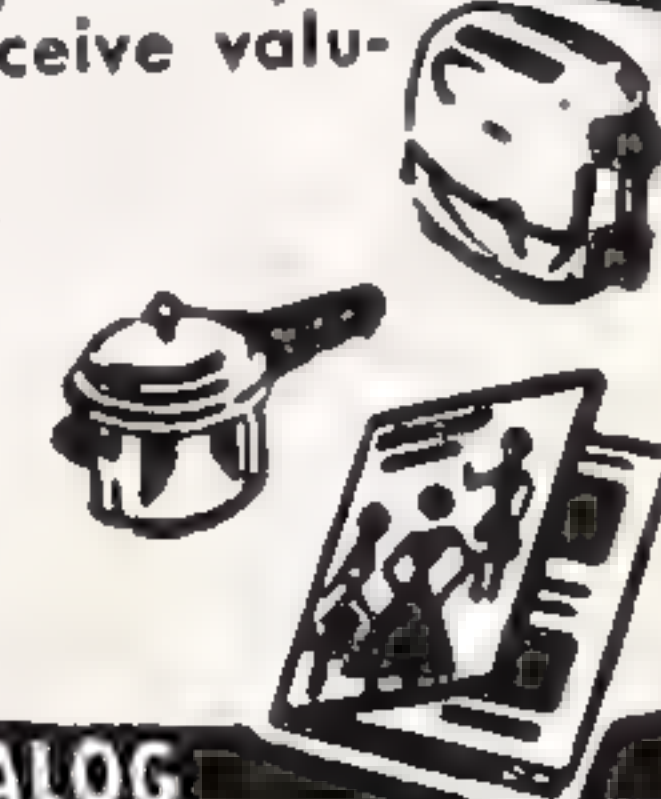
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sold it to the son of the cop who had been chasing him all over town!"

The Lemmons were again nonplussed when their offspring decided that opportunity was just around the corner—of 55th Street in New York—after graduating from Harvard. This lucky break was in the form of the Old Nick's and it offered twenty-five dollars a week, plus the chance to write shows, m.c., sing, play piano and wait tables. To his surprised parents, he explained that he was having the ideal breaks—a chance to be lousy! Some nights he would lay an egg, other nights the customers would love him. He learned the intrinsic value of instinctive showmanship, quite often on an empty stomach.

"Big Jack, who is vice president of the Doughnut Corporation of America, took the entire national convention to the Old Nick's to see his son. The management went crazy. They completely filled the place and Jack will never have a more appreciative audience. A few nights later my nephew went in to see Jack. He asked the hostess about Jack and she just groaned, 'Oh, not another relative!' He did learn a lot there, but he worked to learn it. One thing that nobody mentions about Jack," said Mildred with justifiable pride, "is his writing ability. He's written some beautiful things—not just music. When he was on Midway as an ensign, he wrote some of the most beautiful letters I've ever seen. I've kept them. Some day I think Jack will take the time to write—plays, scripts, and maybe a book."

It would seem that Lady Luck has had quite a bit of help in making Jack Lemmon's life a success. A myriad of natural talents, plus the innate desire to develop them, plus the ability to make things happen have given the Lady quite an assist.

"I guess you could say Jack was lucky," Mildred said slowly. "He was lucky to have a good education and the right breaks in his personal life and career. Yet, looking back over the pattern of his life, I do feel his desire to work at everything, his joy in living and his boundless, busy curiosity and energy are the basis for his success. What's the old saying? You can't keep a good man down. That's Jack. Luck or no luck, I think he'll continue to work his way to happiness."

It is understandable that Jack feels he's the luckiest guy in the world. He has a home full of love and fulfillment. Cynthia is not only a wonderful wife and mother, she is a part of his professional world. He is looking forward eagerly to her re-entrance into acting. They share the pleasures of parenthood as they watch Christopher do all the brilliant, adorable things that only your own child does. They also share an outgoing interest in others. Cynthia has been working with the Salvation Army Girls' Club, conducting classes, first in charm and now drama. Jack has become interested, too, and they spend hours working with the girls and tape recorders. The girls eat it up and they are learning poise and self-assurance while they play.

Cynthia is a fine female foil for Jack. In his very rare tempers he has a habit of blithering and repeating and she has a habit of laughing at him. Aware that he is not at his best in a snit, her laughter brings him out of it fast. Her sensitive antennae can spot his rare moodiness and a wisecrack at the right time and right place lifts his occasional depression.

Chris, barely one, is already showing signs of his father's insatiable curiosity and his mother's good looks. He, too, is a busy, busy boy—and yet sensitive. An oil portrait of Cynthia as a little girl hangs in the hall. Chris loves it. He makes small talk with the little girl in the painting

and probably has explained to her why his parents roar with laughter when he is wearing his Davy Crockett coonskin cap.

"I couldn't have it any better on the home front," Jack reiterated. "Career-wise, six comedies in a row make it only natural that I'd like to get my teeth into a good dramatic role now. I've been awfully lucky. I'll stink one up eventually. Any actor who thinks he won't is crazy. The better the actor, the more he louses when he does. I used to walk into the Players Club in New York and meander down the hall with the portraits of the great lining it. Under each portrait were the most stinking reviews on colossal flops imaginable. I've always remembered that

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the very best have goofed at least once. "And I also remember," Jack said seriously, "that there are at least fifty actors that I know personally, who could have done as good a job as *Ensign Pulver* in 'Mister Roberts,' as I did. They didn't have that lucky break—timing. Being in the right place at the right time. I was there; I was lucky."

"'Mister Roberts' was my first away from Columbia. When it conflicted with Columbia's 'My Sister Eileen,' the powers that be worked it out so I could do both. I couldn't ask for any better breaks."

Jack's cautious appraisal of his performance in "Mister Roberts" is not abetted by the directors and co-stars with whom he worked. Turning in the most hilarious comedy performance to hit the screen to date, his co-workers give high praise to his talent—not his luck. Hollywood is fully aware that Jack is one of the big talents that will consistently ring the bell of stardom for a long, long, time, for he is an actor first and a star second. No one, except Jack Lemmon, feels he is Lucky Lemmon.

THE END

Marilyn in the House

(Continued from page 46)

As word got around that the curvaceous blond who has become the very symbol of sexy allure was their houseguest, Amy Greene caught a barrage of feminine questions and advice. Some of the women were subtle, some outspoken, but whatever their manner, it all boiled down to one inevitable pronouncement: "Now I know you and Milton are devoted to each other, but if it were I . . . well, I don't know. I'm not sure I'd risk having all that glamour under my own roof for weeks at a time."

Today, Amy has a crisp summary of that attitude. "They must have thought Marilyn was a combination of Theda Bara and Mata Hari—the vamp and the threat."

Unruffled, Amy then replied to her would-be advisors with a wise little smile. "You'll like her, too," she predicted.

As the Greenes continued their usual practice of holding open house for their friends each weekend, Amy had the satisfaction of having women follow her to the kitchen to whisper, with an air of surprised discovery, "Why, I like Marilyn. She's nice."

But the questions flared anew, and they came this time from women all over the nation when, on Edward R. Murrow's TV program, "Person to Person," viewers glimpsed the three around the fireside, heard Marilyn call the Greenes' house "home," heard Milton speak of Marilyn Monroe Productions, of which she is president and Milton vice president, and heard Amy say, "Marilyn is the ideal houseguest."

To understand Amy's answers and her attitude, one must know a bit more about Amy Greene herself. Amy Greene is an almost incredible combination of youth and maturity. Slender, tiny—not quite five feet tall—she looks about fifteen years old. A sprinkle of freckles dusts her gold-tanned face. She wears no make-up, not even lipstick. "Milton asked me not to. So I haven't had lipstick on from the day we were married until the night of the Murrow show. I had to use it then."

While she looks like a child, her quick actions, crisp speech and well-formulated observations have the sureness of an intelligent woman who has thought things through, knows who she is, what she wants out of life, and is extremely happy with the situation in which she finds herself.

This situation includes a close family relationship. In nearby Westport, Amy is likely to lunch at The Daily Corner, a charming little restaurant owned by Milton's sister, Heny, and his brother Harold. There, Amy may chat with Harold's wife, Bea, over tasty hero sandwiches, delicious coffee and homemade chocolate eclairs.

Mrs. Franco, her mother, lives with Amy and Milton and is a gracious, quiet woman. Josh, her son, is a robust, beautiful child with dark curly hair, deep velvety brown eyes and long, long lashes. At fourteen months he is enthusiastically experimenting with walking and talking. "I do believe he misses Marilyn," Amy explains, "now that she comes out from New York only occasionally. She's wonderful with Josh. Helps me feed and bathe him and, if the rest of us are busy, she's always down on the floor playing with him. She even stayed home to baby sit on Christmas and New Year's so the rest of us could go out."

There are many indications of a confident, affectionate partnership between husband and wife which are borne out by Amy's own statement, "I'm a very secure person," the answer to that question which so many women have asked, "How could my wife welcome an actress who, to most

Americans, personifies irresistible magnetic attraction?" It simply adds up to this: The Greenes, together, could offer Marilyn—or any other friend—a tranquil refuge in a troubled time because they, themselves, have found an emotional unity.

Even the structure and plan of their home confirms their happy partnership. Theirs is not such a house as you can buy, ready-made, in the nearest subdivision. Theirs has required from both Milton and Amy an artist's perceptive eye, an architect's and decorator's skill and much hard do-it-yourself labor.

In an eleven-acre tract, the house, which now has sixteen rooms, stands at the crest of a hill. There's a wide, tree-shaded lawn, and across the driveway, a vegetable garden. At the back there is a stretch of wild woodland.

Amy told its history and pointed out landmarks. "The original building, which is now our living room, stood halfway down the hill when Milton came out here nine years ago. It once was a stable. We found a date, 1746, carved into one of the heavy beams. See those two pear trees? That's where we were married. September 13, 1952.

The spacious living room has the full two-story height of the old stable and its loft. The fireplace is huge and so are the custom-made sofas which flank it. A small plant-filled conservatory forms a passageway to the sitting room (which was shown on television) and the big kitchen which is colonial in its arrangement and ultramodern in its appliances. Going on through the utility room, we came to Milton's studio.

Reproductions of Milton's photographs, the framed covers of famed magazines, deck the walls. Amy explained proudly, "He's been a professional photographer since he was fourteen, and a successful one since he was twenty-one—virtually the boy-genius sort of thing."

Among those pictures is an outstanding one of Marilyn Monroe—the picture which was the cause of their first meeting.

Amy told the story. Look had sent Milton to Hollywood. A writer from that staff, touring the studios with him, showed Marilyn a portfolio of his pictures. Instantly impressed, she had said, "These are the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen. Can you have this man photograph me?"

"That's easy," said the writer. "He's right here," and introduced Milton.

Marilyn's eyes had widened. "But he's just a boy!"

"You're just a girl," Milton had replied.

Amy, who was then in Connecticut preparing for their wedding, heard about it when Milton phoned that evening. "I photographed Marilyn Monroe today. We got along just fine."

Amy, who through five years of modeling had well learned that inspired pictures result when the photographer and the subject like each other, then had other things on her mind. "That's nice," she had replied. "Some presents arrived."

"You'll meet her, too. You'll become friends," Milton predicted.

"I'm sure we will," Amy had agreed, "but now about that caterer . . ."

Today she says, "It wasn't until we got to Hollywood, during our honeymoon trip, that I remembered what he had said. Marilyn first came to our hotel to meet me. Then we saw her again at a party Betsy and Gene Kelly gave. We were all playing charades. It didn't take long to see that Marilyn had wit and charm and intelligence as well as beauty. Milton was right. I did like her instantly. We did become friends. From then on, Marilyn had a standing invitation to our house."

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Last summer, filming of street scenes for "The Seven Year Itch" brought Marilyn to New York and they grew to know each other better. Marilyn asked the Greenes to accompany her to plays and night clubs.

Everywhere people clamored to see Marilyn. Amy remembers with amusement, "We were going back to the hotel, with Marilyn sitting between Milton and me in the taxi. In front of the hotel there was, what seemed to us, a crowd of at least five hundred people. Our driver turned around all excited. 'You know who's staying there? Marilyn Monroe! Gee, I hope I get to see her.'"

The New York trip was a great triumph, but a tragic time was to follow. "Milton was on this coast when Marilyn and Joe broke up," related Amy. "You know how dreadful that was for her. Of course we wanted Marilyn to know that we'd be glad to help in any way possible."

When, as it turned out, the privacy they could offer was the thing most useful to exhausted Marilyn, Amy, for her own sake, was delighted.

"I thought it was just great that she could come to visit us. It would be nice to have a girl around the house. I grew up in boarding schools and, although we have lots of friends, there's just so much distance and we're all so busy that I don't get much chance to sit down to talk with other women. I miss it, too."

In typically feminine fashion, their talk fests went on for hours. "We'd discuss everything from clothes to housekeeping to babies to headlines. Sometimes we'd giggle like a couple of school kids. Others, we'd come up with some sure-fire formula for saving the world. You know the way women do."

Marilyn adjusted effortlessly to the routine of the household. Says Amy, "She made her own bed, kept her room tidy, brought down her clothes on washday. If she slept late, she would make her own breakfast, rinse off the dishes and put them in the dishwasher. Neither Sadie, our maid, nor I had to wait on her."

She fulfilled a further requirement of a good guest by never expecting her hostess to provide a continuous round of entertainment. "Marilyn is always reading and few people realize how much serious reading she does. And she loves to walk. She'd bundle up in some of Milton's outdoor clothes, call the dogs and tramp out through the woods."

The wintry Connecticut countryside was a source of continuous wonder. "Marilyn had never seen snow before, nor known cold weather. She, too, likes to drive. We'd take the convertible, and with the top down, we'd go sailing along the highway. We both liked to feel the wind on our faces and the warmth of the heater on our legs."

Spring, when it came, was another surprise. "I remember one day we were driving home from a friend's house. Marilyn looked up at the hillside and remarked that the trees were just dead, bare sticks. Then, the next week, they began to turn green. To her, it seemed a miracle."

But most important of all, to Marilyn, was the fact no one bothered her. She could go about unnoticed, wrapped in an old polo coat and without make-up. No prying, no questioning, no demands. Once in a while a neighbor's child would ask Amy to get an autograph, but, Amy points out, "They were always polite about it."

The easy, informal country entertaining also pleased her. Amy says, "A lot of people in show business and advertising and publishing live up here and she was just one of us. At a party she never sat in a corner playing regal and expecting guests to come to her. More likely, I'd find her emptying ash trays or picking up glasses. If someone went to the piano and she felt

like singing, she'd sing. And she knows how to listen, that girl. To women as well as to men. It didn't take the girls long to see that Marilyn wasn't after anyone's husband. She just simply fit into our crowd and everyone loves her."

As rest, peace and sharing the everyday happiness of the Greenes' life restored her spirit, Marilyn's great vitality surged back and her thoughts turned to the future. With Milton's help, she organized Marilyn Monroe Productions. Amy says, "Almost every evening there were meetings with the attorneys. Milton says Marilyn has a good understanding of business, but I wouldn't know. I'd just get out of the room."

Another phase of her career had, however, obviously been the topic of many a conversation.

Amy told how Marilyn, on moving into a New York hotel suite, laid out a schedule of study. Several days each week she goes "as an observer" to classes at the Actors Studio where carefully selected, talented professionals work with famed directors. She also works with a private drama coach.

While Marilyn has been most modest in

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speaking of this program of study, Amy had the conviction of a close friend who believes in another's talent. "Marilyn is more than just a glamour girl. When they see 'The Seven Year Itch,' I think a lot of people will realize she also is a good comedienne. But she wants to be a better one. She's serious about her studying and, here in New York, she has a new opportunity to seek out people who can teach her more about the theatre."

To work and study, Marilyn was soon able to add a third essential for happy living—fun. She charmed the New York show business crowd—which can be standoffish—and, when she was ready for them, there were many invitations.

Says Amy, "I didn't realize how much she really loves people until we started going out around New York. That magnetism, believe me, is a two-way current."

Amy's first experience with it overwhelmed her. They went to the Copa to hear Frank Sinatra. He invited them to come back to his dressing room. "It seemed to me most of the audience decided to go along. The passageway wasn't built for mass movement. At the steps there was a terrible jam."

Almost smothered, five-foot-tall Amy grew panicky. "Marilyn calmed me down.

She spoke directly into my ear and reminded me that the bouncer, who was leading the way, was a big strong, husky man who weighed at least two hundred pounds. She told me to put my arms around his neck and hang on. He would take care of me, and Milton, who was fighting sort of a rear guard action, would take care of her. But it was the most amazing thing. In all that pushing and shoving, Marilyn kept on smiling and talking to people. She wasn't scared a bit."

Marilyn's confident feeling about crowds, she later told Amy, had its source in her first real encounter with them during her tour of Korea. Standing on a flimsy platform, she saw the troops break ranks. As they moved down hill, it seemed as though the hill itself were moving. "Marilyn did the only thing she could do," says Amy. "She took the microphone and asked everyone to sit down so they could go on with the show. It was sufficient to get the situation under control. Now, she simply says, 'No one wants to hurt me.' When we're in a crowd, it's me she worries about." She's always asking Milton, "Is Amy all right?"

Going to the theatre with Marilyn is, Amy reports, a show in itself. "Between acts, everyone talks to her. People will call down from the balcony to say they either like her dress or that they don't like it. Or that her hair looks lovely. Or that they have enjoyed her pictures. And she answers them just as though she had known each one, personally, all her life."

The most thrilling of all her appearances was opening night at the circus—a benefit for the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation. Milton Berle was ringmaster and Marilyn rode a pink elephant. Amy recalls, "Everyone cheered her and, when I looked up toward the balcony, it was the strangest sight. All I could see were open mouths, right up to the rafters."

With such receptions, it is small wonder that Marilyn has said repeatedly that she loves New York. "She's looking for an apartment here," Amy confirms. "And she'll always have a second home at our house. We did the guest room over for her. It's in purple, pink and white. The curtains and dust ruffles are crisp white organdy. The wallpaper is lavender with a small purple figure and the rug just matches that purple. There's a pink quilted bedspread and dark purple velvet throw pillows. The chest is an old one with a white marble top and I put pink china lamps on it. It's a simple and sort of old-fashioned room, but it is dainty as she is and suits her exactly. Marilyn loves it."

And what about Marilyn's future? Amy makes it clear that it is not hers either to announce or predict.

Professionally, however, it is apparent that a new phase of Marilyn's career opened with "The Seven Year Itch." Even critics who have, in the past, been somewhat acid about her acting now praise her as a comedienne. She's deft, she's subtle, she here reveals she has a true gift for comedy. As Amy says tersely, "She's great."

And her private life? Again, neither Amy nor anyone else close to her is, at this moment, making any statements. It is axiomatic, however, that nothing can put a woman into so domestic and romantic a frame of mind as a visit to a happy home where husband and wife have achieved the kind of affectionate working partnership one finds at the Greenes'.

And Joe DiMaggio did escort Marilyn to the New York preview of the picture and afterward gave her a birthday party. What's more, he looked ecstatically happy while doing it. Who can tell what happens next? As the fans say, "They look just like lovebirds."

THE END



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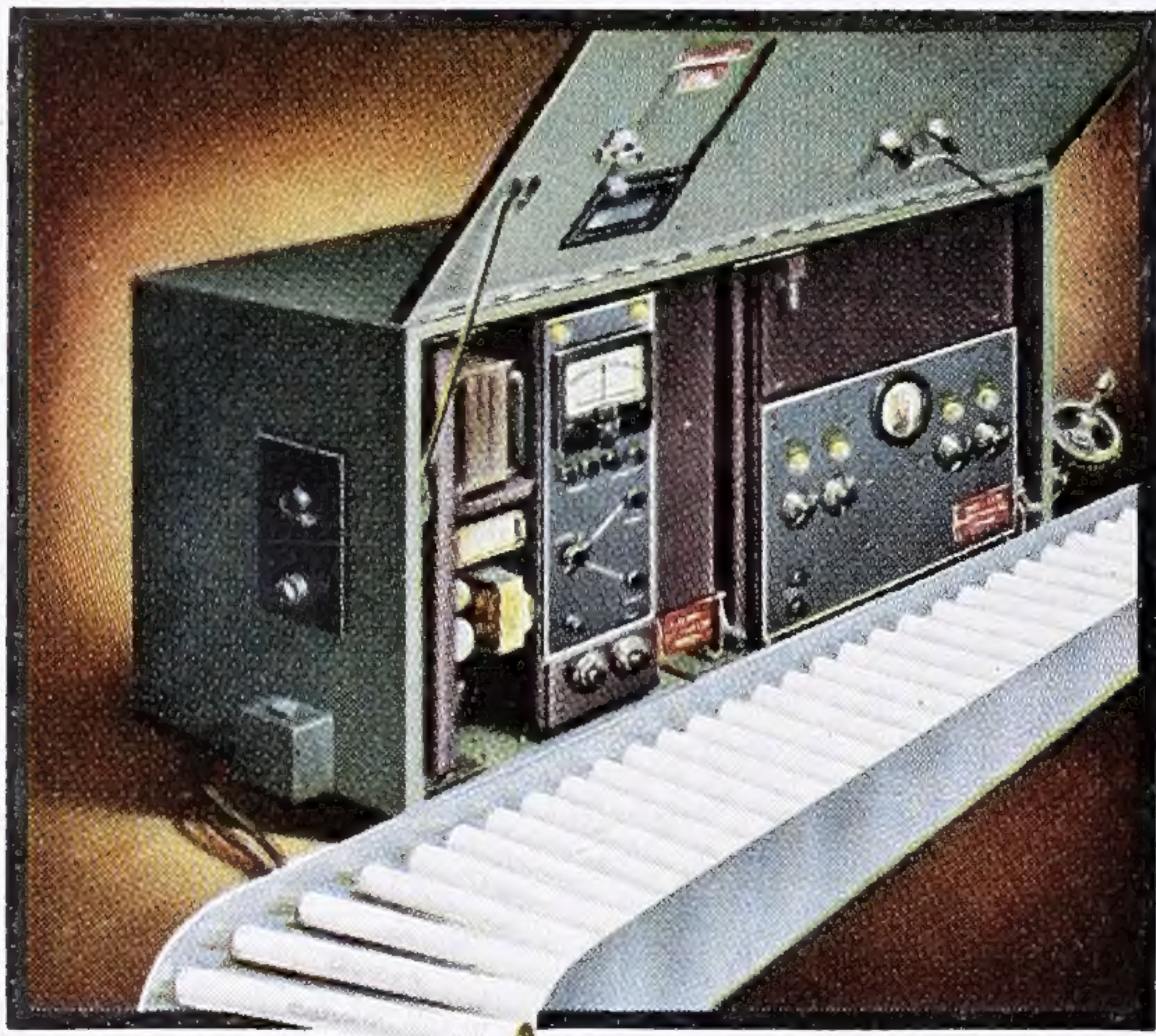


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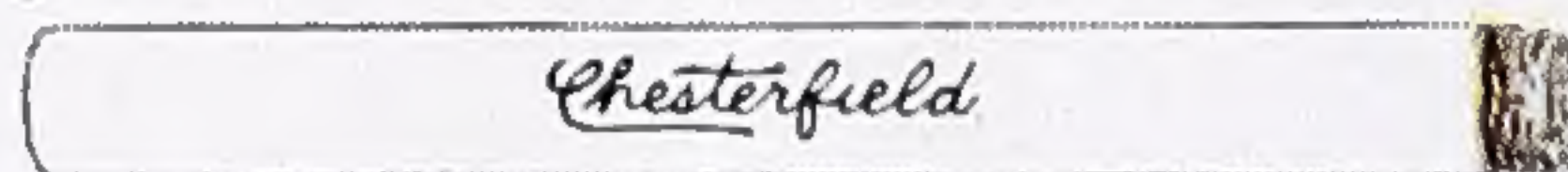
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